THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Barbara Mandrell– Welcome Back

Hale Sid Caesar

Bob Hope's Golf Game

Florida's Lee Island Coast

David Mainse: Canada's Premier Evangelist

How to Avoid AIDS

C-SPAN Shows It Like It Is

Maynard Good Stoddard

E.B. White

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THE MESSENGER OF LOVE

by David Cornell

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Barbara Mandrell—talks about her accident, her recovery, and her new-found love for seat belts. **42**

A Golden Age Is Revived—as old train stations come alive with elegant shops, restaurants, and hotels. **58**

Evangelist David Mainse—makes "100 Huntley Street" Toronto's best-known address. **50**

When you have—a transplant organ need, or organs to give—call.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728

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TABLE OF CONTENTS, JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1986 Vol. 258, No. 1

FICTION

The Hounds of Youth, Part I ..... *Wilson Rawls* 68

FEATURES

Fall Guy ..... *Bud Herron* 28
Baffling the Burglar ..... *Michael Allen* 30
You Can't Resettle Me! ..... *E.B. White* 36
Barbara Mandrell: On the Road Again ..... *Holly G. Miller* 42
Brian Lamb: The Man behind C-SPAN, Conclusion .... *Sharon Geltner* 46
The Watermelon Mystery, Conclusion ..... *Berton Roueché* 48
Women and Gasoline Don't Mix ..... *Maynard Good Stoddard* 56
Reviving the Grand Old Stations ..... *Marty Biemer* 58
Sid Caesar's New Grasp on Life ..... *Todd Gold* 64
The Time Is Ripe for Olives ..... *Allen Simon* 84

DEPARTMENTS

Letters 4
Post People 14
Food: Microwave Vegetables—A Snap! ..... *Mary Fields* 16
Hot Soups for Cold Weather ..... *Patrick Perry* 18
Vets on Pets: Working Dogs—A Breed Apart ... *H. Ellen White, D.V.M.* 26
Post Scripts 34
Religion: David Mainse: "100 Huntley Street" ..... *David Manuel* 50
Sports: Tee Time with the Presidents ..... *Bob Hope* 66
Travel: Florida's Lee Island Coast ..... *Maynard Good Stoddard* 90
The Presidents' Hotel ..... *Robin Roberts* 92
Medical Mailbox (How to Avoid AIDS) ..... *Cory SerVaas, M.D.* 106

(Cover painting by Lucian Lupinski)

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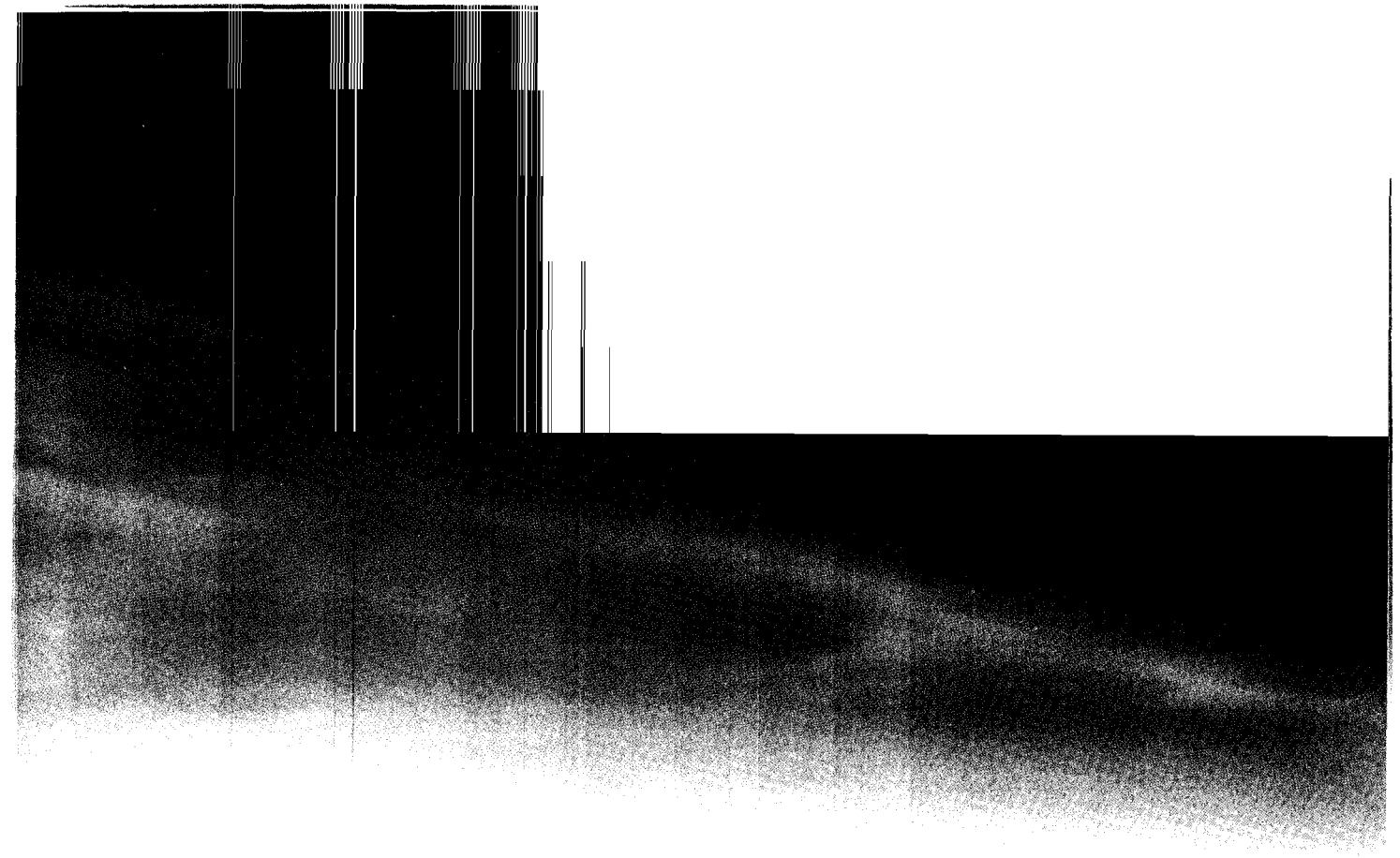

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LET'S GET IT TOGETHER BUCKLE UP.

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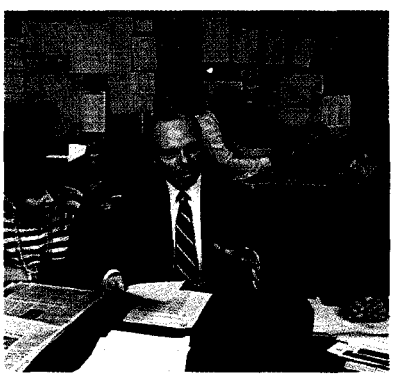
Recovered Comic Sid Caesar—doesn't remember where he's been but knows where he is going. **64**

E.B. White Remembered—with his classic *Post* piece, "You Can't Resettle Me!" **36**



Cable TV's C-SPAN—working to inform citizens outside Washington about the workings of their government and the press. **46**

Puppy Love Becomes Real—in a three-part story of a boy and his pair of coon hounds. **68**

Letters

Dipping Snuff

I feel it necessary to respond to Monica Pink's Nov. '85 letter denouncing Mrs. Marsee for not saying "no."

Perhaps Monica did not read Sean's article or articles in other magazines more closely. It is impossible for any parent to supervise her child (I had three) every minute of every day. (Does she?) Therefore, a child can do a lot of things when parents may say "no."

I cannot find fault with Mrs. Marsee. The fault was Sean's and he realized it too late.

Barbara Pinkerton
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Tobacco Not for the Belly

What a great magazine you have! You have included humor, health, honesty, and fearlessness. You are to be commended for the light you bring to people regarding tobacco, in all of its forms.

May I offer some reinforcement? In a revelation given to Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, are found these words: "And again tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill." This warning was given on February 27, 1833.

Dwain Johnson
Hyrum, Utah

Thank you so much for declining to accept tobacco and alcohol advertising!

Sam Pobanz, M.D.
Hood River, Oregon

School Prayer

Again the topic of school prayer comes up! Prayer belongs in the home and in the church! I am a church member and have been active in our church for many years. I brought my family of five children up in our church. In school we did not have to be told that we cannot pray in school. This does not have to be told to students, as Bob Slosser states in his article, "Have We Bought a Lie?" And if students are told this, they begin to think there is something wrong

continued on following page

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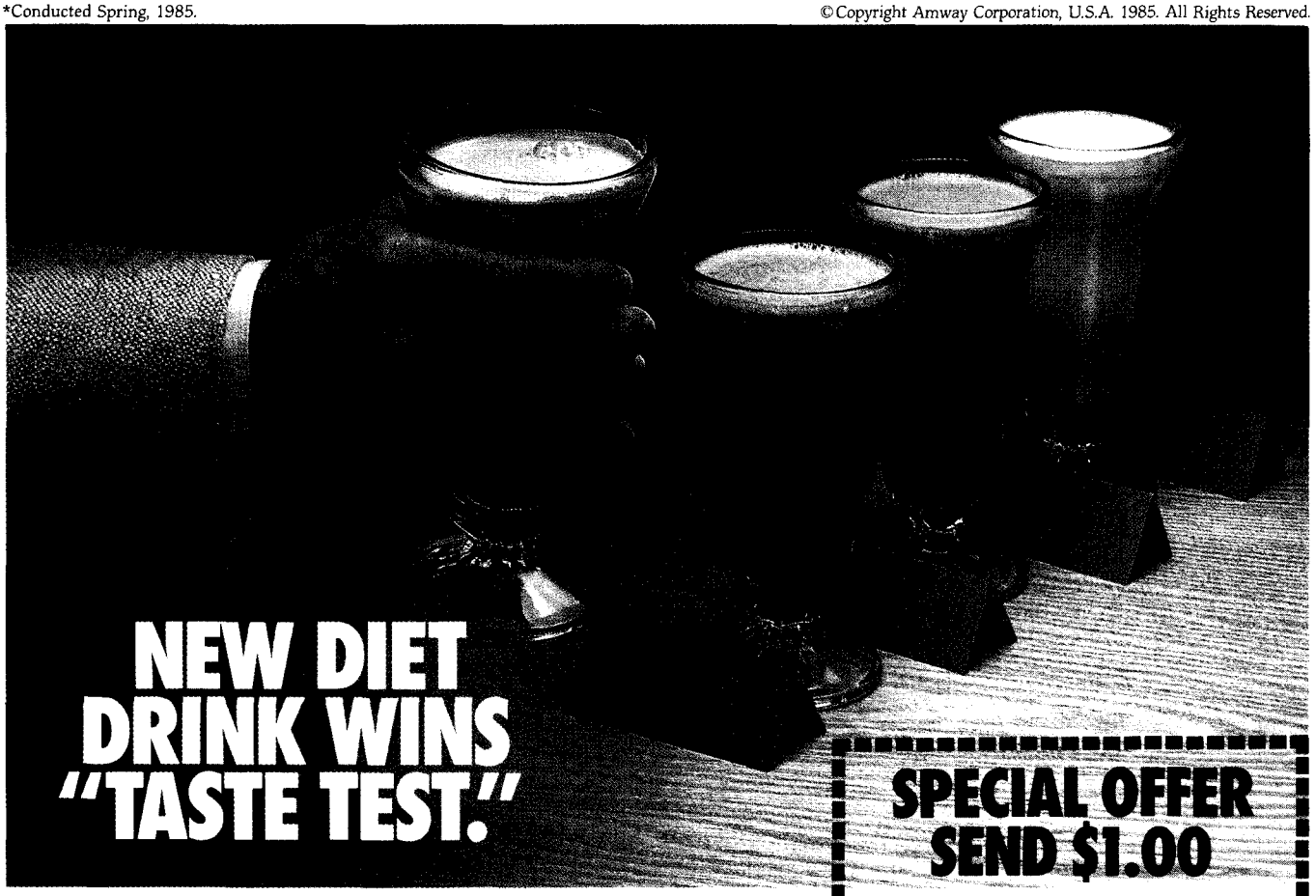

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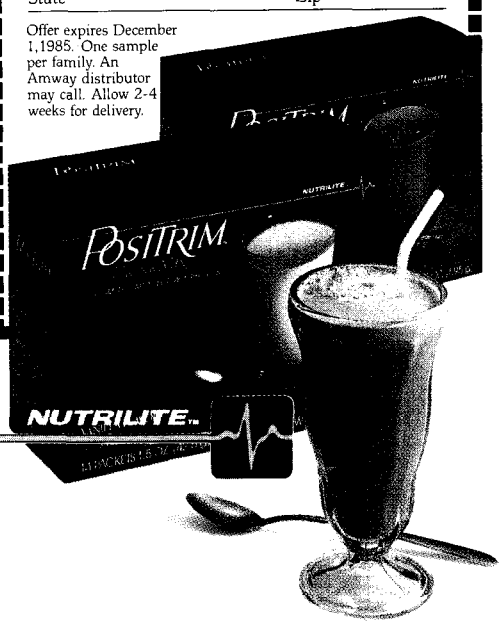

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about God, according to Slosser. It is time to stop this nonsense about school prayer.

I have been away and just read Jean Farmer's winning article on fiber (Mar. '85). It revealed so much about the Rev. Sylvester Graham. I first learned about the need for fiber in our diet from a *Post* article about a British doctor who in Africa learned about the need for fiber to prevent colon cancer. This article appeared about 25 years ago, and I made copies of it for all my children. Now my wife and I mostly have your high-lysine corn-meal recipe for breakfast.

M. H. Pakkala
Hemet, California

New Twist

I used the beautiful story "Twister" by Paul Darcy Boles (Nov. '85) for my first reading to a group I organized as a volunteer at a local nursing home. Most of the patients, reared in a rural area, were reminded of trees from their lives; they were so appreciative of both the story and my efforts in reading it for them. I also read from Robert Frost and the 23rd Psalm.

I was so rewarded by their pleasure and want you to know what a wonderful gift the story was for them. Perhaps this letter will give others a desire to form a group at a nursing home. Many patients still enjoy poetry, stories, and news but have sight or other problems which keep them from reading.

Ruth L. Staton
Timmonsville, South Carolina

Post-er

Today we received our November '85 issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*, price $1.95. On page 19 there is an "Armchair Shopper," with posters of a previous *Saturday Evening Post* cover. I have in my possession the November 8, 1947, *Post* magazine (price 10¢) with the cover picture *The Baby Sitter*. I also have the December 27, 1947, issue (price 15¢). It has a picture of a foot-weary salesgirl at Christmas time. I bought these magazines at an auction and have thoroughly enjoyed them: the stories, the advertising, and the difference in dress.

I enjoy your good, clean magazine; please keep up the good antismoking work. I have a daughter allergic to smoke. She can't work at her job as a bank teller because of smoke from customers and co-workers, for there are now laws in Missouri governing nonsmoking in work or public places. Don't nonsmokers have rights too?

Mrs. Labon Jones
West Plains, Missouri

Home Sweet Home

Holly Miller's "Concerned Women for America" (Oct. '85), holds special interest to me, for I had just finished reading *The Home Invaders*, by Donald E. Wildmon.

The Reverend Mr. Wildmon warn that the greatest threat the organize church in America faces is the inten tioned effort among many of th leaders of our media to reshape ou society and replace the Christian vie of man as our foundation with th humanist view of man. He believe that television is the most powerfu educator in our society.

Many of us have worried abou crime, sex, and violence shown on th air and have turned our television off. But further action should b taken.

I wonder if there is a CWA grou in the Detroit area one could join?

Mary Stre
Harper Woods, Michiga

For more information regardin this group you may write to:
Concerned Women for American Education and Legal Defense Foundation, Inc.
Attn: Field Division
P.O. Box 65453
Washington, D.C. 20035-5453.

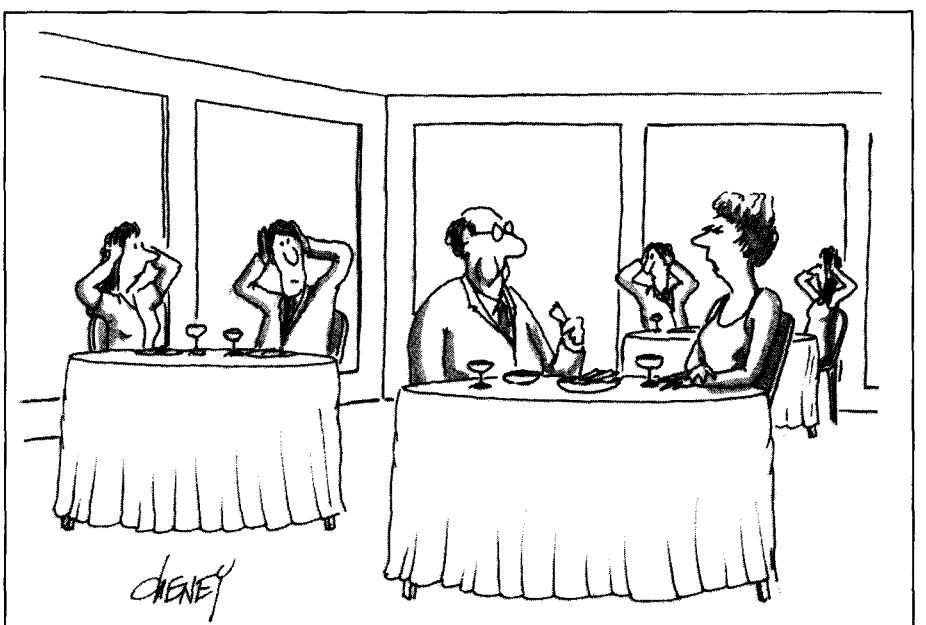
For Cat Lovers

It was distressing to read Dr White's casual reference (Nov. '85) tc having her cat declawed. There are countless horror stories of cats who've been subjected to that surgery. Some have bled to death during or after the operation. Cats are prone to infection, and those ten amputations offer ten dangerous opportunities for infection to develop. Some cats undergo severe personality changes. Many become biters. Some authorities cite impaired balance and an eventual weakening of the leg, shoulder, and back muscles.

Some veterinarians refuse to perform the operation. To quote just a couple:

"Veterinary removal of the claws (onychectomy) is a painful mutilation which cannot be recommended under any circumstances."—Barry Bush, B.V.Sc., Ph.D., F.R.C.V.S., *The Cat Care Question and Answer Book*, Exeter Books, New York.

"As a veterinarian, I have seen firsthand the incredible suffering of cats who have amputation of what is to them their fingers."—Richard H. Pitcairn, D.V.M., Ph.D., in *The Natural Cat*, by Anita Frazier, Harbor Publishing, San Francisco.



"How's the celery?"

continued on page 9

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Now it's highest in fiber and natural too. Introducing Post® Natural Bran Flakes.

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Like more fiber. So now you can enjoy the highest fiber bran flake.

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The Princess Diana Bride Doll

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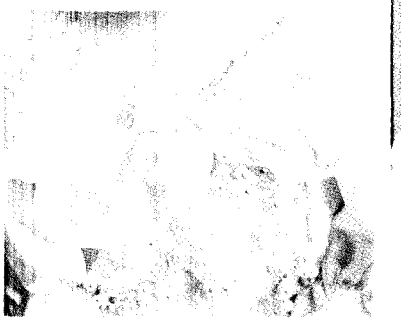

The neckline is accented with a dainty taffeta bow and the bodice is adorned with an abundance of hand-sewn sequins and pearl-like beads.

Each earring contains a real 1/2 point diamond.

Shown smaller than actual size of 18" in height.

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It's unlikely that Dr. White would o casually recommend surgical re-ioval of a dog's larynx if the owners bjected to its barking. What's the ifference? Fortunately, there's no eed for declawing. With the right cratching post, a cat will leave the urniture alone. The trick is finding ne "right" scratch—sturdy enough o it can't tip over, and covered with omething other than shag carpet, vhich is no good for scratching.

It isn't necessary to mutilate a cat n order to protect the furniture.

LaDonna Johnson
Owatonna, Minnesota

Déjà Too

I would like to commend you on your article "A Genius for the Obvious" (Nov. '85). Upon reading it, I was amazed and amused at how Mr. Stoddard's experiences were so close o my own. A few weeks ago, I was raveling in the car, with some of my friends. By the time we reached our destination, I too was ready to resort o violence. My friends, you could say, have a real genius for the obvious. However, I was alone in my annoyance over repetition. Seeing one's own experiences in print, as I did, is very enjoyable. Obviously you know a good article when you see one.

David Schneck
Havertown, Pennsylvania

Post Strikes Again

In your article "Clocks for All Time" (Dec. '85) you didn't complete the poem. Why?

"But it stopped (pause) short
(pause) never to go again
When the old man died."

My father sang that to me 80 years ago. He had different words—"And was always his treasure and pride." Dad probably improvised that line, so I was glad to see it in print.

Mabel Chester
Rollins, Montana

A Little Sugar Makes the Medicine Go Down

Would that we had had access to "Super-Char Liquid" (Dec. '85) some 40 years ago when we discovered that our two-year-old son had consumed an entire box of a chocolated laxative. I did, however, rush him to a local doctor. After learning what had happened, Dr. Keig gave me a small bag of activated charcoal and instructed me to take the child home and feed it to him. After much coaxing and cajolery I managed to get him to eat the charcoal. Evidently it did the job, as the child had no ill effects from ingesting that great amount of laxative.

H. James Johnson
Mason, West Virginia

Two Brans Better Than One

As we start taking oat bran do we consider it a substitute (or partial substitute) for our wheat bran? Or do we continue our usual amount of wheat bran with the oat bran in addition?

I guess the generic question is: "Does oat bran have the same stool-softening, anticancer effect as wheat bran?"

Addison F. Persons
Madeira Beach, Florida

Our best advice is to eat both. Insoluble fiber is best for preventing colon cancer, constipation, diverticulosis, etc. and it is abundant in wheat bran. Soluble fiber is good for lowering cholesterol and keeping the blood glucose level on an even keel, thus lessening the insulin need. It is found abundantly in oat bran. More is being learned about other foods that are high in fiber. Keep reading, and in the meantime, do use both.

A Club for Kidney Stones

I was given your name by a lady at the lithotripter section of the Saint Joseph's Hospital in Phoenix, Arizona. I had called them to see if they could give me a contact for the self-help program for chronic kidney-stone sufferers. The lady I spoke with knew of the group but did not know how to make contact, and referred me to a *Saturday Evening Post* magazine. Having looked through an October '85 issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* and not finding the advertisement of this group, I am writing to you to see if you could give us a contact name and address.

Betty Love
Show Low, Arizona

The contact is: The Kidney Stone Formers Club, Box 567, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206. This group supports a quarterly newsletter to its members and keeps them abreast of new developments in prevention of kidney stones as well as the fast-moving technology of kidney-stone crushing. It was instrumental in helping bring the first kidney-stone-crushing equipment to the United States in 1983. There are now more than 33 centers in the United States equipped with the Dornier Lithotripter for surgery-free removal of kidney stones. The equipment is a mechanical miracle for chronic kidney-stone sufferers.

Hot Foot

I have a foot problem that developed about three years ago which my family physician has not been able to help me with. My feet become extremely warm when I lie down at night, or just prop them up in a lounge chair. It's to the point where I have to leave my feet uncovered at night to keep them cool enough so I can sleep. My father used to complain of the same condition. My foot temperature is fine while on my feet and working. Do you think niacin would help? I am on a high-bran fiber and high-lysine corn diet for breakfast, consume little red meat, no caf-

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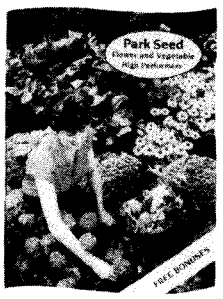
Park Seed



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feine, or low salt, and I am on a swimming exercise program.

Albert G. Duble, P.E.
Newberg, Oregon

We're as puzzled as your physician was. Perhaps one of our readers may have had the same symptoms and can shed some light on your problems. If so, we hope they'll please write as we're as curious as I know you are.

Portrait of Lucian Lupinski

I appreciated the recent C-SPAN interview with Lucian Lupinski. I liked his sincere manner as well as his ability to make a person so much "at home" in a folksy way as he talked with the reporter. Perhaps that is why he is so successful in capturing the right features in his portraits—he has a keen eye as an artist and a good inner spirit projecting a fine human being.

I was impressed with the spiritual side of his personality. He brought the name "God" into his conversation. I like the idea that he appreciates that his artistic talents were God-given.

I shall enjoy future issues of the *Post* with more interest because of my meeting artist Lupinski via TV. How about a picture of him for those who missed C-SPAN?

Dr. John F. McHugh
Allentown, Pennsylvania

Lucian is as popular with his subjects as he is with his fans. His most recent conquest was our Jan./Feb. cover subject—Barbara Mandrell.

Artist Lupinski with Barbara Mandrell

Magnesium for Sleep

I frequently listen to "LifeCare Digest" on the "700 Club." Since my training was in animal nutrition many years ago, and that included a lot of chemistry and veterinary medicine, I have a good understanding of your various topics.

Some weeks ago you had something that interested me: the use of zinc chloride as a sleep aid. Actually, since your discussion was on the aid of going to sleep when you go to bed, this would not help me. I go to sleep rapidly but frequently awaken between 2:00 a.m. and 5:00 a.m., and my mind starts reviewing what happened the day before or what is going to happen that day. As a result I have difficulty going back to sleep again.

Another fact is that I checked a number of drug companies here and none had zinc chloride, but all had zinc gluconate. Knowing that this is not identical with the chloride form, and now knowing the deleterious effect the gluconate radical might have in the bloodstream, I am not sure this could be used.

Cliff Ryan
Metairie, Louisiana

It isn't zinc chloride but magnesium chloride that was mentioned on "LifeCare Digest." Patients who swear by magnesium chloride say they can take it at three or four o'clock in the morning and get back to sleep without suffering from any drowsiness upon awakening at their regular times. Please let us know if it works for you.

Incidentally, early-morning awakening is a very common insomnia, especially for those suffering from depression.

Test-icular Cancer

Please send me the posters explaining self-check for testicular cancer abnormalities and the "Snuff Out Snuff" posters.

My son, at age 14, had testicular cancer in 1976. The testicle was removed by a urologist locally and he then sent him to Dr. John Donahue in Indianapolis. Dr. Donahue removed all the lymph nodes below the diaphragm, and they all tested negative.

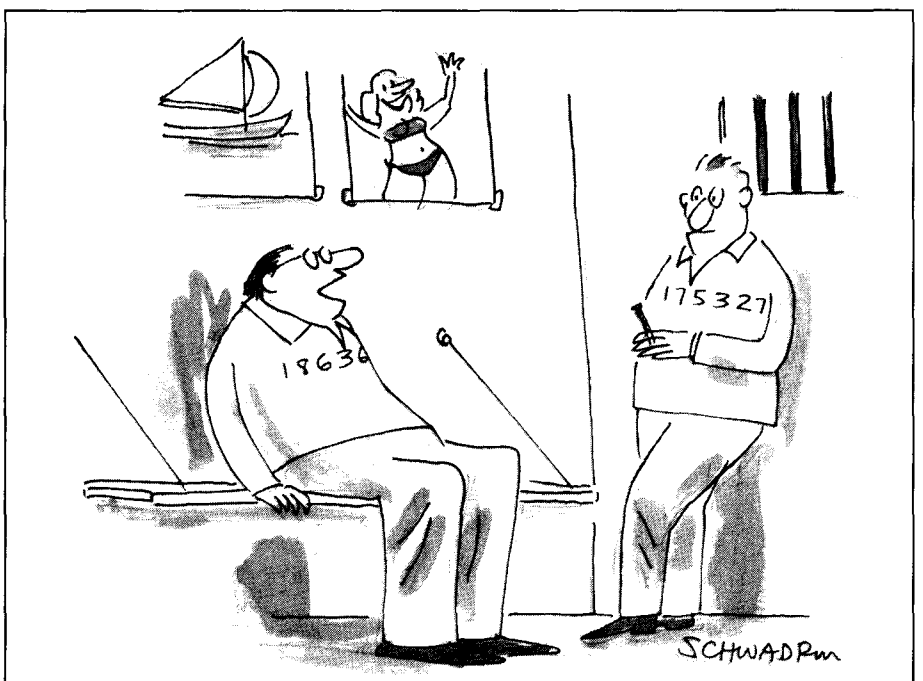
My son is now 24, healthy and happy. Early detection was the key to his survival. It was originally discovered by our local physician when my son had a school physical.

Dr. John Donahue is a fantastic gentleman. His concern for my son's anxiety and future was tender and understanding, and I wouldn't have wanted my son in anyone else' hands. I spent the surgery time that day in the chapel at the hospital praying for Dr. Donahue and praising God for people like him.

I spent eight years on the local school board and intend to get these posters up at the high school.

Anonymous

Thank you for your account of



"It came as a total surprise. Whoever expected to be condemned to death row by Judge Wapner on 'People's Court'?"

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our son's victory over cancer.

The marvelous improvement in prognosis for testicular cancer was first developed at Indiana University by an oncologist, Dr. Lawrence Einhorn, and Dr. Donahue, chairman of the department of urology.

We think your idea of having the self-examination posters posted in the high schools is excellent.

False Negative Is Worse

You emphasize in taking the test for hidden blood in the stool the importance of not consuming vitamin C. I have not heard anything about not taking in iron. I had the experience of positive tests that then had to be followed up by X-rays (barium enema) that proved negative. This happened more than once. It was decided it was due to the iron supplement in the vitamins I was taking. Now when I take the test I stay off vitamins for a week, and I have no more trouble with the tests.

B.B.
Wichita, Kansas

We're sorry that false-positive tests have caused you a lot of trouble, but aren't you glad it was not a false negative! Other than the trouble and expense of further tests, there is little danger in false positives.

False-negative tests may miss the occult bleeding that may be your only clue that a cancer might be growing in your colon. Vitamin C and mineral-oil laxatives can give false-negative results. It is important to avoid these supplements for two or three days prior to your testing.

Eating red or rare meat the days prior to your test may make the test positive (detecting the blood in the meat). Menstrual bleeding or bleeding hemorrhoids may cause the test to be positive. There are several drugs that may cause false-positive tests: aspirin, indomethacin (Indocin), corticosteroids, phenylbutazone (Butazolidin), or reserpine (in many antihypertensive drugs). Several vegetables contain the peroxidase enzyme that occult blood tests detect in blood. Thus horseradish, turnips, new cabbage, and lettuce can also give false-positive tests.

In spite of the possibility of having a false test, it is very important for you to do, or to have your doctor do a test for occult blood at least annually.

Is the Answer DES?

I read your article in the October '85 issue on testicular cancer in young men. I wonder if, like the young women who contracted vaginal cancer, perhaps their mothers had also taken DES. Has.it been investigated?

Also, no pharmacy in our area carries Slow-Mag. Is there a central place where it could be purchased?

Martha E. Martin
Walnut Creek, California

We're sending your suggestion for research on to a colleague who works with testicular cancer a great deal. He may want to find out whether there is a possibility that DES has caused additional testicular cancer in young men.

We understand that Slow-Mag will soon be available in drugstores throughout the country. If it isn't available in your area, you may obtain a bottle by writing to Member Services, SatEvePost Society, Box 567, Indianapolis, IN 46206.

More and more people are discovering all the good reasons for using Feen-a-mint Pills for constipation: Gentleness, predictability and relief. And unlike the laxatives most people use, Feen-a-mint is made with both a softening agent and a mild stimulant, too. Feen-a-mint® Pills.

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GREAT AND SMALL

"That's *Lassie?* That *little formation off the side of the cloud is Lassie? Look again, pal, and I think you'll see Frank Sinatra.*"

"So you're ordering a dozen boxes of vanilla creme-filled cookies and a dozen of the chocolate."

"Boscoe was indeed proud of himself for guarding the car with keys still in ignition. However, Boscoe had inadvertently discovered power locks."

"There's someone here to see you, Howard. He said to mention a pet goldfish you flushed down the toilet when you were six years old."

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If you want to quit smoking for good, see your doctor

New knowledge about the smoking habit

Two major factors in cigarette smoking have long been recognized—psychological and social factors. Now research has clearly revealed a third important link in the habit—*physical dependence on nicotine*, which slowly but surely develops in many smokers. When people first start smoking, their bodies must get used to the nicotine. After smoking becomes a habit, their bodies may *depend* on getting nicotine.

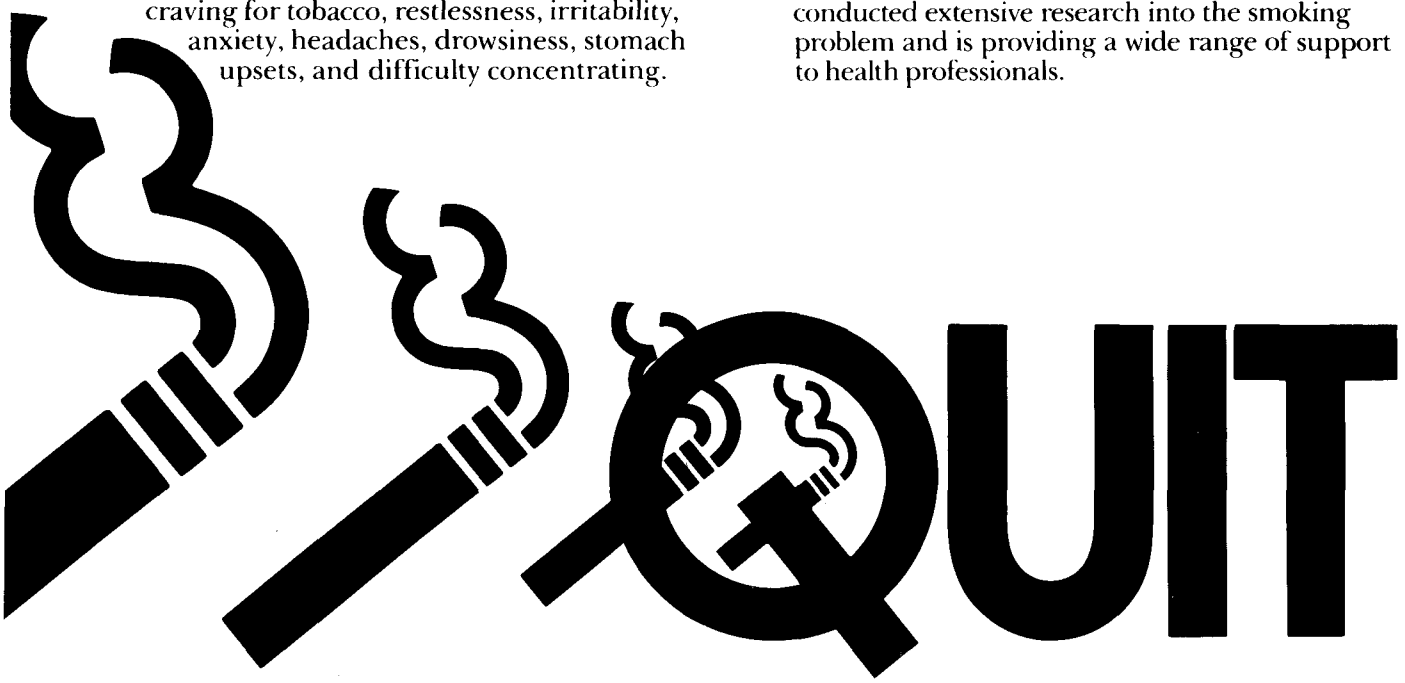
Why a total program approach is needed to break the habit

When smokers try to quit, the body often reacts to the withdrawal of nicotine. This can result in craving for tobacco, restlessness, irritability, anxiety, headaches, drowsiness, stomach upsets, and difficulty concentrating.

Because these effects can defeat even a strong willpower, your chances of quitting successfully are greater with a program that provides an alternative source of nicotine to help alleviate tobacco withdrawal while you concentrate on breaking the habit.

How your doctor and Merrell Dow can help you succeed

If you are determined enough to sustain a strong effort, your chances of breaking the smoking habit are better than ever. Now your doctor can provide a treatment to help control nicotine withdrawal symptoms, materials to help you overcome the psychological and social factors, plus valuable counseling and follow-up. Merrell Dow has conducted extensive research into the smoking problem and is providing a wide range of support to health professionals.



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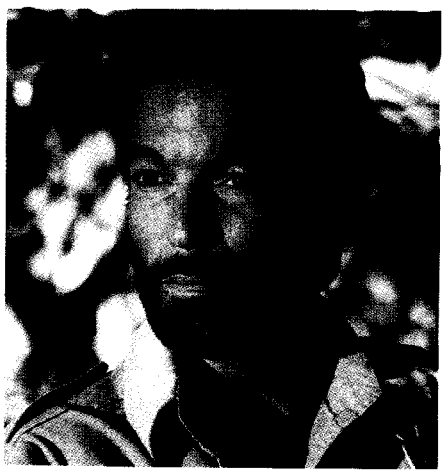
Post People

"The Tonight Show" and "TV's Bloopers and Practical Jokes" fill only part of ***Ed McMahon***'s appointment book.

Besides popping up in seemingly every other TV commercial and acting as perennial co-host of the Jerry Lewis muscular-dystrophy telethon, he's now a master of the talent hunt on "Star Search," which brings promising new stars to Hollywood to battle for the No. 1 spot in their specialties.



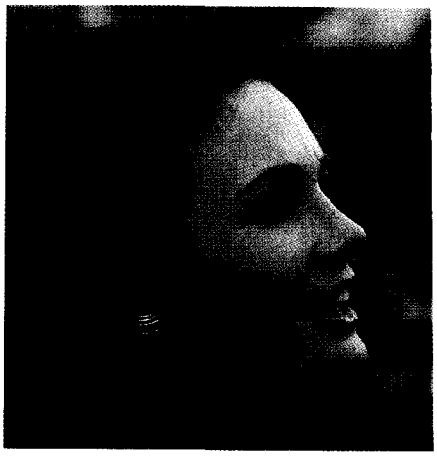
Starring in two movies, *King Solomon's Mines* and *Quartermain*, is not action enough for ***Richard Chamberlain***. To keep busy he also is playing the California pioneer John C. Frémont in *Dream West*, a television mini-series.

Chamberlain spends much of his remaining time raising funds for his favorite charity, Camp Goodtime, in Malibu, for children with cancer.

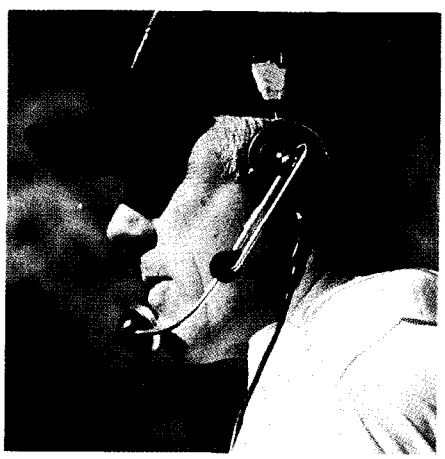
Betty White is one-fourth of the reason NBC's comedy series "The Golden Girls" is the hit of the TV season. In the humorous relationships among a quartet of over-50, single females, Betty's slightly daffy character, Rose, has a bent for driving everyone crazy.

"Let's face it, Rose is a little bi dim," the Emmy winner says.

As for the real-life Betty White "I've been in the business since 1945,' she says. "Getting hired is a genuin thrill—and working is a joy."



Past "mean" roles played by ***Mary Crosby*** may give the impression that she is not a chip off the happy-go-lucky old block, Bing. So it was with joy that she recently exchanged her gold-lamé gowns for a medieval robe to play Juliet. "This is the direction I now want my career to take," she says.



Where there's smoke there's fire, except in the camp of the Minnesota Vikings football team. Here, there is fire but no smoke—and no chew. The fire comes from the Vikings' coach, ***Bud Grant***, who prohibited players from chewing tobacco and snuff at team functions.

"I don't think the image of a Minnesota Viking we want to portray for young people is of a person walking around looking for a spittoon," says Grant. "To walk around with a bulging lip and a cup isn't macho. It's deadly."

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Head into the future, in this Century.

Buicks are becoming more popular every year, and Century is the most popular of all Buicks.

Perhaps this is because Century embodies all of Buick's traditional virtues: comfort, luxury and convenience.

Perhaps also because these traditional virtues are engineered into a contemporary, stylish, front-wheel-drive package, with responsive performance and sophisticated road manners. Century has power-assisted rack-and-pinion steering and MacPherson strut front suspension, standard.

Then again, perhaps Century's popularity is due to continuing refinements, which will keep it contemporary for years to come. This year, for example, Century sports a rakish new front-end treatment that enhances both its appearance and its aerodynamics.

Or, perhaps Century's popularity is a result of all these attractions, in a uniquely satisfying combination.

Buckle up and visit your Buick dealer.

Then, head into the future — in this Century.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

BUICK

GM

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MICROWAVE VEGETABLES— A SNAP!

Fast, crisp, flavorful—and that's not all. . . .

by Mary Fields

Until the coming of the microwave, steaming was the best method for making crisp and tasty vegetable dishes. But now, microwave ovens can produce similar results in a fraction of the time. Microwaved vegetables cook fast, remain crisp and flavorful, and retain their nutrients. But that's not all.

With the help of microwave cookware and special microwave wrap, you can microwave-cook vegetables, freeze them until time for use, and then reheat them without sacrificing texture and flavor. For quick meals, you can prepare whole microwave dinners, vegetables and all, and keep them until needed.

Crisp-tender cooked vegetables that freeze well include asparagus, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, corn, green or lima beans, peas, mashed or stuffed baked potatoes, and winter squash. Do not freeze whole artichokes, celery, eggplant, plain-baked or French-fried potatoes, summer squash, or tomato halves. These vegetables lose desirable texture and flavor when frozen.

Microwave cooking can also help make vegetables easier to prepare. For easier-to-peel tomatoes, microwave whole at High for 15 seconds, then rinse under cold water. Tough acorn and winter squash will be easier to slice if microwaved at High one to two minutes.

The following recipes will give you a taste of how delicious microwave vegetables can be:

Whet vegetable lovers' appetites with these microwave tips—Asparagus with Orange Hollandaise.

Asparagus with Orange Hollandaise
(Serves 6)

1½ pounds fresh asparagus
¼ cup water
½ cup margarine
2 egg yolks
2 to 3 tablespoons orange-juice concentrate
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon distilled white vinegar
½ teaspoon Dijon-style mustard
⅛ teaspoon salt substitute
1 teaspoon grated orange rind

Place asparagus in 12"x8" microwave baking dish. Arrange asparagus so tips are toward the center; add water. Cover dish with Glad® Microwave Wrap; vent one edge. Microwave at High until asparagus is crisp-tender (7-9 minutes). Let stand, covered, while making sauce. Microwave margarine in 1-cup glass measuring cup, uncovered, until melted, about 3 minutes. Mix egg yolks, concentrate, lemon juice, vinegar, mustard, and salt substitute in 2-cup glass measure; gradually whisk in melted margarine. Microwave, loosely covered with microwave wrap, until sauce is thickened; whisk every 15 seconds. (Total cooking time will vary from 30 seconds to 2 minutes, depending upon temperature of melted margarine and power of microwave oven.) Stir in orange rind. Drain asparagus and arrange in serving dish; spoon sauce over.

Orange-Pecan Sweet Potatoes
(Serves 6 to 8)

2 pounds sweet potatoes, pared, cut into scant ½-inch slices
¼ cup orange juice
⅓ cup packed light-brown sugar
¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon
¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg
¼ cup margarine
¼ cup coarsely chopped pecans

Place sweet potatoes and orange juice in 1½-quart microwave casserole; cover with Glad® Microwave Wrap and vent one edge. Microwave at High 6 minutes. Stir in brown sugar, cinnamon, and nutmeg; dot with margarine. Microwave, covered with microwave wrap, at High 6 minutes; stir after 3 minutes. Microwave, uncovered, 1 minute; stir. Sprinkle pecans over potatoes; microwave, uncovered, 1 minute.

Green Beans with Chili Tomato Sauce
(Serves 4)

1 pound green beans, ends trimmed
¼ cup water
1 can (16 oz.) tomatoes, drained, chopped
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1 tablespoon chopped chili peppers
1 teaspoon distilled white vinegar
¼ teaspoon crushed coriander seed
⅛ teaspoon salt substitute
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Place green beans and water in microwave baking dish; cover with microwave wrap and vent one edge. Microwave at High until beans are crisp-tender (6-7 minutes). Let stand, covered, 5 minutes.

Combine tomatoes and remaining ingredients in 1-quart microwave casserole; cover with wrap and vent one edge. Microwave at High until heated through (3-4 minutes). Drain beans and arrange in serving dish; spoon tomato mixture over.

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NOW get two coats (with color-coordinated gloves) for less than you'd expect to pay for one!

Only **$39.95*** each (plus 4.95 shipping and handling)
But — **BUY 2 COATS and SAVE $5.00!**
Only **$74.95*** for both HIS & HERS (when ordered together).

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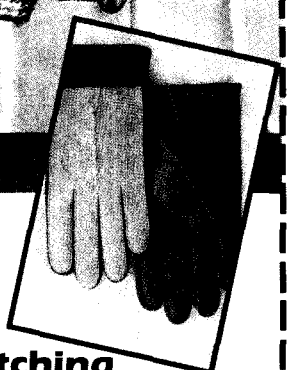

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HOT SOUPS FOR COLD WEATHER

Forty state governors agree that January is the best month for cooking soups and chowders.

by Patrick Perry

January in the Midwest is as welcome as an ice cube down the back. Its onset startles you with the chilling realization that Old Man Winter has blown in again for his annual visit. The winter-weary, who must dodge in and out of below-freezing temperatures, have long relied on the warmth of soup to shake off the winter chill.

The natural appeal of hot soups in cold weather has even led to a national celebration. Forty state governors have declared their support for January as National Soup Month—so soups are now part of our calendar.

Hearty Vegetable—the "perpetual soup" that simmered daily on the back burner of many a farm-kitchen stove. Rural residents would eagerly hop out of bed at 5 a.m. to milk the cows, even on cold days, in the anticipation of eating this delicious soup for lunch.

Cioppino—Italian? It sounds as if it came over on the boat from the old country. Actually, the recipe, a San Francisco original, is an unequaled seafood treat containing striped bass, shrimp, mussels, and crab meat, all simmered in a soup of onions, pepper, mushrooms, and spice. Cioppino, truly a dramatic presentation, can pass for Italian if necessary.

Maine Potato Clam Chowder—a luscious combination of clams, milk, onion, potatoes, celery, and herb. The word "chowder" evolved from the French "la chaudière," a huge pot into which returning fishermen tossed their catch.

Corn-and-Tomato Soup brings back fond memories of summer on the coldest winter days. The recipe, an American classic, is at least 100 years old.

Corn-and-Tomato Soup—American Indians may have invented this one, a wholesome combination of New World vegetables that allows you to make good use of the foods you've canned and frozen from last summer's garden.

Scandinavian Salmon Soup—Joooh. A Swedish original handed down by 19th-century immigrants from the land where people really know how to cook for cold weather, Scandinavian Salmon Soup has all the classic Nordic ingredients: cauliflower, potatoes, peas and carrots, and the inevitable dill.

Harvest Potato Soup—People in Washington state declare this soup to be the best west of Walla Walla. San Franciscans may dispute that boast (see above), but at least this soup's good for the Washington-potato market. Potatoes in this soup are diced and combined in a chicken broth with zucchini, carrots, spinach, and two kinds of onions.

Green Gumbo—a classic recipe from down New Orleans way. This gumbo is unique—it does not contain okra. Plan to make it a couple of days before serving. To jazz up the basic ingredients, vary the recipe by adding oysters one time and chicken the next.

Hearty Vegetable Soup

(Makes 8 servings)

1 onion, chopped
2 stalks celery, sliced
1 clove garlic, minced
2 tablespoons salad oil
2 cups shredded cabbage
2 medium carrots, sliced
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 teaspoon crushed basil leaves
4 cups water
2 cans (10½ oz. each) condensed beef broth
2 cups tomato juice
1 can (20 oz.) cannellini (white kidney beans)
2 small zucchini, sliced
½ cup uncooked small-shell or elbow macaroni
Grated Parmesan cheese

In 6-quart Dutch oven over medium-high heat, cook onion, celery, and garlic in hot oil until vegetables are tender. Stir in cabbage, carrots, parsley, basil, water, broth, and tomato juice. Heat to boiling. Reduce

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heat to low. Cover; simmer 15 minutes. Stir in beans, zucchini, and macaroni. Over high heat, heat to boiling. Reduce heat to low; simmer uncovered 15 minutes until macaroni and vegetables are tender; stir occasionally. Spoon Parmesan cheese over each serving.

Cioppino
(Makes 8 servings)

2 medium onions, chopped
1 green pepper, chopped
1 cup sliced mushrooms
2 cloves garlic, minced
¼ cup olive oil
½ cup chopped parsley
1 can (16 oz.) tomatoes, chopped
1 can (6 oz.) tomato paste
2½ cups water
1 quart well-scrubbed mussels
1 cup dry red wine
1½ pounds striped bass, cut into chunks
1 pound medium shrimp, shelled and deveined
½ pound cooked crab meat, picked over

In 5-quart Dutch oven over medium-high heat, cook onions, green pepper, mushrooms, and garlic in hot oil until tender. Stir in parsley, tomatoes, tomato paste, and water. Reduce heat to low. Cover; simmer 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, in 3-quart saucepan over medium-high heat, steam mussels in wine about 5 minutes or until shells open. Remove mussels in shells to bowl. Discard any unopened mussels. Strain cooking liquid.

Add cooking liquid, bass, shrimp, and crab meat to vegetables in Dutch oven. Cover; simmer 15 minutes. Arrange mussels in soup mixture; heat. Tip: Substitute well-scrubbed hard-shell clams in shells for all or part of mussels.

Maine Potato Clam Chowder
(Makes 3 servings)

8 tablespoons margarine
½ cup diagonally sliced celery
2 tablespoons chopped onion
1 small clove garlic, minced
1 can (10-¾ oz.) Campbell's Condensed Cream of Potato Soup
½ soup can milk
1 can (about 8 oz.) minced clams, undrained

In 1½-quart saucepan over medium heat, cook celery and onion with garlic in hot margarine until tender. Stir in remaining ingredients. Heat thoroughly; stir occasionally.

Corn-and-Tomato Soup
(Makes 6 servings)

1 medium onion, chopped
2 tablespoons margarine
2 cans (10¾ oz. each) condensed chicken broth
2 cups corn kernels
2 cups chopped tomatoes
1 bay leaf
Generous dash pepper
1 cup milk

In 3-quart saucepan over medium-high heat, cook onion in hot margarine until tender; stir often. Stir in broth, corn, tomatoes, bay leaf, and pepper. Over high heat, heat to boiling. Reduce heat to low. Cover; simmer 25 minutes. Discard bay leaf. Stir in milk; heat through.

Winter Corn-and-Tomato Soup: Substitute 1 can (16 oz.) whole-kernel corn for fresh corn and 1 can (16 oz.) chopped tomatoes for tomatoes.

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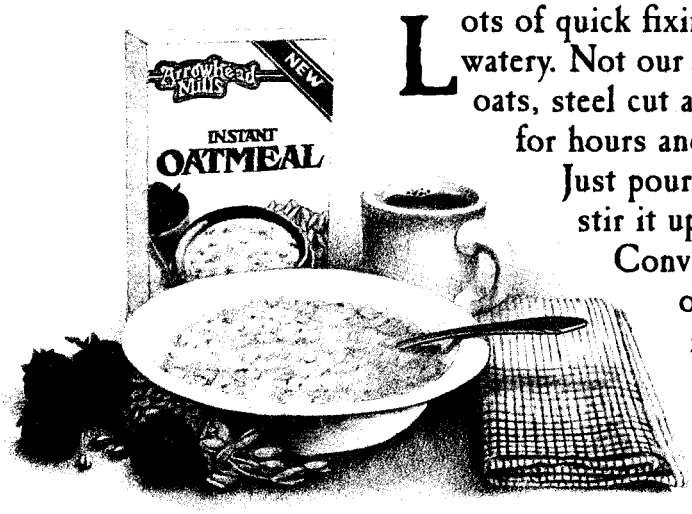

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Scandinavian Salmon Soup
(Makes 4 servings)

2 cups boiling water
1 cup each *sliced carrot and cauliflower florets*
1 medium potato, cubed
1 can (15½ oz.) salmon
2 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
¾ cup frozen peas, thawed
⅛ teaspoon crushed dill weed
Salt substitute and pepper to taste

Combine water, carrot, cauliflower, and potato; cover and cook 10-15 minutes or until almost tender. Drain salmon and reserve liquid; break into chunks. Stir flour into reserved salmon liquid; add to soup. Boil and stir 1 minute. Add salmon, milk, peas, dill, and salt substitute and pepper. Heat just until thoroughly heated.

Harvest Potato Soup
(Makes 6 to 8 servings)

1 tablespoon margarine
1 onion, chopped
½ cup chopped green onion
4 cups chicken broth
3 cups pared, diced Washington russet potatoes
2 medium carrots, pared and thinly sliced
1 cup thinly sliced zucchini
3 cups finely shredded spinach
Salt substitute

Melt margarine in saucepan; add onions. Cook, covered, over low heat about 5 minutes. Add broth, potatoes, and carrots. Simmer, covered, 15 minutes. Add zucchini; simmer 5 minutes. Add spinach and salt substitute to taste; heat thoroughly.

Green Gumbo
(Makes 12 servings)

1 package frozen spinach
1 package frozen mustard greens
1 package frozen turnip greens
1 package frozen collard greens
1 cup water
4 cups shredded cabbage
4 bay leaves
8 sprigs Italian flat parsley
1 teaspoon powdered basil
½ teaspoon powdered thyme
2 medium onions, chopped
1 cup chopped green sweet pepper
1 cup chopped celery
4 cloves garlic, minced
1 large bunch green onions (scallions)
¼ pound margarine
½ cup peanut oil
⅔ cup unbleached flour
2 quarts cold water
Salt substitute
Pepper
Tabasco
1 ham bone
Rice (long-grain white or brown)

Place frozen vegetables in deep saucepan. Add 1 cup water and bring to boil; break frozen blocks with fork. As soon as greens come to boil, add cabbage, bay leaves and parsley tied into a bouquet, basil, and thyme. Cover tightly and cook over moderate heat 15 minutes. Remove bay leaves.

Meanwhile, chop onions, peppers, celery, garlic, and green onions with food processor or by hand and sauté in margarine until slightly tender. Stir frequently; set aside.

Drain greens; reserve liquid carefully. Cut greens coarsely with two sharp knives. Set aside.

Heat oil in bottom of deep soup kettle. Stir in flour and continue stirring until medium brown. Add vegetable liquid gradually; stir constantly until mixture is smooth and thickened.

Add greens and sautéed vegetables. Stir well while adding 2 quarts cold water. Season with 1 teaspoon salt substitute, ½ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper, and a few drops of Tabasco.

Put in ham bone. Bring mixture to a boil. Reduce heat, cover, and simmer 1½ hours. Remove ham bone and herb bouquet. Cool and refrigerate.

Allow 4 tablespoons of uncooked rice to a serving. If using white rice, allow 2 cups of cold water and 1 teaspoon of sea salt for each cup of uncooked rice. Bring to rapid boil in a large, heavy saucepan. Stir and cover tightly. Reduce heat to low and cook 15 minutes. Remove to a glass or ceramic dish for later reheating. Fork-fluff with 1 teaspoon of margarine. If using brown rice, allow 2½ cups of water and 1 teaspoon of sea salt for each cup of uncooked rice. Bring to a rapid boil. Cover, reduce heat to low, and cook 45 minutes or until all water is absorbed. Transfer rice to a glass or ceramic serving dish for later reheating. Before serving: Reheat soup for 30 minutes; add oysters or cooked meat if desired. Taste for seasoning. Transfer to a heated soup tureen.

Reheat rice in a 225° F. oven for 25 minutes or for 3 or 4 minutes in microwave oven. Length of heating depends on the amount of rice. To serve: Bring soup and rice to the table. For each guest, place a spoonful of rice in an individual soup plate and top with a generous serving of gumbo.

Cioppino sounds Italian, but this delicious seafood soup is actually of San Francisco origin. Its name may be a Bay fishermen's corruption of the term "chip in."

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Answer these 4 questions and see if you're a colorectal cancer risk

If you are—this simple, in-home test could help you dramatically reduce your risk from colorectal cancer.

Most of us think of life-threatening colorectal cancer as something that happens suddenly, without warning. This is seldom true. In most cases, there is a preliminary period when the only sign may be hidden blood in the stool. If this sign is detected, investigated and treated promptly, the chances of this condition developing into colorectal cancer can be dramatically reduced.

The "hidden" warning signal

The earliest sign of many potentially serious intestinal disorders, as well as colorectal cancer, is hidden blood in the stool. You can't see it—nor do you feel any discomfort. Yet it is in this early stage that colorectal cancer is most curable. The American Cancer Society rates colorectal cancer as the No. 2 cancer killer, but estimates that 75% of the men and women who will die this year of this disease could have been saved through early detection and prompt treatment.

Early Detector® detects what you can't see

Early Detector is a very simple test for hidden blood in the stool, a condition which can signal a range of colorectal problems from cancer to diverticulosis, polyps, ulcers and hemorrhoids. You can do the Early Detector test comfortably and quickly in the privacy of your own home and read the results immediately.

1. Age

(Most colorectal cancer patients are over 40, and men and women are affected in about equal numbers.)

Are you over 40? YES ☐ NO ☐

2. Diet

Is your diet high in fats?

Fried Foods YES ☐ NO ☐

Whole milk/cheese YES ☐ NO ☐

Fatty meats, beef, pork, lamb YES ☐ NO ☐

3. Family History

Have you or any close relatives (mother, father, siblings, grandparents) had:

Colorectal cancer YES ☐ NO ☐

Gardner's Syndrome YES ☐ NO ☐

Ulcerative colitis YES ☐ NO ☐

Polyps YES ☐ NO ☐

Crohn's Disease YES ☐ NO ☐

4. Medical Check-ups

Has it been more than one year since you have had one of these tests? YES ☐ NO ☐

Digital Rectal Examination

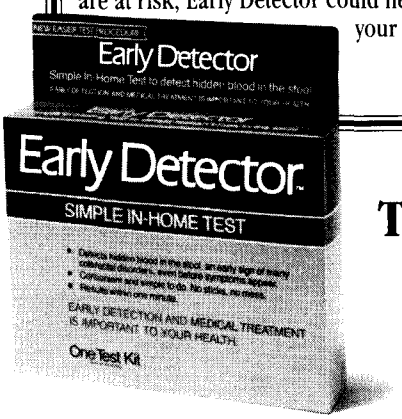
Guaiac Test for Hidden Blood

Proctosigmoidoscopy

Fiberoptic Colonoscopy

Barium Enema with Air Contrast Examination

SCORE: If you have answered yes to two or more of these questions, you may be at potential risk of colorectal cancer. If you are at risk, Early Detector could help save your life.


Early Detector
Simple In-Home Test to detect hidden blood in the stool
Early Detector
SIMPLE IN-HOME TEST
EARLY DETECTION AND MEDICAL TREATMENT IS IMPORTANT TO YOUR HEALTH.
One Test Kit

As easy to use as bathroom tissue

You'll find that taking the Early Detector test is as simple and uncomplicated as using bathroom tissue. There are no sticks or slides—no contact with stool samples as there are with other tests. You simply use the Early Detector specially prepared tissue as you would toilet tissue to obtain the sample. You then spray the Early Detector Developer solution on the stool sample adhering to the tissue. You read the results within one minute and flush the tissue away. If the results show a color change on the sample, indicating a potential disorder, you should consult your doctor.

Test results have been proven reliable

You can have confidence in Early Detector test results. They have been clinically proven to be as reliable as the leading test doctors and hospitals use. Research has proven that consumers can perform the test and read the results as well as medical professionals. If you have any questions about Early Detector or want additional information, consult your doctor or pharmacist, or call the convenient 800 number 1-800-E. D.-HELPS (1-800-334-3577). In New Jersey, call collect 1-201-540-2458.

Physicians advise this kind of test

Doctors recommend this kind of test be taken annually if you're over forty, and more frequently if you are at a higher than average risk of developing cancer of the colon or rectum. Remember, early detection and treatment of colorectal disease can dramatically reduce your risk from colorectal cancer.

This test could save your life

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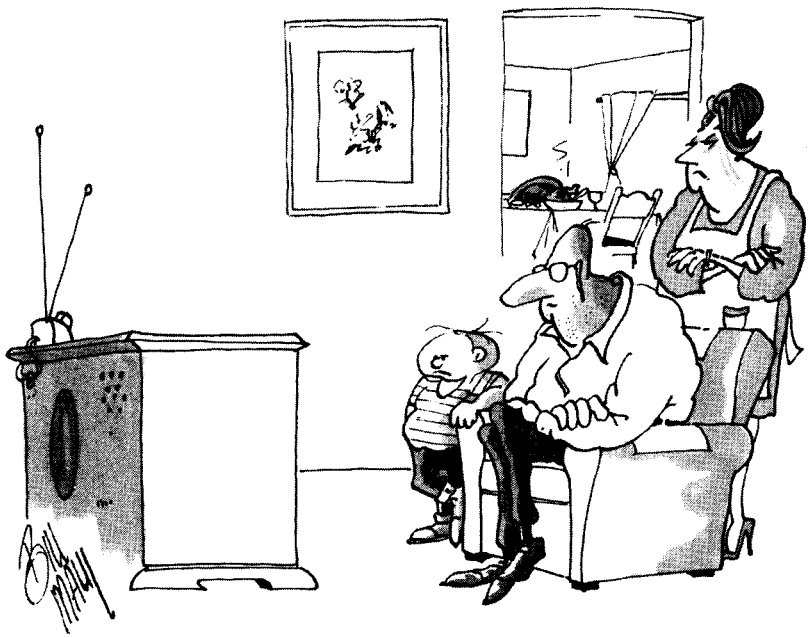
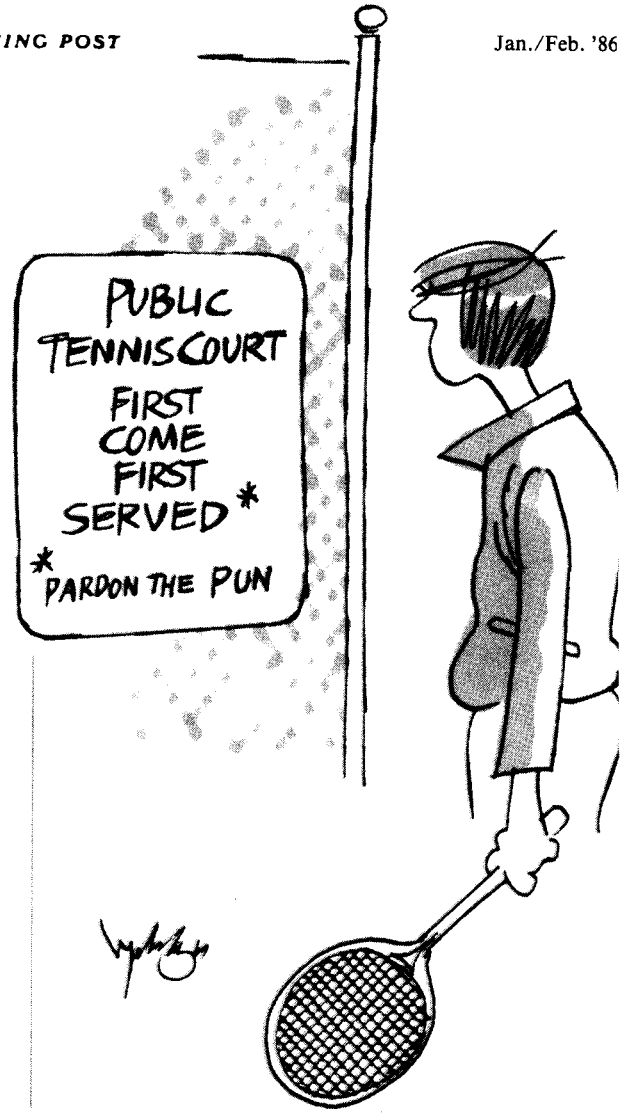
OUT OF BOUNDS



"And so, with the score 17 to 14, there's time-out on the field. I would remind you this is only a time-out, so don't go doing something stupid like sitting down to dinner."



"You didn't miss much—one millionaire caught the ball and another millionaire knocked him down."

"When Harry watches football, he likes a bit of atmosphere."

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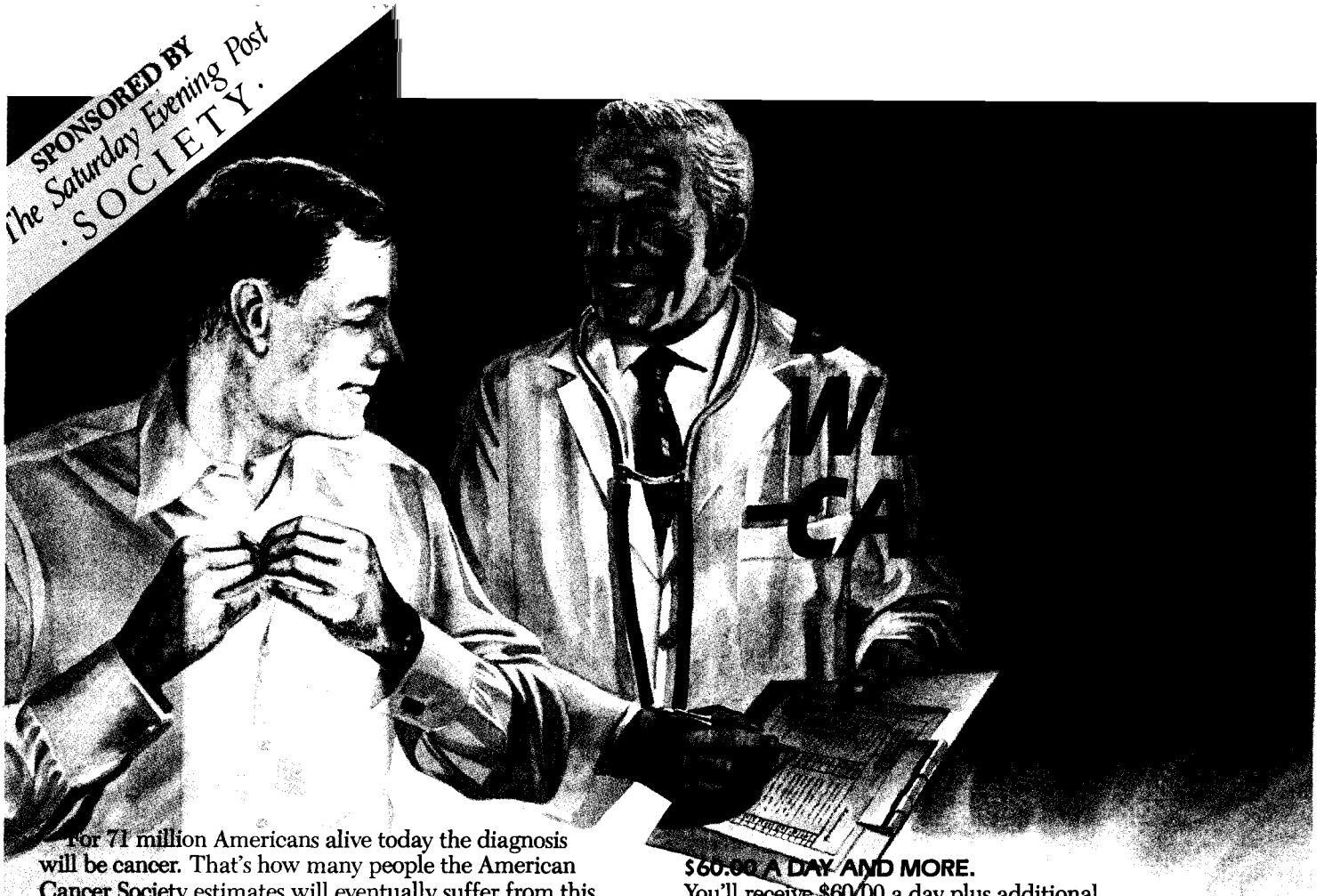

For 71 million Americans alive today the diagnosis will be cancer. That's how many people the American Cancer Society estimates will eventually suffer from this disease

The good news is that many will survive and return to normal lives. But victory over cancer is not won cheaply. Cancer therapy can often leave a family with enormous financial burdens.

You see, basic hospitalization plans often fail to pay for all the high costs of extended cancer therapy.

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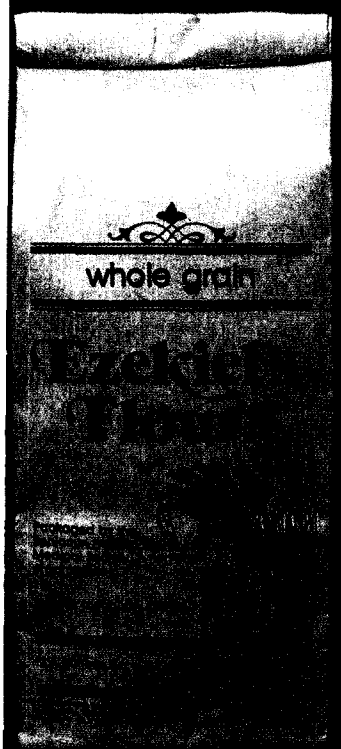

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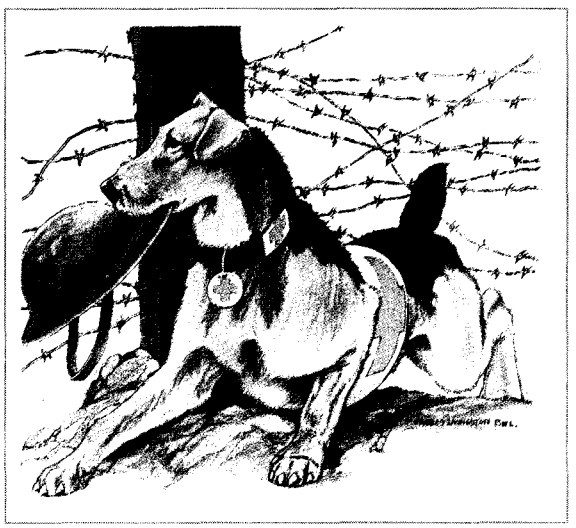
VETS ON PETS

WORKING DOGS— A BREED APART

Canine labors may vary from attacking a machine-gun nest to shepherding wild hogs into a pen. Saving their masters' lives is considered part of the daily grind.

by H. Ellen White, D.V.M.

My favorite hero of World War II, a collie-husky cross named Chips, served with the Third Infantry Division in Algeria, Morocco, Tunisia, Sicily, Italy, and France. As a civilian, Chips had been a failure. In fact, his owner had "volunteered" him for the canine corps after Chips attacked the garbage man. Chips served so well on the battlefield he was awarded a Silver Star and a Purple Heart. On one occasion he attacked an Italian machine-gun position and forced the surrender of its crew.



Unfortunately, the fighting spirit that made Chips a hero did little to endear him to people off the battlefield—such people as his supreme commander, Gen. Dwight Eisenhower, whom Chips reportedly bit on the hand during a Roosevelt-Churchill conference in Casablanca in 1943.

Military strategists have been harnessing the fighting spirit of dogs like Chips for centuries. The U.S. military now has more than 2,000 trained dogs to perform numerous functions—as sentries, patrol dogs, scouts, trackers, and mine and tunnel detectors. Most military dogs today are German shepherds; however, Labrador retrievers are used as trackers, and the navy recruits smaller dogs, often beagles or cairn terriers, and utilizes them aboard ships.

The most intelligent and valiant working dog I have encountered in civilian life is a breed known as the Catahoula hound, or "hog dog." I grew up in Catahoula Parish, Louisiana, where these dogs were used to herd semiwild swamp hogs that residents raised for a living. The wild hogs could not be herded as sheep or cattle were, for they invariably turned on any intruder for a fight to the finish. If one hog squealed or gave the distress-rally signal, all hogs within hearing distance would charge to its rescue. But the Catahoula hounds found a way to use the hogs' instincts to their own advantage. The dogs would find a straggler and provoke him into giving the rally signal. Then the lead dog would get the hogs to chase him. With the whole herd in pursuit, he would lead the hogs through the gate of the enclosure and escape by jumping the back fence.

Because the way of life has changed in Catahoula Parish, hog dogs aren't used much any more; however, in 1979 the governor of Louisiana signed a bill making the Catahoula Hound the state's official dog. Similar hog dogs from Georgia were recently used by the U.S. Department of Agriculture to ferret out diseased hogs during an outbreak of African swine fever in Haiti.

Often the loyalty of a working dog can mean the difference between life and death for its master. Such is the case of my third example, the sled dog. I learned about sled dogs from Dr. Terry Adkins, a veterinarian and a veteran of the 1,031-mile Iditarod sled-dog race from Anchorage to Nome, Alaska. The Iditarod follows nearly the same route taken by mushers who rushed lifesaving antitoxin by dog sled to Nome in 1925 during a diphtheria outbreak.

Dr. Adkins trained sled dogs other mushers had rejected as well as dogs he picked up at the pound. His best leader, he told me, has been Oscar, a flop-eared hound type he picked up as a puppy from the Elmendorf Air Force Base in Anchorage.

"Old Oscar has always been extremely loyal to me," Dr. Adkins told me. "I've seen him pull 11 dogs to their feet at my command when he was extremely tired and run-down."

On more than one occasion, Dr. Adkins said, Oscar has worked 14 hours straight, keeping the other dogs going in very cold temperatures. "We would have all frozen if the dogs had stopped," he said.

Working dogs seldom get the recognition they deserve. Even Chips had his medals revoked after it was discovered that regulations prohibited animals from receiving decorations. Unfortunately, I can hardly begin to mention all the dogs who put their strength and heart into tasks for which they have been trained or bred.

Questions for the Vet

Dear Dr. White:

Help! Samantha is a pretty black cat—white markings—about two years old and neat and clean until recently. She voids her bowels just outside the litter box she had been using to my satisfaction. This started about a month ago. It happens about one or two times in ten days. Can you please tell me what I am doing wrong?

Helen Crumme
New Rochelle, New York

continued on page 112

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FROM THE WHITE HOUSE

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

A new book by Merlin R. Carothers, author of best seller, "PRISON TO PRAISE".

STATEMENT FROM THE WHITE HOUSE: "WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND? is the best thing that I have read in years—for me and the nation! Thanks for being receptive to God's message. Please send 100 copies. I believe this is what the governmental leaders need." Two months later ..."We are now using this book for our weekly study group."...*Herb Ellingwood, to the President.*

Carothers boldly reaches into scripture and presents clear, irrefutable evidence to support his claim that Christians can control what they think. This possibility opens the door to dramatic changes in every reader.

This new book is typical of the author's style. He gives illustration after illustration of exactly how people have suffered when they entertained wrong thoughts. His stories are so interestingly written that readers feel compelled to keep reading until they learn the solution.

Many books leave the reader under a cloud of guilt for all their past failures, but this book builds toward a final shout of "Victory." The reader is led into a solution so clear that he wonders how he could have been attending church so many years and never been given this simple, clear revelation.

An Excerpt

"Imagine a motion-picture screen above your head. Now, visualize on that screen the thoughts that have come to your mind in recent weeks. Would you be ashamed for everyone you know to see your thoughts? If so, you urgently need to read ..."What's On Your Mind?"

Carothers deals with every day problems in a new, fresh way that is clearly different. In a manner that captivates the reader's attention, he reveals God's plan to release new resources to those who want to receive.

The author's earlier books have been so well received that in nearly every small group you will find people who say, "Oh yes, I know *Carothers'* books. He writes about praising the Lord." That's true, and these books have been so successful that they have already swept around the world—translated and printed in 33 languages. This new book is bound to rapidly receive more attention than anything he has written. Many reports from readers say, "This is different from anything I have ever read by *any* author." Most of those who read "Prison to Praise" thought its principles were amazingly new. Readers of "What's On Your Mind" agree with the President's legal counsel when he said, "the best thing I have read in years," or with laymen who say, "The most unusual book I've ever read."

Copies are available at nearly all religious bookstores or you may order your copy by sending $4.95 to the Foundation of Praise, P.O. Box 2518, Escondido, CA 92025, Dept. 8.

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FALL GUY

According to his doctor, the problem of taking spills was not a medical condition after all—it was simply that he was a klutz.

by Bud Herron

Illustrated by Jerry Pressler

I have been accused of being unbalanced. I can hardly deny the charge. As a child I never crossed a creek on a fallen tree trunk without falling in. (It didn't matter if the tree were a sequoia large enough to traverse in a double-decker bus. I still fell in.)

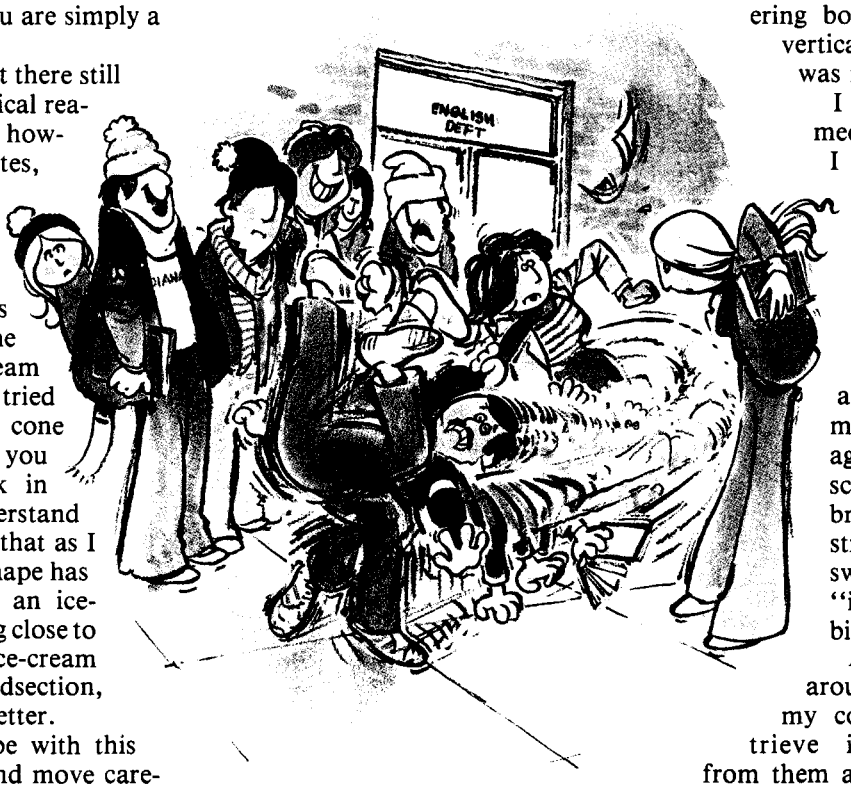
Age has not added to my balance. When I climb a stepladder in the fall to put up the storm windows, I always end up with my feet sticking out of the shrubbery at grotesque angles.

My doctor assures me there is nothing wrong with me. My semicircular canals are still semicircular, and my eyes are in the right place. After a thorough examination a few years ago, he told me, "Your problem seems to be that you are simply a klutz."

My wife observes that there still may be some physiological reasons for my condition, however. My feet, she notes, are relatively small (9C) in relation to my body (44 regular). She points out that when she first met me some 18 years ago this gave me the shape of an ice-cream cone. (If you have ever tried to stand an ice-cream cone on a counter top while you put your change back in your pocket, you understand the problem.) She says that as I have "matured," my shape has changed from that of an ice-cream cone to something close to a child's toy top. The ice-cream scoop is now in my midsection, but my balance is no better.

Normally, I can cope with this problem. I just walk and move carefully. But as winter approaches in my native Midwest and nature insists on coating the ground with ice and snow, I am frightened senseless. While other men display their macho and self-assurance by strolling across the ice and snow with great nonchalance, I creep like a 90-year-old man.

My wife—who can run across a lake of frozen petroleum jelly after soaking her feet for three days in STP—understands my ego problem and helps me deal with it. When we walk together in the snow, she takes hold of my arm as if she were a helpless female balancing herself on the strong arm of her man—and then she holds me up until we are safely home.



I suspect that my particular, overblown fear of falling on the ice can be traced directly to a spectacular fall I once performed for a large audience while I was in college. It happened as I was leaving the English building, which sat at the top of a hill, connected to Earth by a finely polished sidewalk.

The sidewalk was covered with ice, and the university grounds crew had been out all morning going over it with emery cloths in the hopes of lowering the enrollment. As I left the doorway, I began to fall. The odd thing, however, was that different parts of me seemed to fall at different times. I would be almost to the ground, and then I would catch myself and think I was going to be able to stand up; then some other part would fall and I would recover, and so on. All the time I was moving down the hill at a rather alarming rate of speed.

The distance I fell was later estimated in a wildly divergent fashion. One observer suggested I went from the English building to the business building—a distance of about 100 yards—in a little more than ten seconds, never really standing up and never really falling down until the very end. Another passer-by said the estimate was right but that considering both my horizontal and vertical motion, the distance was more than three miles.

I am not sure. My immediate estimate was that I had fallen for several days and had circled campus at least four times.

In any case, when I finally hit the ground I had split the seam in the back of my pants and, somehow during my long fall, had managed to collect a girl's scarf, a beginning algebra book, a worn guitar strap, and half of a red sweat shirt that said "iana" on the front in big, white letters.

A crowd gathered around me—some to check my condition, some to retrieve items I had taken from them and a few to complain about my indiscriminate grabbing of body parts. A few of the more sensitive people just stood around laughing.

Such a fall marks a man for life—particularly when that man is of the variety who on dry pavement couldn't walk across the Isthmus of Panama without tumbling into either the Atlantic or the Pacific ocean. That's why I spend my winters inching down sidewalks and looking intensely at my feet.

The only bright side of my phobia is that it always gets better when the weather gets better. A lot of unbalanced people don't have that to look forward to.

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- Begin making investment profits that
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  —are large enough to stay **at least** 5% above inflation
- Learn how to make financial decisions that are pleasing to God
- Learn how to set higher goals and *meet* them
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You'll be making your major financial decisions based on a strategy that is scientifically accurate, Biblically sound, and easy to understand. You'll love it.

Who Is Jim McKeever?

The creator of the enormously successful Omega Strategy is also an ordained minister, the author of five Christian books, and the editor of *End-time News Digest.*

But his name is best known in financial circles. As the publisher of the *McKeever Strategy Letter,* he speaks at investment conferences around the world and has shared the platform with Ronald Reagan, Gerald Ford, William F. Buckley, and Howard Ruff.

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A6-TAD

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BAFFLING THE BURGLAR

Everything from fake "Beware of Dog" signs to evidence you are home when you aren't is fair play in fighting the foul business of breaking and entering.

by Michael Allen

The Good Book says, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal."

Still, we all try to lay up as many treasures as we can, right? The trick becomes: How do we keep crooks from breaking and entering and carrying off the stuff?

An 80-year-old woman in Queens, New York, has a solution. She places a pair of size-15 boots outside her door each evening. Hers was the only house on her block not "hit." The catch is, a size-15 thief could show up some night and snatch the boots.

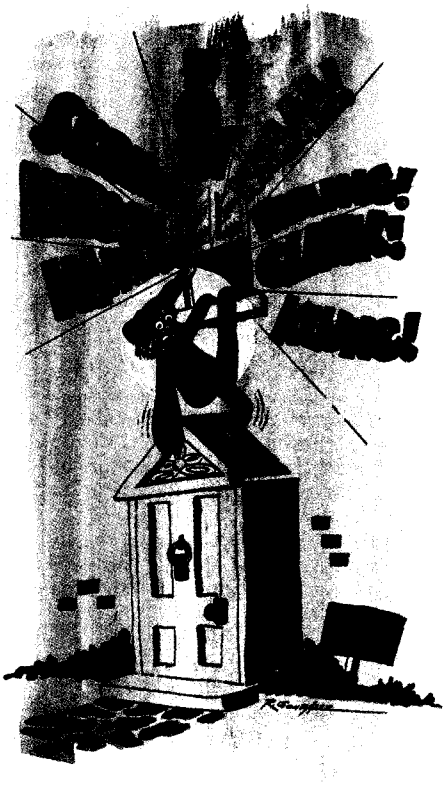
The ultimate protection, of course, is an up-to-date, professionally installed security system. But before laying out $1,500 or so for this invitation to annoying false alarms, you might take the less costly route of adopting good security habits.

"More than 60 percent of burglars come through unlocked doors and windows," says Richard Mellard of the University of Louisville's National Crime Prevention Institute.

Take the word of Ray Johnson, a reformed thief: "The greatest deterrents to thieves are noise and light. Many of those guys would just as soon use a sledge hammer on your door but don't because of the noise."

When away in the evening, you should leave would-be burglars false clues that you are home and obvious signs that your house has good security. Rig timers (less than $20 at hardware stores) to turn on a few lights or the TV or radio. Unplug phones or smother them with pillows so prolonged ringing won't tip off a passing burglar.

Place alarm devices in a visible spot, provide outdoor lighting, put up a beware-of-dog sign whether you have a dog or not, and prominently display security-protection labels.



While away on vacation, stop the mail and the newspaper delivery. Ask a neighbor to mow the lawn, to collect fliers tossed on the porch, and to keep an eye on things. You might even have someone park in your drive, move toys about the yard, use your garbage pails, and vary the inside lights and shades. If you don't know your neighbors that well, you will—once you agree to do the same thing for them.

The amount of treasure you have laid up will determine, of course, how far you will want to go to protect it. Many burglaries are the spur-of-the moment work of neighborhood kids who may spot a purse lying on the kitchen table or a stereo not used, but others are perpetrated by big-time crooks who will carefully establish your absence and then attempt to outwit your security system.

If you have no close neighbors, you should contact the local police. Crime-prevention officers will help you find ways to deter those top-rated housebreakers. They will check for such burglary discouragements as sturdy doors, good locks, and window grillwork. They will ask a few questions: Have you hidden valuable items? Are the stereo, the TV, and the home computer bolted down? Have you listed their serial numbers? Have you photographed all valuables?

You may feel secure just because your doors are securely bolted. But what about the doorframe? If it is at all loose, it's an open invitation to the burglar's jimmy. And check your door hinges. If they aren't inside, a ten-year-old with a screwdriver could take them off.

You may also feel safe dropping a rod in the track of a sliding door, but anyone bent on burglary can easily pop it out with a coat hanger. Special locks are available to keep sliding doors from being lifted off their tracks.

If your outside door has a window, you should consider a double-cylinder lock that requires use of a key inside as well as out. Such a lock is a minor annoyance compared to finding your house robbed because a thief broke the glass, reached in, and opened the lock.

As for that "hot line" to the police station: If the response is to be longer than ten minutes, forget it.

A word to the woman living alone. Your bedroom door should be fitted with a dead-bolt lock that locks not with a key but with the slip of a lever, which could prevent a burglar who rips off your stereo from also ripping off your nightgown. A "screecher" beside the bed is an inexpensive way to attract attention if the noise downstairs is more than mice frolicking in the flour bin.

As for guns, too many go off half-cocked. Unless you are trained and an expert marksman, who knows what you might bag in all the excitement of confronting a stranger climbing through the window. The intruder might also get to the gun before you do, and thus you'd contribute to arming the very people you fear most.

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In 1986, the world will be going to Vancouver, Canada for one of the 20th Century's most spectacular World Expositions. Expo 86 will be the largest and most prestigious event in North America since Expo 67 in Montreal. More than 80 participating nations, provinces, states and corporations will sponsor a marvelous showcase of exhibits and events focusing on the theme of "World in Motion, World in Touch." All this against the backdrop of Vancouver's majestic mountains, beautiful beaches, endless parks and busy harbour!

The Pavilion of Promise. Centred in a prime location on the 173 acre site among the national and international pavilions, the Pavilion of Promise will be a prime attraction to Expo's more than 15 million visitors. It is designed to provide them with the full impact of the Christian experience in its most modern and powerful form.

Outside, a 300-seat amphitheatre will serve as a platform for live music and drama and to broadcast Christian television via satellite around the world.

Mainroads Travel

The official travel company of the Pavilion of Promise.
For individual, family or group information on tours to Expo 86,

Call toll free 1-800-387-0684.

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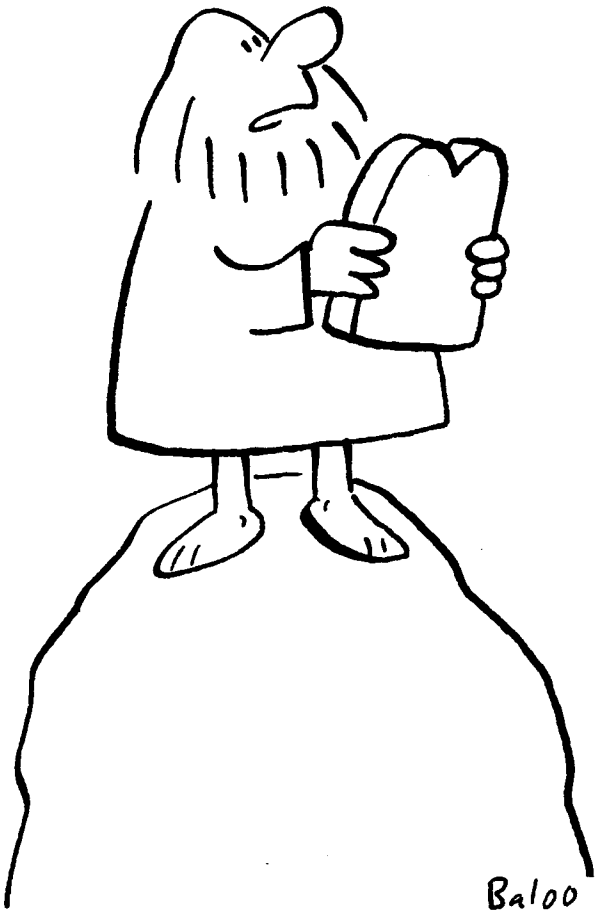
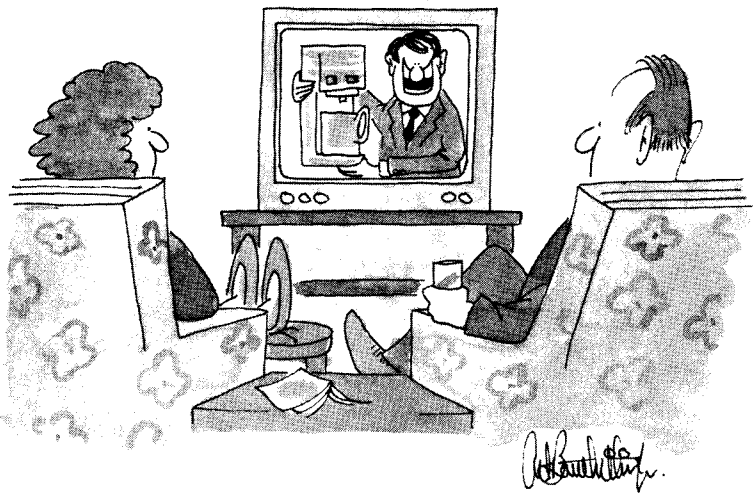
FOR THE RECORD

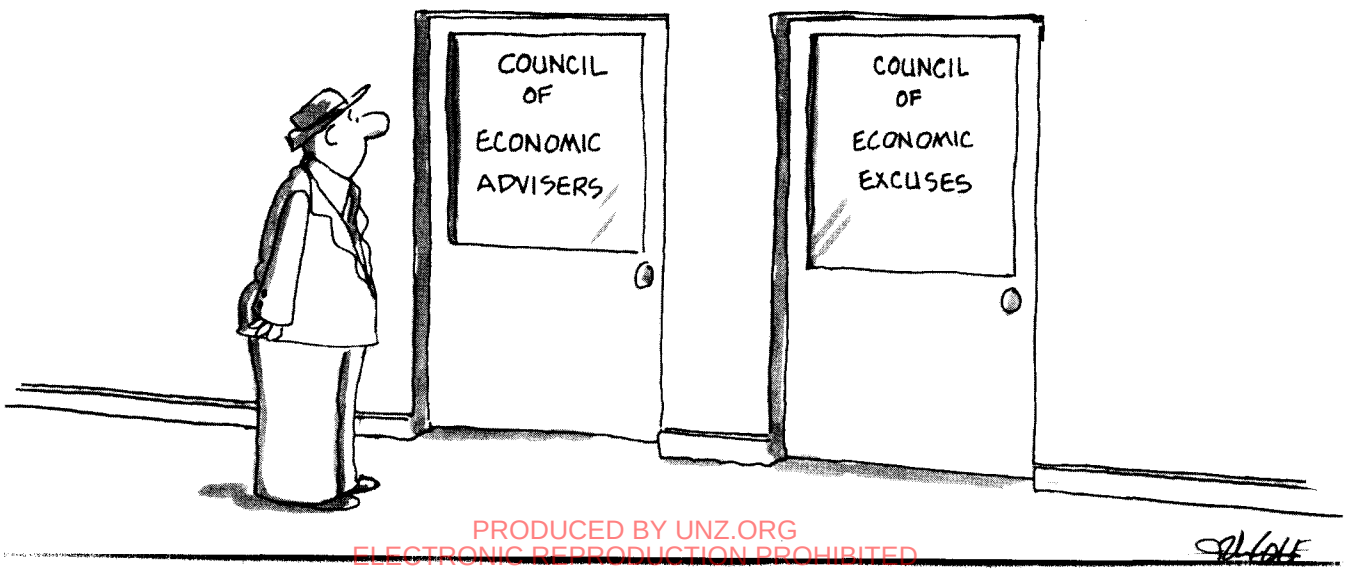


"Maybe there's only ten of them now, but just wait till the bureaucrats *get to work."*

"Meanwhile, in Washington, D.C., credibility fell another seven points, reaching a new low for the year."



"...the same coffee maker used by the Air Force, now for the amazingly low price of $24.95! That's a savings of over $4,000.00!"



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If you care whether America lives or dies...

WATCH:

AMERICA
YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO DIE.

Sure, it's easy to ignore our nation's problems. But as a famous historian once said, "The only thing necessary for evil to triumph is for good men to do nothing." Today, our country is facing a crisis. *America: You're Too Young To Die* is a special presentation about our future, the hope of our children and the destiny of our country. It shows how *you* can make a difference in returning America to the values that made this nation great.

AMERICA: YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO DIE.

Watch your local newspaper or TV Guide for January airdate, time and channel.

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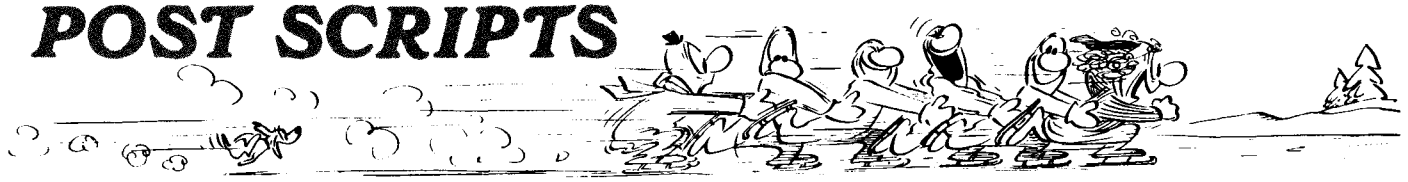
POST SCRIPTS



Greener Pastures

A man chatting with his neighbor said, "My family and I will soon be living in a better neighborhood."

"So will we," the neighbor replied.

"Oh, are you moving, too?"

"No, we're staying."

—A.H. Berzen

History Lesson

Son: "Here's my report card, dad, along with one of yours I found in the attic."

Dad: "Well, son, you're right. Mine isn't any better than yours is. I guess the only fair thing to do is to give you what my father gave me."

—Martha J. Beckman

Real Ding-a-ling

The psychiatrist was questioning his housewife patient, who had been having hallucinations: "Do you ever hear voices without being able to tell who is speaking or where the voices come from?"

"Oh yes, every day," the patient replied.

"At what time of the day does this occur?" he asked.

She thought for a moment and replied: "Well, there's no special time; it's just whenever I answer the telephone."

—Lloyd Byers

A Gutteral Response

Despite her years, grandmother has held on to the keen sense of humor that helps one make light of disaster. A few years ago she stepped from the sidewalk onto an icy road and fell. Just a few weeks later she slipped on a patch of ice near her home, and again she fell. A neighbor, running to her aid, heard her mutter, "Well, at least this time it wasn't the gutter in front of the liquor store."

—Kris Lee

Topographic Detail

A long-married wife was complaining to her husband, "Honey, I remember when you used to say that I was all the world to you."

The husband nodded, "Yes, I did—but I've learned a lot about geography since then."

—Ralph Land

Looks Are Deceiving

Top step, I tripped. They quipped
And laughed like country yokels;
It's drink, they think. Not so—
It's just my new bifocals.

—Raymond A. Schoeder

One Good Turn

We helped a friend who got in debt,
He said he would never forget;
He *has* remembered—now and then,
When things are tough, he calls again.

—Jean B. Boyce

Hot Debate

"There's nothing radically wrong with this town," the booster said. "All it needs is a better type of citizen and a decent water supply."

"Come to think of it," a listener replied, "those are the only drawbacks to hell."

—John A. Johnston

Dog-Gone

I have a very good watchdog—
Watches over all I own;
Yesterday he watched two men
Steal everything from my home.

—Olga McCoy

A Regrettable Fact

Take care of your health. If you don't, you may not live long enough to regret having lived so long.

—Ben N. Cox

In No Position to Argue

The voluptuous young girl entered the dentist's office in an obvious state of agitation. She sat down in the chair and fidgeted nervously as the dentist prepared his utensils.

"Oh, doctor," she exclaimed, as he prepared to look into her mouth, "I'm so afraid of dentists. Why, I think I'd rather have a baby than have a tooth drilled."

"Well, miss," the dentist said im-

"What would you recommend for a coffee table 24 by 58 inches?"

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patiently, "better make up your mind before I adjust the chair."

—Henry H. Dunagan

Senile Sagacity

I know it's considered a sign of old age
And treated with condescension,
But when I talk to myself, at least,
I have *somebody's* attention!

—Ruth M. Walsh

Making It Right

My wife has a curious habit
When we're going out for the night.
She'll say, "I won't be a minute,"
Which eventually proves to be right.

—Bill Ihlenfeldt

Back to Work

Four little words
To gladden a heart. . .
Not, "We'll be in touch,"
But, "When can you start?"

—Joan Cameron

Customary Levity

It isn't widely known that President Woodrow Wilson had a lively sense of humor. Earl James, director of the Wilson House Museum in Washington, D.C., says the following story fits the Wilson personality and is very likely true.

A New Jersey man telephoned the White House at three o'clock in the morning and asked to speak to the President on a matter of national importance. The operator rang and woke Wilson.

"The collector of customs here in New Jersey has died," the man informed him.

"I'm sorry to hear that," the President said, "but why are you calling at this hour?"

"Because I want to replace him," was the reply.

"Well," Wilson told the caller, "if the undertaker has no objection, neither do I."

—Barbara Luther

Marrying Old Money

The ardent honeymooning of the young bride's 75-year-old groom was exhausting her. During a momentary lull, while he was shaving, she staggered down to the coffee shop.

"What's the matter with you, dearie?" asked the waitress. "Here you are, a young bride with an older husband, and you're the one who looks beat."

Said the bride: "That man double-crossed me. He told me he had saved up for this 60 years, and I thought he was talking about money."

—K.W. Kenney

A Savage Reply

"Father," asked the serious young man, "do you think the American Indians were superior to the white man?"

"Well, look at it this way," said the father. "When the Indians were here, they had no taxes, no national debt, no centralized government, no military draft, no foreign-aid program, no nuclear weapons, and their women did all the work. What do you think?"

—Trenda Leigh

Timely Hint

As the young Hollywood bachelor sat having coffee with a friend's stunning wife, she announced: "I think I'd better warn you—my husband will be home in an hour."

"But I haven't done anything wrong," the bachelor responded, somewhat surprised.

"I know that," she replied. "But I thought you'd want to know how much time you have—in case you decide to."

—B.W. Clifton

Trying Experience

The defendant came forward at his trial to plead guilty.

"Why didn't you plead guilty at the very beginning and save us all a lot of time?" asked the judge.

"I thought I was innocent," the crook replied, "but that was before I heard the evidence against me."

—Sherwood Ellis

Their Passion Spent

The honeymoon is over when he finds out he married a big spender and she finds out she didn't.

—Thomas LaMance

Easy to Be Hard

The trouble with easy payments is that they have to be made with hard cash.

—Ivern Ball

It Figures

"Were you able to get a job today, sweetheart?"

"Sure did. They're even giving me six figures."

"Six figures? How did you ever manage *that*?"

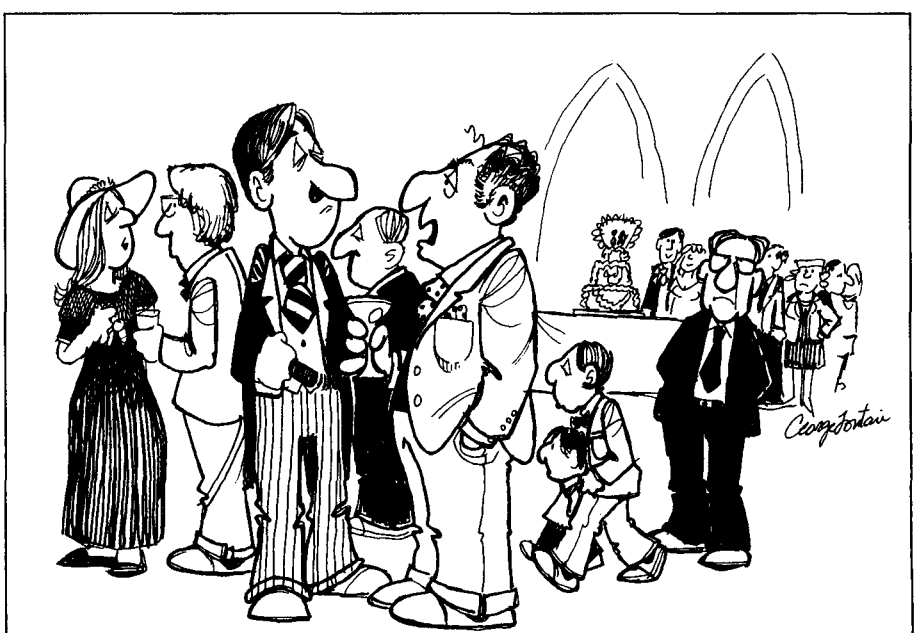
"Simple. These six gorgeous figures were already working at their desks when I arrived."

—Henry Hawkins

Smooth Sailing

If you have never done hard work,
You really shouldn't knock it;
For the man who rows the boat,
Has no time to rock it.

—Agnes White Thomas



"All the women I ever knew seemed to lack the main ingredient. . .perfection."

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YOU CAN'T RESETTLE ME!

A defense of New York by a stubborn inhabitant.

by E.B. White

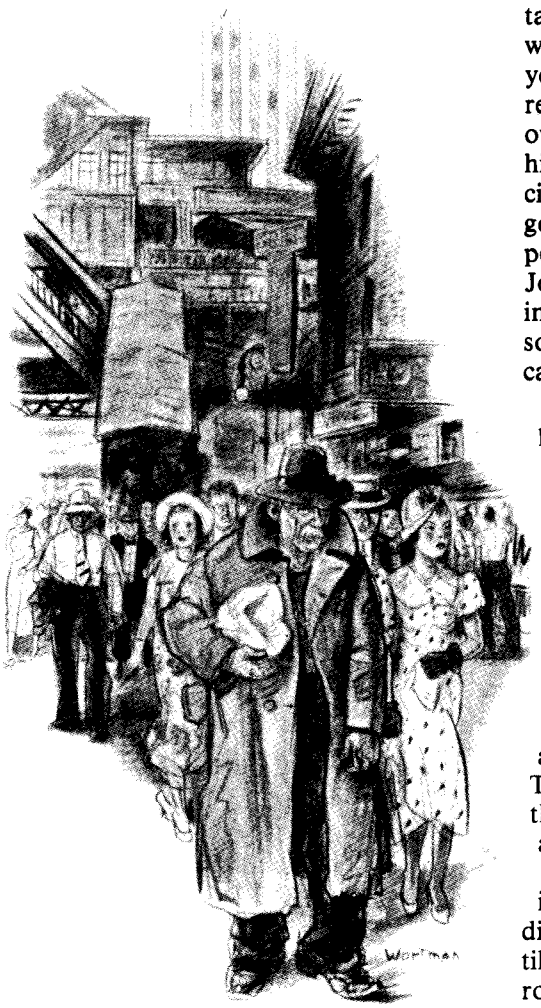
Editor's Note: **John Donne wrote: "Any man's death diminishes *me*, because I am involved in *Mankind*. And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for *thee*." It took the death of E.B. White, on October 1, 1985, at age 86, to bring that truth home for many of us.**

Nearly everyone who has studied writing seriously during the past quarter century has read *The Elements of Style*, E. B. White's bible for writers. I remember him best for his "One Man's Meat" column in *Harper's*. Others may claim *Charlotte's Web* or one of his other books as their common meeting ground. For still others, it's the caption he wrote for the *New Yorker* cartoon of a little girl at the dinner table: "I say it's spinach—and I say the h--- with it." And of course there were his hundreds of *New Yorker* articles.

Having missed all of these, a *Post* reader may yet remember E. B. White's classic piece "You Can't Resettle Me!" that ran in our October 10, 1936, issue.

In commemoration of his many gifts to the world of letters and laughter, and for readers who may have been reading their first-grade primers when it was first published, we reprint the story here.

—Maynard Good Stoddard



Being without any home where he can leave a coat from winter to winter, he wears it the year round, as he wears his skin.

Dr. Rexford G. Tugwell has a plan for moving people out of crowded cities into model villages where they will be comfortable. He believes that most of the inhabitants of a place like New York City live there needlessly and might better be somewhere else. He is beginning by transplanting workers in the needle trades, but it won't be long before he gets round to me. I am a resident of New York, and I could conceivably be shifted to a more plausible environment, but I don't want to be. I have no desire to be resettled. Hightstown, New Jersey, may be more comfortable than Manhattan Island, but I don't want to be comfortable. I just want to live in New York. However, I realize that this may sound stubborn of me, perhaps even un-American; and I feel under some compulsion to explain and justify my unnecessary presence in New York—if not to Dr. Tugwell, at least to myself—and to examine critically my needless and beloved surroundings.

Hightstown's Loss

Live where one may, there is a kind of needlessness about it. This quality in life I find important to my health. New York is such an unlikely spot that the very implausibility of one's existence there lends a heroic flavor to the adventure, nourishing and sustaining a man through his sunless winters, his airless summers. Besides, your confirmed New Yorker not only regards the city as indispensable to his own life, but he secretly believes himself indispensable to the life of the city. Were I to allow a benevolent government to transplant me and my possessions to Hightstown, New Jersey, I would fully expect to catch, in the still country air, some distant sounds of a metropolitan falling off, caused by my having quit the place.

I don't know that I particularly approve of New York, yet that is not a sufficient reason for moving away. I have heard it said that New York offers cultural advantages, but these are sought not so much by us residents as by transients, who ravish the town in a three-day orgy and go home tired. The theater, the music, the art are not responsible for New York's dense population; quite the reverse, they are the by-products of congestion. The twisted millions who flourish on the island are no seekers after culture and art. They seek—and many have found—money, a congenial abiding place, a home. Their ability to discover, in an expensive and unventilated apartment, the soil for the roots of life reveals a special sort of character, a special sort of need.

The world is full of all kinds of people, and it appears that some of them have to live in town to be happy. There is the type of person, for example, who needs company at mealtime. Temperamentally, he is unequipped to eat anywhere save in a restaurant. To eat quietly in the privacy of his dwelling makes him restless and gives him a sense of defeat. Obviously, for such a person, the perfect place is New York, where

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Here's your chance to achieve a small moral victory.

Gabriel Cortez
Colombia
Age 4

What would you do if you saw a lost, frightened child?

You'd probably stop, pick him up, brush away his tears, and help him find his way. Without even thinking about it. And there's a reason.

You know what's right.

And right now, you can do just that. You can act on instinct...by reaching out to *one* desperately poor child, thousands of miles away.

Through Foster Parents Plan, you'll be helping a child who almost never has enough to eat. A decent place to sleep. Medical care. The chance to learn. Or hope.

It's your choice.

You can even choose the child you'd like to sponsor. A boy or girl. In a country where *you'd* like to help. You'll be helping that child within his own family. And more, helping that family to work with other families to make a better life for their children.

In return, you'll receive pictures of the child. Detailed progress reports. And letters written in the child's own words. You'll see for yourself just how much you're changing your Foster Child's life for the better. Forever. And for so little.

In fact, for just $22 a month, you'll make it possible for a child to have food, medical care, schooling—and hope. That's only 72¢ a day. Imagine. Your spare change could change a child's life.

Foster Parents Plan was founded in 1937 and this year will aid over 236,000 Foster Children and their families in more than 20 countries. We are non-profit, non-sectarian, non-political, and respect the culture and religion of the families we assist. Of course, your sponsorship is 100% tax-deductible, and a detailed annual report and financial statement are available on request.

Please don't wait.

If you saw a helpless child on the street, you wouldn't wait. You'd help that instant. Please don't wait now, either. Send in the coupon—or call toll-free 1-800-556-7918.

And achieve a small moral victory that can make a big difference to a needy child.

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1-800-556-7918

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Send to:
Kenneth H. Phillips, National Executive Director
Foster Parents Plan, Inc.
157 Plan Way, Warwick, RI 02887

I wish to become a Foster Parent to a: ☐ Boy ☐ Girl ☐ Either
Age: ☐ 6–8 ☐ 9–11 ☐ 12–14 ☐ Any age 6–14
☐ **Wherever the need is greatest,** or as indicated below:

☐ Africa	☐ Egypt	☐ Honduras	☐ The Philippines
☐ Bolivia	☐ El Salvador	☐ India	☐ Thailand
☐ Colombia	☐ Guatemala	☐ Indonesia	

☐ Enclosed is a check for $22 for my first month's support of my Foster Child. Please send me a photograph, case history, and complete Foster Parent Sponsorship Kit.

☐ I am not yet sure if I want to become a Foster Parent, but I am interested. Please send me information about the child I would be sponsoring. Within 15 days I will make my decision.

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs.
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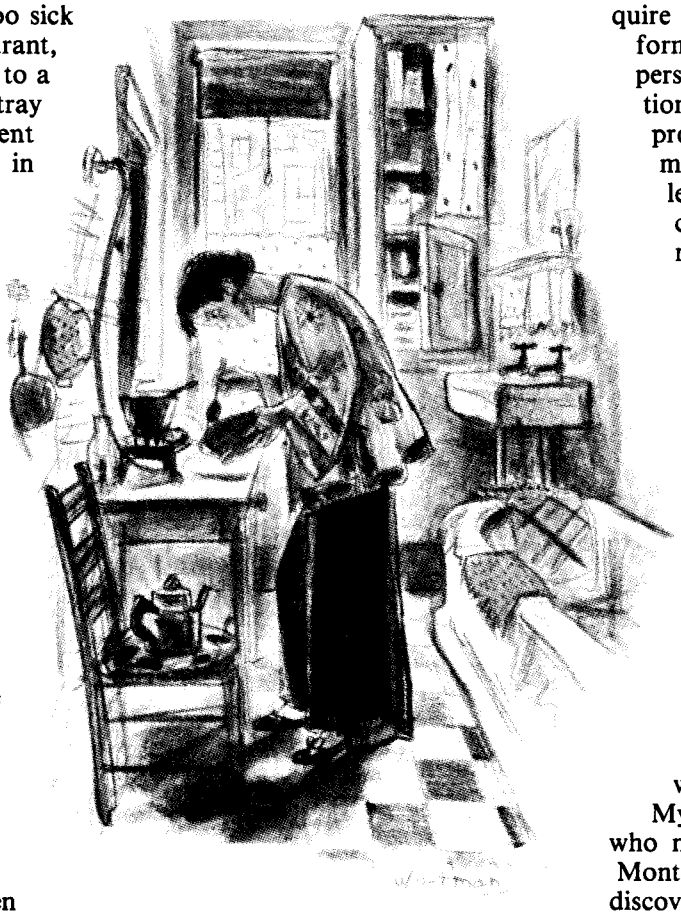
one may dine in a different restaurant every night of one's life, or where one may simply pick out one restaurant and dine there, never varying it and always being sure of meeting a friend. I know one lady in New York who has lived and worked in the city for a score of years; I don't suppose in that entire period she has eaten a dozen meals at her own board. In fact, I very much doubt that she owns a board that has ever groaned under so much as a poached egg. During the few intervals when she was too sick to get up and go out to a restaurant, she simply transferred herself to a hospital and was fed from a tray until she regained sufficient strength again to sit upright in her old haunts.

Fourth-Street Castle

And there is the opposite type, for whom New York seems equally well suited; the mousy little body who never took the slightest interest in her mother's kitchen back in Tannersville, but whose domestic instinct suddenly flowers in the exquisite inconvenience of preparing a meal for two on a gas flame in a tiny bathroom in West Fourth Street with the paint flaking off the walls and sifting gently down into the mashed potatoes. Every night in the year, in the great city, unbelievable culinary excesses are committed in nonhousekeeping one-room apartments, in closets and behind bathroom doors wide open so that one dines in full view of the plumbing. I have had many a meal in New York—and some rather memorable ones—amid such unwholesome surroundings; and I once dined with a happy couple who could pass from the kitchen to the living room only by the incredible contortion of stepping over a sunken bathtub an ingenious landlord had installed, like a moat, between the two rooms. The oddity of this arrangement seemed to enchant the host and hostess and gave their lives point. (This was some years ago. I now insist that all bathroom vistas be closed off by screens when I come as guest, for I am getting old and am not so keen as I once was.)

Because he has denied himself the abundant life that would be his if he lived anywhere else—sunlight, trees, grass, limitless sky, white snow, the revolving seasons, wind in the branches, flowers—the New Yorker frantically invents the urban equivalent of his natural inheritance. He becomes a gardener, a nature lover, a nudist, and a member of a ski club. There being very little greenery in his world, he paints the walls of his apartment green and tortures an ivy plant and several hot little cactuses in-



Unbelievable culinary excesses are committed in one-room apartments.

to a steamy existence over a radiator. There being almost no opportunity to exercise in a normal way, he mounts a rented horse at great expense and gallops through the park along well-defined trails or plays tennis feverishly beneath glaring lights in an armory on a surface badly chewed up by motor lorries and small cannon. He approximates earth's fertility with a tank of guppies and a paper-white narcissus. He is hyperconscious of the seasons and, being at the mercy of florists, is always two or three jumps ahead of Nature herself, his living room full of pussy willows at Christmas, forsythia on Lincoln's Birthday, and lilacs at Easter. Indeed, to the city dweller the countryside, when he occasionally gets out into it, always appears slightly laggard, for he sees repeated again the blooms that flourished weeks ago in his own vases in town.

Roof-Garden Farmers

I think Dr. Tugwell, in stressing how needless my habitat is, fails to appreciate how completely New York satisfies the need of persons who require that life be in concentrated form, as in a capsule. I am such a person, and mine is a real emotional need. When the physical properties of my existence are most concise, when they are collected and arranged in a few cubic feet of space, as in a one-room apartment or a 30-foot boat, I am happiest with them and understand them best and love them most consumingly. Give me a 16-room house in the middle of 50 acres, and with so much to command I would find my attention scattered, my love attenuated. Among hundreds of trees, I do not come to know one. In the city, a house—for the average resident—simmers down to a room, a garden to a geranium plant, a wood lot to an ailanthus tree. Life, concentrated as by a sunglass, comes to a point and burns with an intense fire.

My neighbor across the court, who may have been brought up in Montana or Texas for all I know, discovers a patch of roof eight by ten feet outside his window; it becomes, for a spell, the compelling force in his life, awakening in him an undreamed-of propensity for seedtime and harvest. With the first warm days of March he is out there, seeing to his fences. On his ten-foot ranch he feels in command of the situation. This year, perhaps there will be a pool, made of tin, to harbor goldfish under conditions manifestly unbearable to them. They will be part of the plan. I understand my neighbor's emotions and share his pride and his fervor. Horticulturally, I, too, am a monogamist. I can plant a bean and lavish upon the growing vine an attention little short of fanatical, but give me a

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50 CAPSULES

LECITHIN IS ONE OF NATURES FOOD SUBSTANCES THAT HELPS SAFEGUARD YOUR WELL BEING!

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BEE POLLEN
MOISTURIZING CREAM
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GARLIC PARSLEY
$2.79
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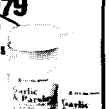

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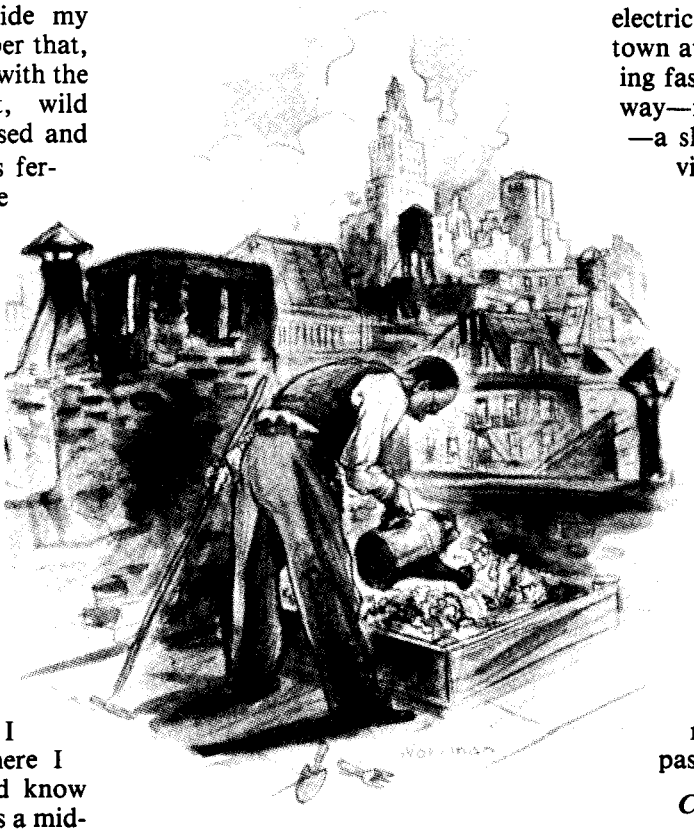
whole row of beans and I lose interest. I am unable to cope with large-scale enterprise. New York, with its extreme space restrictions, by allowing me only one bean vine satisfies an urgent need of my simple nature—the need of boiling life down. I respect people who are more expansive and who are able to enjoy and cope with whole rows of vegetation, but I cannot be like them, and mine must be a small domain. Once, in West 13th Street, a window box outside my ledge produced a feeble creeper that, in due time, bloomed. Later, with the brooding days of August, wild grasses arrived, and a surprised and grateful caterpillar. Here was fertility of a high order. The grasses sang with all the winds that ever blew, and they were wet by great and important rains. Above them in the burning sky, like yellow suns, the L trains rose and set.

It is when I am temporarily away from the city that I appreciate how necessary it is to my existence. As I write these words I am sojourning in the country—not in Hightstown, to be sure, but in a spot even farther removed from Manhattan. I can feel the city over all these miles, and it is as though I were there. I can be anywhere I want to, in imagination, and know just how it is. I am in bed. It is a midsummer morning in town, before the heat of the day has become quite real, while it is still a threat. The night has been unendurable. Families from the uptown tenements of the East Side, by the railroad tracks, have stayed out late in Central Park, lying out on the grass patches, the children yelling their games after dark, all sounds brighter and more painful, fellows and girls stretched in the bottom of rowboats on the pond, kissing, the beer in the cafés warm before it reaches the drinker, drugstore fountains jammed, the air saturated with the smell of syrups, the soda jerkers' white coats wilted with perspiration. Then the sleepless night, and now the cracking bright day.

There is something passionate about the early hours of a scorcher in town, a vibration, as though something fierce were brewing, a thunderstorm of the senses. At eight o'clock, from the doorway of a dress shop, a porter appears carrying a bottle of viscous liquid he proceeds to rub listlessly on the bronze nameplate, smearing it carelessly, so that after the polishing is done a stain is left on the surrounding wall. I know everything as though I were there. I can hear the bells of Madison Square tumbling sweetly down on the ears of converters of cotton fabrics in East



It becomes, for a spell, the compelling force in his life.

21st Street. I can feel the coolness of tellers in banks on the hot morning, their gray-linen jackets, the high, cool room full of accuracy and interest silently compounding, an oasis in the heat, for deposit or withdrawal. I am descending the L stairs at 42nd Street, into the east-west undertow. I am sucked under, behind a thin, greasy old man who is being carried west. Despite the heat, he is wearing an old yellow army overcoat, for being without any home where he can leave a coat from winter to winter, he wears it the year round, as he wears his skin. I turn north on Sixth Avenue, toward the employment bureaus and the shops that sell cheap luggage.

The Sidewalks of New York

From a penny arcade comes the snap-snap of a .22 rifle—some jobless pantryman buying a last chance to regain his sense of importance by hitting a moving duck on a breathless day. At Lewis & Conger I pause vacantly to examine the latest miracle in household furnishing, knowing that when the first crisp day of fall comes, a fossilized lady of a fine old New York family will step out of an antique limousine and enter the store to track down a super moth chest or an electric eggbeater. I am speeding into town at the wheel of a car approaching fast and hot via the Pulaski Skyway—it's *my* way—high over Jersey—a sky conqueror, the city in full view, the swift tire tread singing too loud in the hot lanes, the ridiculously scant interval between my speeding car and the speeding car just ahead, a fabulous approach, entering the Land of Oz at 55, at 60. I know how it feels to slow up for the ticket booths at the entrance to the Holland Tunnel, the clutch out, the hand fingering in the sticky damp pocket for the 50¢ piece, the loud underwater passage in the white-tiled cavern—a dream bathroom—the policeman goading me on with an impatient sweep of the arm to even greater and more fantastic and perilous passage.

City of the Present Tense

I often suspect that, were the matter looked into, it would turn out that New York City is so popular a sanctuary because it compensates for the deficiencies of one's character. There's a theme for Dr. Tugwell: The Relation of the Metropolis to Character Weakness. I do know this: for many people, the town gives to life, as nothing else does, the illusion of significance. That is an important factor in getting through the day. The mere presence on a small island of so many people up to so many tricks, in so many attitudes of attention or despair or connivance, somehow suggests that life, perhaps, has some mysterious meaning after all—otherwise the citizens would disperse of their own accord and go someplace where it is comfortable. The restlessness of the town is both convincing

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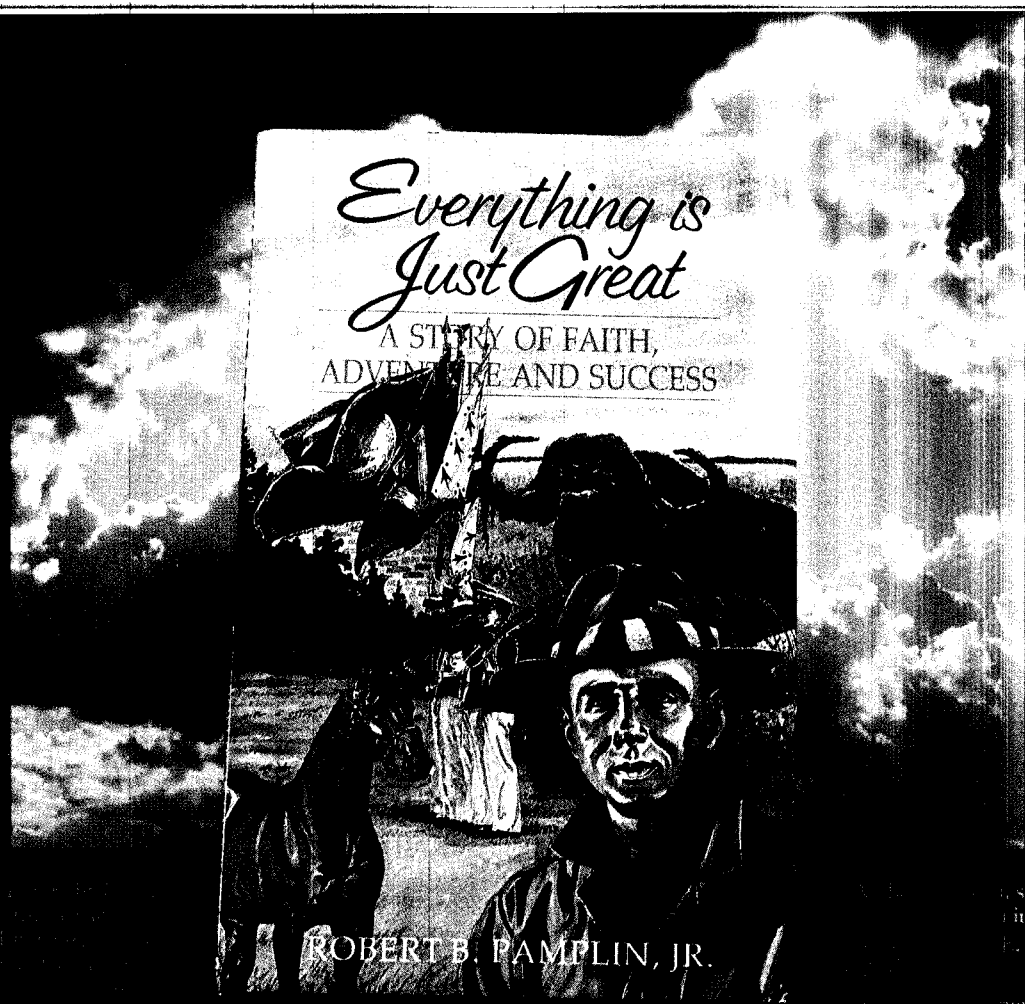

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BARBARA MANDRELL— ON THE ROAD AGAIN

A tragic auto accident, a painful pregnancy, and persistent depression behind her, country-cool Mandrell sets out to prove the lady's still a champ.

by Holly G. Miller

Thirty-four pounds down and 11 to go, Barbara Mandrell's pumping iron again at Gold's gym. She frets that her waist is gone and her muscles are soft, so her favorite pencil-legged blue jeans have given way to a pink blouse worn loose over one-size-fits-all warm-up pants. She calls herself a "blob"—all 111 pounds of her—but says she's in training, and when she breaks camp soon for round one of her comeback campaign, she'll be in fighting form again.

"I always used to laugh under my breath and whisper jokes to my husband when I'd see pregnant women who waddled," she says. "I'll never laugh again. With my other babies I gained 20 pounds; with this one I gained 45 because of the inactivity. Boy, did I waddle."

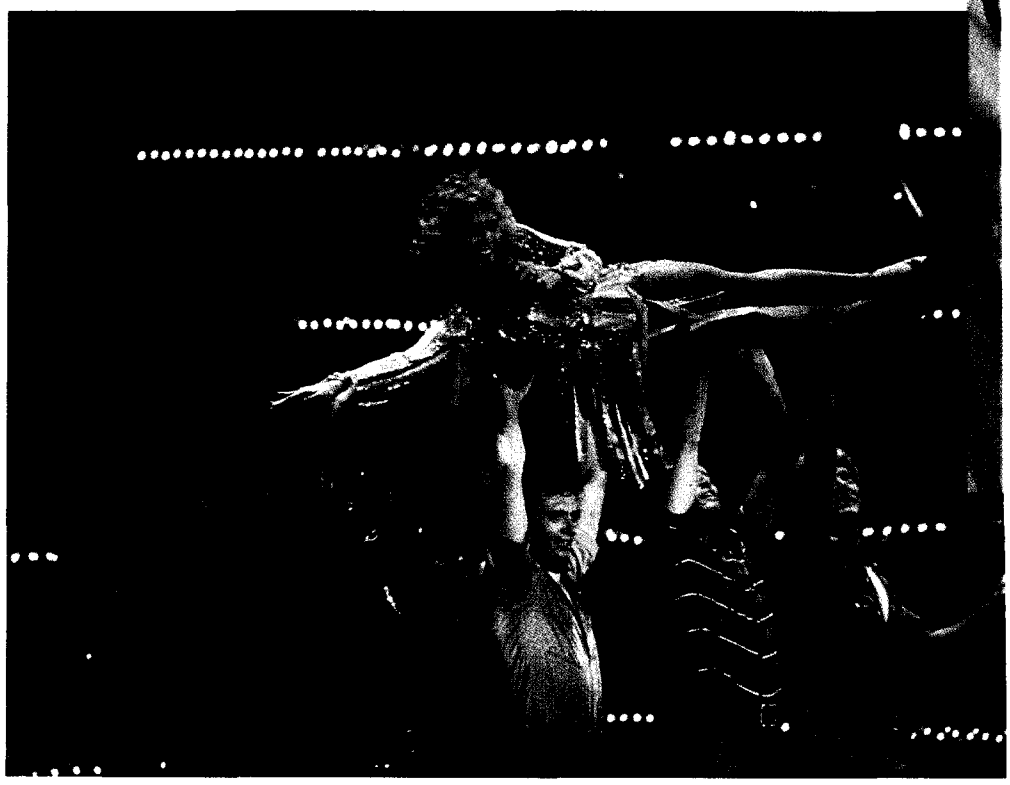
The waddle is gone, but a slight limp persists, a painful remnant of a tragic head-on auto crash that began what she calls the worst year of her life. A steel rod still runs the length of her thigh, and plastic surgery is scheduled to repair scar tissue on an arm and a knee where pieces of her car's dashboard and radio knobs were embedded in her flesh. As serious as her physical injuries were—she was hospitalized for weeks and underwent therapy twice a day at home for several months—the emotional stress lingered long after the bones had knit and the bruises had faded. She suffered from what she refers to as the "I don't cares"—mood swings that caused her to withdraw, robbed her of her characteristic spunk, and made her want to do little more than watch television alone.

"I still feel that way a little bit, and it's not like me," she admits. "I was always one whose drive was overwhelming at times. I loved my work and thought I couldn't live without it. After the wreck I became another person. I didn't want to do anything. Whereas I used to love to read everything from the Bible to autobiographies to Louis L'Amour novels, suddenly I wasn't interested. I didn't even want to listen to the radio. It makes no sense at all."

Barbara's trauma began after the concussion she suffered in a two-car collision the evening of September 11, 1984. She, her son, Matthew, and her daughter, Jaime, had left Rivergate Mall after a back-to-school shopping spree. En route to their sprawling two-story home in Hendersonville, Tennessee, they noticed a station wagon traveling with its tailgate down and young children playing in the back. Barbara, who rarely used seat belts ("unless I rode with my sister Louise and she insisted that I buckle up"), was bothered by the obvious danger to the tots.

"It made us uncomfortable," she recalls, "so just to break the tenseness of the moment, I said to Matt and Jaime: 'Let's put on our seat belts and then we'll be safe.' Now, people can say what they want, but I know it was God's will, because that was the last thing I remember before the wreck. I put on the seat belt, and the next thing I recall was two weeks later in the hospital."

She is thankful she does not re-



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member the red Subaru drifting across the center line and into the path of her silver Jaguar. The teenage driver of the other car was killed instantly. (Why he lost control of the wheel is unknown.) Barbara was rushed to a nearby intensive-care unit; Matt was hospitalized with a fractured nose and cheekbone; and Jaime, who had been riding in the back seat, was treated for cuts and released. All three sustained painful bruises from the seat belts that nonetheless prevented their being propelled through the windshield.

"That was September 11, but the first day I remember was September 26. I've been told that I talked and did things before that, but I was really weird. I guess I yelled and screamed. I was grouchy—no, that's too nice a word. My doctor and minister assure me that concussions can do that to you," she says.

One of Barbara's first concerns after she regained her perspective: the Jaguar, now a twisted mass of silver-painted metal. She wanted it stored. Her reason? Someday, she thought, she could tell the American people how vital seat belts are to safety. Her words might have clout, but the sight of her demolished Jag would be the clincher.

A planned all-out seat-belt promotion was put on hold while she recuperated from the collision and later endured a painful and unplanned pregnancy. "My doctor said my body wasn't ready to be pregnant," she recalls. "It was truly a very miserable nine months. I was literally depressed from the time my senses came back to me after the accident until the time the baby was born."

Today Barbara marvels that her husband of 18 years, Ken Dudney, stayed with her during the months of seclusion, the bouts of tears, and the emotional ups and downs. Confined to the family's beige, overstuffed couch, she could do little more than watch the fan buses stream past out front and the boats sputter by on Old Hickory Lake behind the house. For the first time in her life, Barbara Mandrell, energy-charged, twice a winner of the Country Music Association's Entertainer of the Year honors, was sidelined, a spectator monitoring the world by means of an electronic security screen mounted in the corner of the Dudney's family room.

"It was a difficult, difficult pregnancy. I cried a lot," she says. "But it was worth every bit of the pain. I'd do it again if it would get me Nathaniel. His name, by the way, means 'a gift from God.' "

A robust seven pounds, seven ounces, her baby arrived early, September 6, 1985 (11 days before the date set for a Caesarean section). Although Barbara's obstetrician had run tests during the pregnancy to monitor the fetus, Barbara and Ken decided that abortion was unthinkable regardless of the results; nor did they want to know their baby's sex, information also available from the tests. When the announcement was made—a boy—gifts of blue deluged the Dudney household. Barbara Walters sent a needlepoint pillow, President Reagan a letter addressed directly to Nathaniel, and stuffed animals—heavy on the bears—arrived wearing sequins, bow ties, and tams.

Such an outpouring of sentiment is typical of Mandrell fans: After the accident more than 450 floral arrangements and a mail avalanche unprecedented in Nashville's history had clogged operations at Baptist Hospital. Similar support was expressed on the first anniversary of the car collision, when Barbara found herself once again in the hospital, this time with the happy mission of usher-

It was a difficult pregnancy, but "I'd do it again if it would get me Nathaniel," Barbara says. Her second son, of four months, brings the family to nine—Matt and Jaime, her husband, Ken Dudney, two dogs and two cats (right). (Left) Barbara hits a high point in her pre-accident career.

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ing Nathaniel Mandrell Dudney into the world.

"To be honest, the anniversary bothered me tremendously," she says. "I tried to concentrate on Nathaniel, but I kept thinking about the young man who hit us, and the pain his parents must feel. I've never lost a child, and I can't conceive in my wildest imagination what it would be like. How do they cope? Although I've never met them, everything I've ever heard about them is that they are fine, Christian people."

When a performer needs a quick lift, it's handy to have a helicopter port out back and a husband who doubles as a pilot.

Concerned for her fans, she plans to say "thank you" during an abbreviated concert tour in March and April. It won't be as physical as her typical show—bounding around the stage interacting with the audience; playing sax, steel guitar, and banjo; and mixing sexy ballads with near-rock country tunes. Still, she's already thinking about how to compensate for her temporary limitations.

"I'm only satisfied when that sweat starts dripping and I'm really pushing it," she says. "Then I feel, yes, I'm giving the person who bought the ticket a show I'm proud of. I'll wear tall boots to give support around my ankles and then I'll work like normal; but I won't be dancing like I did on my CBS and HBO specials."

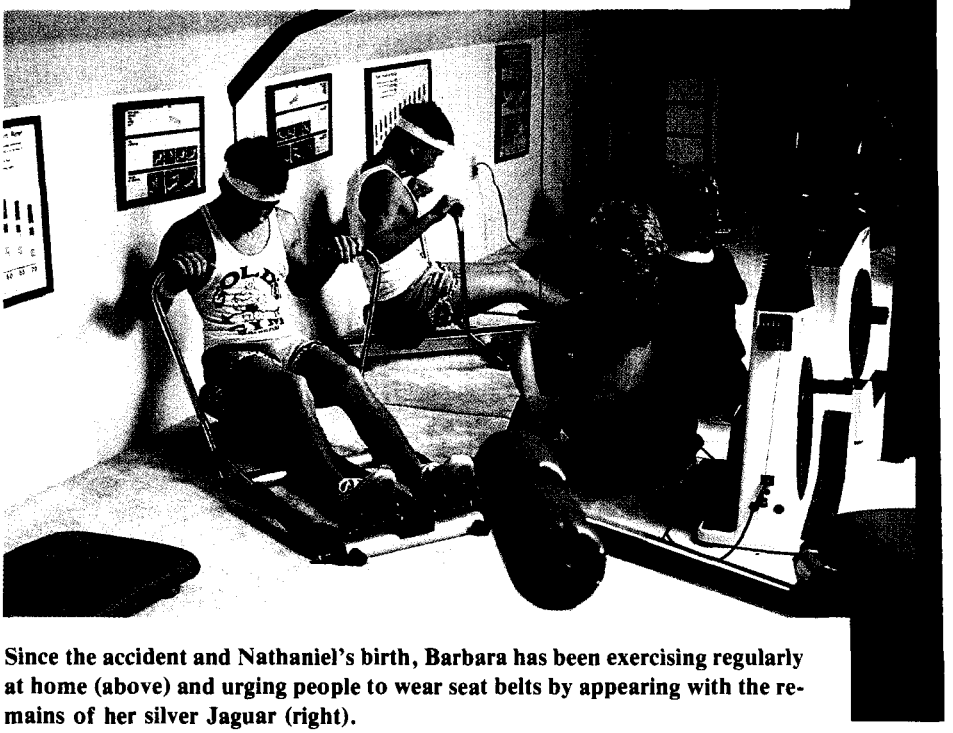
A more practical reason for her upcoming tour is money—or lack of it. When her car came to a screeching halt 16 months ago, so did her career. Although she carried adequate insurance, a Mandrell spokesperson explains that Tennessee law requires a lawsuit on Barbara's behalf before a settlement can be made. Such legalities take time.

Fortunately, like most celebrities with savvy business managers (Ken oversees her finances), Barbara has diversified investments. A chain of one-hour photo labs in the Nashville area has been successful; a charter yacht is another source of income; and Barbara Mandrell Country is one of the most popular attractions along Nashville's glittering Music Row. The museum is packed with Mandrell memorabilia, from childhood crayon sketches, to film clips of her first public performance, to the white-and-pink nightgown she wore on her wedding night in 1967. Even the Dudney bedroom is re-created—right down to the soft-drink can on the nightstand. In a town where tourists can tour Hank Williams' homestead, the Grand Ole Opry, Twitty City, June Carter Cash's antique shops, and Minnie Pearl's yellow-and-white farmhouse replica, Barbara Mandrell Country lures 1,300 visitors on a good day.

Such varied business interests have helped preserve the family's financial stability in spite of the canceled contracts and the postponed bookings. Barbara worried, however, about other members of her organization—drivers, musicians, vocalists—also out of work because of her forced hiatus: "It tore me up. I didn't let my band go for several months, knowing good and well I couldn't go back onstage. Some of the guys had been with me ten years. It was really hard."

The pace will pick up and the call will go out to former employees as soon as the family returns from their annual winter ski vacation in Aspen. ("Nathaniel and I will stay *inside* the condo this year," she says.) A made-for-TV movie, *A Question of Blame,* is set for filming soon. Barbara, though excited about the script, prefers not to comment about the plot. She says the subject matter has never been addressed on TV, and she wants to preserve the element of surprise.

The concert tour will follow, plus the taping of several commercials for products she endorses. An album in the works will require weeks in the studio. She admits that such a schedule would "choke a horse," but that it may be just the therapy she needs to escape the doldrums of her year's sabbatical. "It was very hard for me to say 'yes' to the tour. I'll only have a week after the TV movie to put a show together, but maybe that's for a reason.



Since the accident and Nathaniel's birth, Barbara has been exercising regularly at home (above) and urging people to wear seat belts by appearing with the remains of her silver Jaguar (right).

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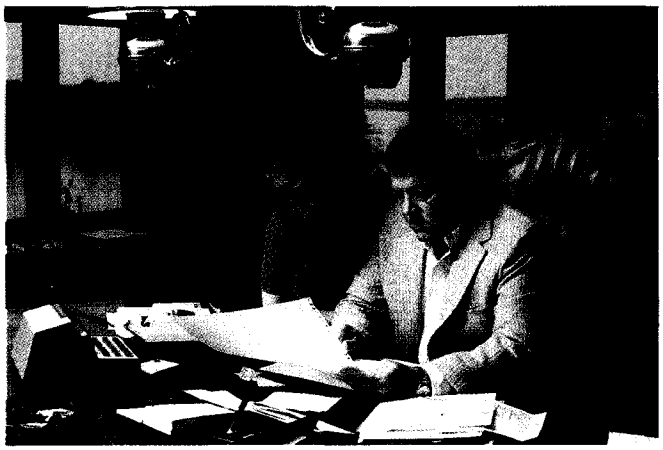
Maybe I need to be pushed that hard," she says.

The project she anticipates most will pay her in satisfaction only. The public-service announcement emphasizing seat-belt use is finally ready to be filmed. Barbara says: "I didn't want to do it when I was pregnant because I didn't want anything to detract from the impact of the message. I want the car there to get attention. I want people to see what's left of the car and then hear me say that I'm alive because I used seat belts—that I had a chance to live, and I want everybody to have that chance."

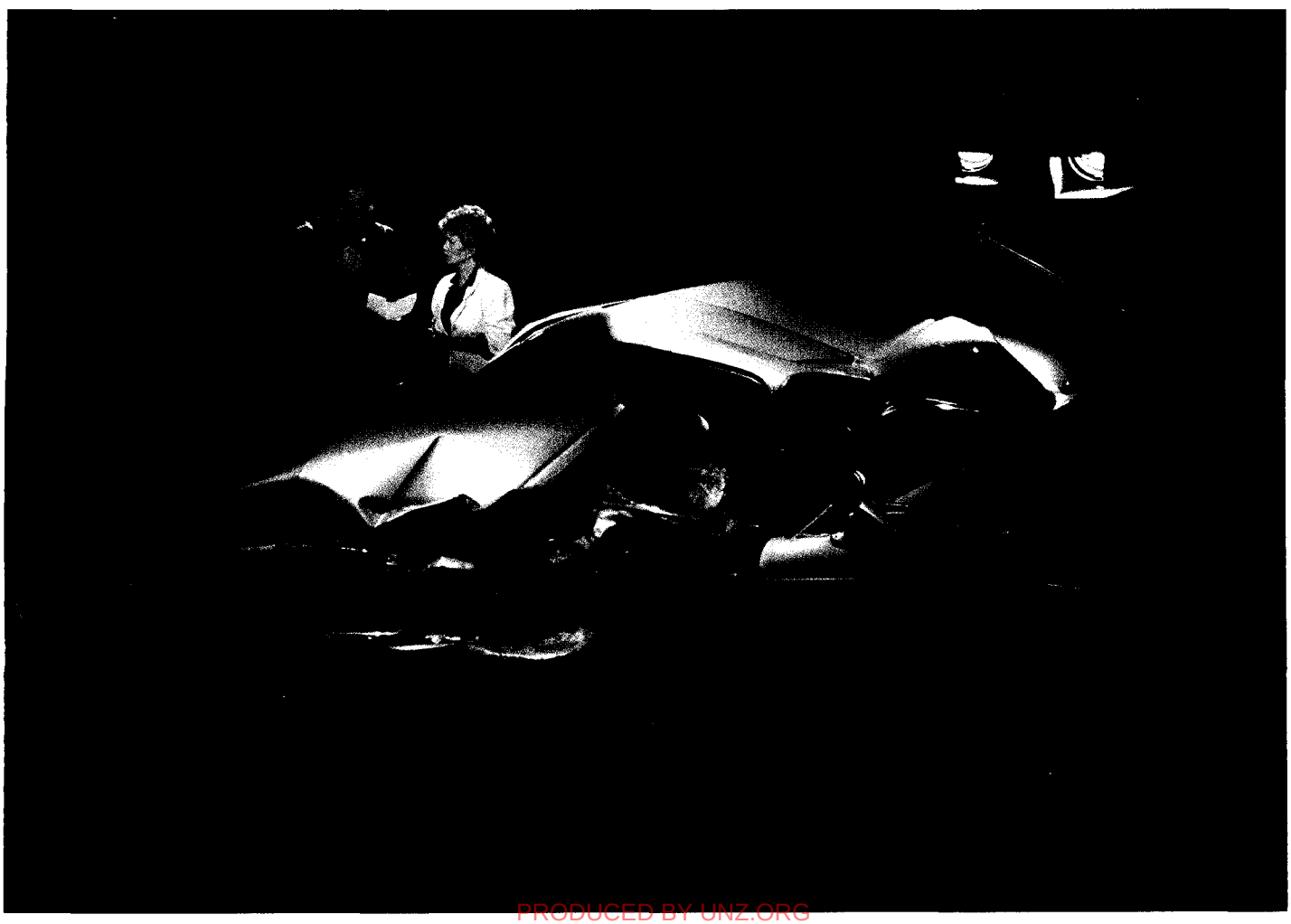


Ken, a former Mandrell family drummer, manages the business affairs. He and Barbara have been married 18 years.

She and her family recently drove to where the Jaguar has been stored since the collision. "I said to Matt and Jaime: 'Let's stare at this and let's memorize it so every night we can thank Jesus we're alive, because we don't have the right to be.' This isn't my opinion; it's a fact. There was absolutely no place for my legs in that wreckage. That's why a couple of weeks ago when I was griping about my ankle it hit me: *Hey, be glad your ankle hurts. You shouldn't have an ankle. You shouldn't have a leg.*"

If the past year has been the most difficult of her life, in many ways it has been her most successful. Before the accident Barbara and Ken had wanted another baby: Only after the wreck, when she decided she couldn't cope with a pregnancy, did she learn she was expecting. Now she credits God with knowing exactly what her family needed. The difficult confinement, coupled with the mental anguish that followed the collision, also taught her to make every day count. It's a philosophy she hopes to hold on to as her career kicks into high gear again in 1986.

"I think more now about eternity and how we have only a very short time here," she says. "I see Matt—he's 15 now—playing football and I wonder, where did the time go? We just had our 18th anniversary in May. . .where did it go? I've always said that life is short; but now I don't just say it—I know it."



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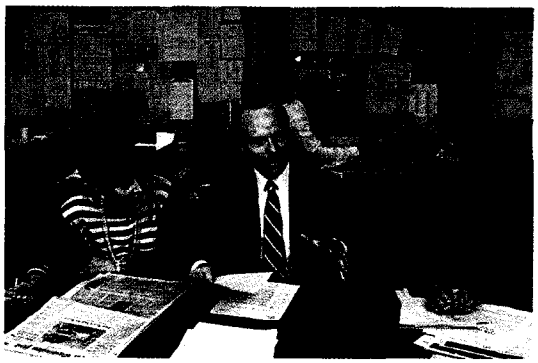
BRIAN LAMB: THE MAN BEHIND C-SPAN

This innovative broadcaster is using cable TV to show the public for the first time what really goes on in Congress and the media.

by Sharon Geltner

Part II of our examination of the Cable-Satellite Public Affairs Network (C-SPAN) looks at how the network endured its growing pains and what the future holds for this innovation in broadcasting and its founder, Brian Lamb.



Lamb's most important news-room pronouncement: All reporting must be objective.

The actual—and the potential—impact of C-SPAN on the voting public is enormous. "C-SPAN is absolutely working a fundamental change in the democratic process," says the *Washington Post*'s T.R. Reid. "People can really see government at work, and technology will make it possible for this to be a smaller country than this was in 1776. C-SPAN will change Congress and cause better people to be elected. . . When people see the quality of the members and see how dumb some of them are, they will boot them out. They'll know what the rascals are up to."

Some members of the voting public clearly love the opportunity to confront legislators directly, and as equals. When one congressman told a caller, "You don't understand the way this works; there's a Rules Committee. . ." the caller interrupted sharply, "I know all about Mr. [Claude] Pepper's committee. Don't talk down to me."

Brian Lamb struggled long and hard to make possible these hot political exchanges. In the mid-1970s, Lamb tried three times to convince the cable industry to support a public-affairs network. In 1977, he finally succeeded. Robert Rosencrans, the founder of Columbia International Cable in Greenwich, Connecticut, and the first chairman of C-SPAN, recalls Lamb's first methods of producing programs. "One of his ideas was [to make] a videocassette of an interview with the president or Tip O'Neill, make 80 copies and then play them at local stations. There were a lot of problems with that," Rosencrans says, "the timing and the quality difference among the tapes; it would have been tedious and slow."

But when Bob Schmidt, president of Communications Technology Management in McLean, Virginia, introduced Lamb to Gary Hymel, an aide to House Speaker O'Neill, and through Hymel to O'Neill himself, the plans for C-SPAN's coverage of the House began to materialize. O'Neill agreed that C-SPAN would broadcast House proceedings via satellite, but the question of who would control the cameras became a tangled issue.

The House That C-SPAN Built

"First, [network] broadcasters were worried that if the House floor were covered, they would have to compete by spending more time there," recalls Chip Shooshan, then chief counsel for the House Communications Subcommittee, now a Washington communications lawyer. "The networks felt C-SPAN was second-rate journalism because Lamb was going to let House employees control the cameras," Shooshan says.

Broadcast journalists circulated petitions in the House press galleries demanding that a network pool provide the House feed on a rotating basis. Lamb refused the network intervention. The House leadership sided with him, on the condition that the House would control the cameras.

The arguments over the cameras, however, did not end there. For the first five years of House coverage, the cameras in the House were trained only on the speaker's face. But in spring 1984, a small band of conservative Republicans started making partisan speeches on the House floor at the end of the day, when other congressmen were not there to respond. O'Neill ordered the cameras to pan the empty cham-

Lamb and the congressional lions are not yet lying down together, as proved by a flap in the House that brought C-SPAN to national attention. (Above) Lamb interviews Jim Wright (D-TX). (Right) Lamb and C-SPAN's president, Paul FitzPatrick, consider ways and means of turning their revealing cameras on a reluctant Senate.

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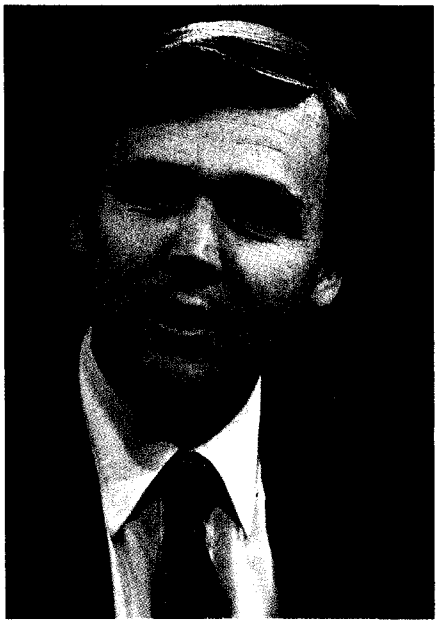
ber to show just who was present. The Republicans cried foul. In an ensuing fight on the House floor between O'Neill and Rep. Newt Gingrich (R-GA), O'Neill called the empty-chamber speeches "the lowest thing I have ever seen in my 32 years in Congress." He was ruled out of order by Rep. Joseph Moakley (D-MA) for violating House rules against personal attack, and C-SPAN suddenly became front-page news.

"For five years," Lamb says, "we did our job and there was little or no knowledge we existed until the House flap." Though not complaining about the beneficial publicity, he says the incident shows how the media emphasize the "bizarre and confrontational."

Shooshan says Lamb survived the flap because "Brian is pragmatic. . . He was willing to take the programming on House terms to get C-SPAN going. . .at the same time he was torn, as any journalist would be. But his time at the White House and the Pentagon gave him a better feel for the realities than most journalists."

Today, as the chairman and host of C-SPAN, Lamb feels part of his job is to be well informed but politically neutral. Reid, who calls the idea of an objective reporter a "myth, because no reporter is objective," says, "Lamb comes very close." "No one cares about my views on world affairs," Lamb says.

He likewise does not tolerate the personal opinions of C-SPAN's other



C-SPAN's "low-key" policy dictates that reporters such as Carl Rutan be seen and heard, but not "known" as personalities.

on-air staffers, whose hiring he personally approves. He specifies there must be no "strong personalities"; they must be "low-key" enough to blend in, Pamela Fleming, the C-SPAN personnel director, says.

Who Watches?

"Brian will be frustrated until C-SPAN is seen in every home," says Ed Allen, a member of C-SPAN's executive committee and president of Western Communications in San Francisco. Forty-five percent of the cable systems in the country do not yet carry C-SPAN, and about another 20 percent carry it only part-time—but Lamb is undaunted. He sells his network to reluctant cable operators "like the oil-filter salesman who says if you don't get it for your car now, you'll have to get it later," one C-SPAN board member says. Or as another puts it, "He is always on their backs."

A recent court decision that cable systems don't have to carry duplicate educational networks will make room for C-SPAN on smaller systems that had been saturated. Lamb hopes New York and San Francisco cable operators will now be able to run C-SPAN full-time. C-SPAN, now seen in 21.5 million homes and carried on all major cable systems, is seen in every state capital except Augusta, Maine.

Jim Cownie, executive vice president of Heritage Communications of Des Moines, Iowa, says C-SPAN has the potential to almost double its market. Forty-two percent of the 38 million households with access to cable have not yet bought cable, and C-SPAN may offer the only fare that can attract these holdouts. Lamb says 10,000 new households a day are receiving C-SPAN.

By 1990, 62 percent of all American households will be wired for cable, including Washington, D.C.—C-SPAN's hometown and the hometown of a good chunk of the nation's press and politics watchers. C-SPAN's current D.C. blackout does not distress Lamb. "It's going to be a headache when we're shown here," he says. "All the lobbyists and special interests in this town will call and demand to have their person shown or their hearing aired." The purpose of C-SPAN, Lamb stresses, is not to have clout in Washington, but to inform people outside Washington of what is going on in their government and in the press.

Although Lamb contends there is a large, national appetite for public-affairs programing, he's never believed C-SPAN will one day reach a mass audience. But that does not bother him, either. "The quality of the people watching," he says, "are the exact kind of people the politicians want to reach."

continued on page 95

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THE WATERMELON MYSTERY

The literature on salmonella is full of outbreaks spread by almost any food you can name—almost any food, that is, except fresh fruit.

by Berton Roueché

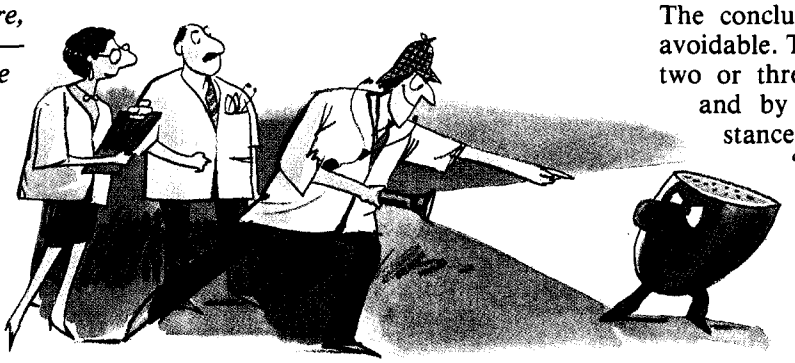
Illustrated by Don Trawin

Synopsis

The mystery began on June 4, 1954: An Upton, Massachusetts, family, the Edisons, came down with severe stomach cramps, vomiting, and diarrhea. At first, Dr. Bernard F. McKernan, a general practitioner, diagnosed gastroenteritis. But as more, similar cases were reported—the Smiths, the Browns, the Millers—he began to suspect something else, an outbreak of food poisoning; to be specific, salmonella. Dr. McKernan learned that patients had eaten only one food in common—watermelon from a supermarket at nearby Milford. However, salmonella poisoning had never been known to come from watermelon. Dr. Gilbert E. Gayler, the state district health officer, came in to survey the outbreak—17 cases in all. That's when Dr. Joseph P. Reardon and I came up from the State Department of Public Health. We inspected the supermarket, obtained stool samples from clerks, and took samples from the watermelons (now pulled from the shelves), from the knife used to cut them, and even from a shelf where the knife was kept. I had misgivings about the watermelon theory. It went against my grain, but if melon wasn't responsible, what was?

Conclusion

"Our laboratory is on a skeleton basis over the weekend. We don't have the funds to function at full strength seven days a week. As a rule, however, there's always somebody there—the bacteriologists take turns—and this weekend it was Mrs. Holmes. She kept me in touch with developments. As expected, there were several, and as hoped, they told the story—the only possible story. Dr. McKernan was right. By Sunday night, the laboratory had confirmed him on every point. It confirmed his clinical diagnosis of salmonellosis. All of the patient stools were teeming with salmonellae. So were the Smith and the Miller watermelon samples. That confirmed the melon as the vehicle of infection. It also pretty definitely linked the outbreak to the Milford supermarket. Then, thanks to Dr. Reardon, the shelf swab completed the chain. It produced a magnificent culture. I still find that hard to believe. The odds against it were literally astronomical. It was an extraordinary stroke of luck—and a very fortunate one, as well, because the swab I'd taken of the knife itself was negative. What happened, I suppose, was that the knife had been washed after Dr. McKernan embargoed the melons. The knife was our only disappointment. We got one other negative culture—from the melon slice that Dr. Gayler had picked up at the store—but that was hardly a blow. Just the reverse, as a matter of fact. It provided an acceptable answer to one of the two big questions that the positive cultures raised. It explained why the outbreak was confined to just those 17 customers of the Milford supermarket. Dr. Gayler's melon was clean because the bulk of the melons were clean. If all, or most, or even many of the melons had been contaminated, the outbreak pattern would have been quite different. There would have been cases scattered all over the Milford area. But none of the doctors polled by Dr. Gayler had seen a sign of gastroenteritis. The conclusion was practically unavoidable. There must have been only two or three contaminated melons, and by some freak of circumstance they ended up in Upton.



"The other question was, of course, the essence of the problem. It was also the essence of my discontent—the root of all my misgivings. How did the contaminated melons get that way? How *could* something with so thick a hide have ever got contaminated? To answer that—to even attempt an answer—we needed to know a little more about the organism involved. We knew it was salmonella, but we didn't know the serotype—the species. When we did, we might have a lead. However, serotyping calls for antigenic analyses that most laboratories—including ours at that time—are not equipped to perform. We relied for such work on the New York Salmonella Center, at Beth Israel Hospital, in Manhattan. Accordingly, on Monday morning we prepared a sample culture and sent it off to the center for specific identification. If all went well, we would have a report in a couple of days or so.

"The salmonella is a curious group of pathogens. It differs in many important respects from the other bacteria commonly associated with food poisoning—such as the staphylococci and *Clostridium botulinum*, the botulism organism. For one thing, salmonella is inherently infectious to man. The ingestion of food containing a quantity of living salmonellae

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commonly results in illness. Moreover, because salmonella is perfectly adapted for growth and reproduction within the human body, the quantity need not be an enormous one. With the others, the mechanism is quite different. Botulism and staphylococcus food poisoning are intoxications rather than infections. Their cause is not the living organism but a toxin excreted in the food by the organism in the course of its proliferation there. In other words, the food itself is poisonous. That largely explains why staphylococcus food poisoning comes on so much faster than salmonellosis. Botulism takes longer—sometimes three or four days—but it isn't a gastroenteritis. It's primarily a disease of the central nervous system—and an extremely serious one. Fortunately, it is easily controlled. *C. botulinum* lives in the soil and can grow and elaborate its toxin only in a total absence of oxygen. Most outbreaks of botulism in this country are traced to home-canned vegetables inexpertly washed and processed and eaten without further cooking. Although heat has little or no effect on the botulism organism itself, proper cooking will safely destroy the toxin. The staphylococci enterotoxin, on the other hand, is highly heat resistant. In addition, the staphylococcus organism is ubiquitous in nature. It's even been isolated from the air of rooms. And it is perhaps the commonest cause of boils and other skin and wound infections. Nevertheless, the control of staphylococcus food poisoning is not—at least potentially—too difficult. Refrigeration will prevent the development of the toxin, and good common-sense hygiene on the part of food handlers will do the rest. Salmonellosis would seem to be as easily controlled. Cooking, refrigeration, and cleanliness are all helpful precautions. The first will destroy the organism, and the others will retard its growth. But the problem is more complicated than that. Infected human beings are not alone responsible for the spread of salmonellosis. Salmonella can live in the intestinal tract of almost any animal, including those that are closest to man—dogs, rats, mice, cows, chickens. And, to make matters worse, it appears to be a perfect parasite. It can live and propagate in most such animals without any visible signs of harm to the animal.

"Nor is that all. New species of salmonella turn up every year. Since 1885, when the first member of the group was described—by an American pathologist named Daniel E. Salmon—literally hundreds of species have been identified. The total now known is well in excess of 400. So far, I'm glad to say, most of them don't exhibit any unusual pathogenic powers. They produce a disagreeable but not usually fatal illness. But that doesn't mean they never will. A more virulent species might emerge tomorrow. The multitude of species is not in itself particularly disturbing. It actually has a certain epidemiological value. Many apparently unrelated outbreaks of salmonellosis have been linked through identification of the species involved. It also sometimes happens that the identity of the species will indicate the ultimate source of the trouble. It has been the custom for many years to name a newly discovered species for the place where it first was found. The names of some no longer have any geographical significance. In the intervening years, the species they denote have been found in many different places. *Salmonella montevideo* is one of that increasingly widespread group. So, among others, are *S. oranienburg, S. newport, S. derby, S. bareilly,* and *S. panama.* A good many more, however, are still essentially regional species—such as, to mention just a few, *S. dar-es-salaam, S. moscow, S. bronx, S. israel, S. marylebone, S. ndola, S. oslo,* and *S. fresno.* Another is *S. miami.* And that was the one we got. That was the Upton organism.

"To even think of S. miami *in this part of the country was remarkable. The implications of his report were even more so."*

"I had a telegram from Dr. Ivan Saphra, the chief bacteriologist at the New York Salmonella Center, around four o'clock on Tuesday. The late Dr. Saphra, I should say—he died in 1957. A great pity. He was a fine man, and an outstanding one in his field, as his work in this case plainly testifies. Our culture didn't reach him until sometime Tuesday morning, but he had it typed that afternoon. It often takes longer than that to identify a relatively common species. To even think of *S. miami* in this part of the country was remarkable. The implications of his report were even more so. *S. miami*, as its name suggests, is a Florida organism. It has been recovered in several human outbreaks in that area, and from many different animals. We could hardly have hoped for a more provocative lead—or one that so comfortably simplified the problem. It was only necessary to find a link between Florida and Massachusetts. What might have transported *S. miami* from way down there to here? An animal host? Not likely. Our examination of the supermarket had produced no evidence of rodent infestation. A human carrier? The answer to that was on my desk in a laboratory report on the specimen stools from the fruit-and-vegetable clerks. They were negative of salmonella. What else? Well, unless I was very much mistaken, Florida was a major source of produce for the Northeastern market in the spring and early summer. I put in a call to the supermarket at Milford and had a word with the manager. He was most cooperative. Their melons were Florida melons.

"That seemed to tell the story—the only reasonable story. We could scratch the store off the list. The trouble didn't originate there. It came up with the melons from Florida. To be sure, that was largely an inference, but it had the ring of truth. No other explanation was warranted by the facts. It wasn't, of course, the whole story. It didn't tell us how the contaminated melons got contaminated. That basic question still loomed. But it helped. We had sufficient data now to at least make a stab at an answer. We began with a train of assumptions. Suppose a melon had come in contact with infected animal droppings down there in some Florida field—or for that matter, after it was harvested and stacked in the local jobber's warehouse. Suppose some of that material adhered to the skin of the melon. Suppose it was still there when the melon arrived at the store. And suppose it was still there when

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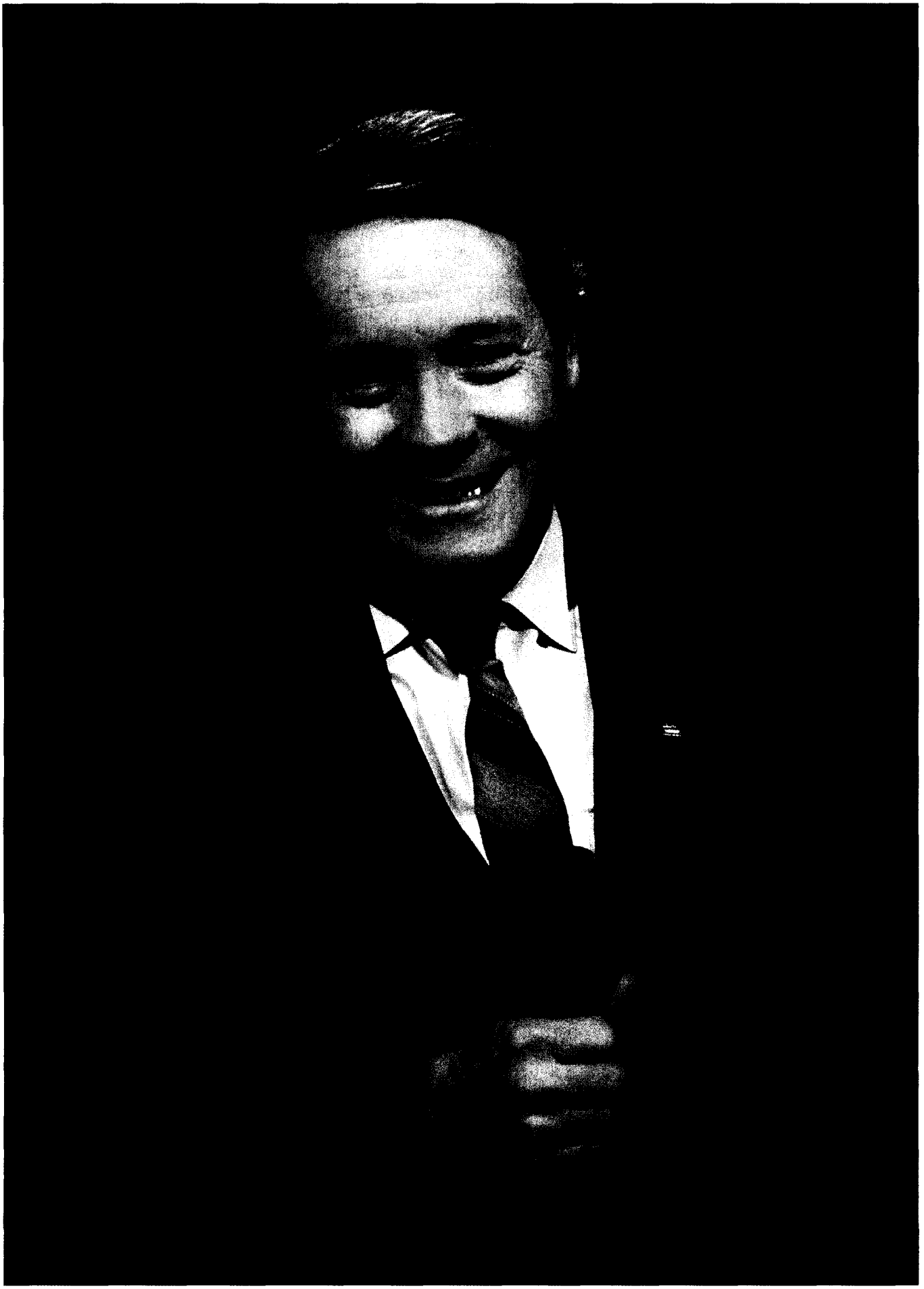

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DAVID MAINSE: "100 HUNTLEY STREET"

From headquarters in downtown Toronto, Canada's best-known evangelist runs an outreach program that extends around the world.

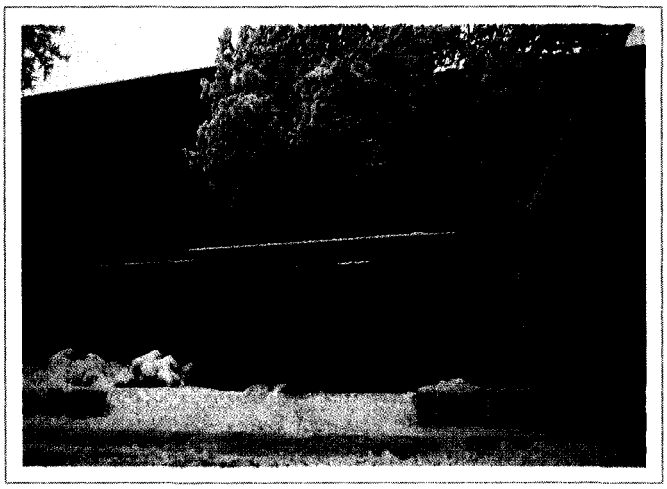
by David Manuel

A helicopter climbed slowly above a barren African plateau. David Mainse, the big man in the copilot's seat, checked his watch. In just 12 minutes the craft would land with the last shipment of the day—another ton and a half of grain for a starving tribe in central Sudan. The trip over jagged terrain would have taken three days by truck.

Mainse relaxed. He had come a third of the way around the world to make sure his promise to television viewers was being kept. For three months, he had invoked prayer for African drought victims over his hour-long television show, "100 Huntley Street" (the address of his studio in Toronto).

At first, he had not asked his viewers for money (he almost never does), but money began coming in anyway—enough eventually to provide two helicopters and a crew to fly and maintain them as well as to fund projects in four countries—Angola, Burkina Faso, the Sudan, and Mozambique.

This time was not the first David Mainse' regular viewers had responded, unbidden, to a distant catastrophe. When a major earthquake devastated the Italian hill town of Lioni in 1981, a video team from Crossroads Christian Communications, Inc. (CCCI, the parent company for "Huntley Street"), happened to be taping in the vicinity for a weekly Italian-language telecast. The film crew's coverage of the earthquake scene, shared with news departments around the world, moved the hearts of viewers everywhere. To the astonishment of all at 100 Huntley Street, money started pouring in—so much money that David Mainse pledged on the air every dollar would go directly to the relief of the victims. As a result, 38 prefabricated homes were sent to the town along with volunteer crews to erect them.



The solidly built red-brick building at 100 Huntley Street has been the headquarters and the namesake since 1977 for Canada's largest religious broadcasting enterprise.

• • •

Regular viewers of "100 Huntley Street" are not surprised at Mainse' instinctive benevolence. They have come to trust his instincts and to take him at his word, for Mainse is a country pastor at heart. Raised on an uncle's farm in the Ottawa Valley (his clergyman father was a missionary in Egypt), young David was a bit of a rebel in his teen-age years. A varsity tackle in high school, the only thing he enjoyed as much as crashing through the line to grab a ball carrier was opening up his 100-mph Harley Davidson 74—until he met Christ.

After that things changed rapidly. Upon graduation, he started work as an interim teacher in Chalk River, a northern Ontario railroad town. The

David Mainse' television viewers in the United States and Canada fund mercy missions to starving Africans such as the grain delivery by helicopter to a hard-to-reach section of Ethiopia (right).

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job had one drawback: Some local boys were content to remain in the middle grades until they reached 17, when they would no longer be required to attend school. A rowdy lot, they had just chucked the principal out the window, and the district school inspector was counting on young Mainse to be a "settling influence."

Entering his classroom for the first time, he found himself ignored by the older boys, intent on an arm-wrestling contest in the back of the room. Walking up to them, "Mr. Mainse" took off his coat and challenged the victor to a similar duel. The boy, the son of a freight-yard boss, grinned and winked at his friends. He was at least as large as the new teacher

As Mainse gripped the boy's hand, he said a silent prayer of gratitude for every 80-pound bale he had thrown, every tree he had felled, every blocking sled he had hit. The boy, cheered on by his friends, applied maximum pressure for a quick put-down.

David and Norma-Jean's harmonious marriage began in 1958. Music has been a vital part of their ministry.

Sweat beaded on Mainse' brow as he held the boy off. The young teacher soon realized he would win, but instead of quickly forcing the boy's arm back, he allowed the battle to continue for a time. Only Mainse' opponent was aware that his teacher had secretly allowed him to save face. Mainse had no trouble with discipline after that.

The best thing about that semester, however, happened outside school when 25 young people came to the Sunday school Mainse had started. Mainse' success as a teacher and a preacher persuaded him to go to Bible college. There he met a petite brunette, Norma-Jean Rutledge. They were married in 1958, while he was still in college. After his ordination, their first assignment was to build a church in another Ontario town even farther north: Deep River.

In 1962, television was making its way into northern Ontario; Mainse believed he could use this new medium in his ministry. The nearest studio, in Pembroke, 42 miles south, agreed to give him 15 minutes on Saturday night, after the eleven o'clock news from Toronto. It would cost him $55—more than two weeks salary! Nevertheless, certain of God's

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guidance, he decided to take the risk.

A trio called the King's Men (two of whom were Norma-Jean's brothers) started off the first show. They were followed by a brief but powerful presentation of the gospel. Afterward, the station received so many calls in praise of the program that it was made a regular feature. By far the most gratifying response, however, was a phone call that awakened the young preacher at 5:00 a.m. Sunday. He knew the caller, a Deep River man named Harry with a drinking problem about to destroy his marriage and break up his family. Harry, his voice cracking with emotion, said he had watched the program and given his life to Christ. He would be in church that morning to tell people what had happened.

That call was the beginning of David Mainse' television ministry. It long remained secondary to his pastoring, but it continued to grow, first to two half-hour programs a week—"Crossroads" and a new program for children, "Circle Square." Finally, in 1976, Mainse decided to risk everything and to go into full-time daily Christian television. The show's format—guests, musicians, and a phone bank for two-way communication—would resemble the "700 Club" in the States, but it would have its own distinct personality.

Twenty-five years, four children, three grandchildren, and thousands of inspirational melodies later, the Mainses celebrate their silver wedding anniversary (1983) with a duet on a "100 Huntley Street" broadcast.

On June 15, 1977, live from a studio in an old gymnasium, under lighting that came on less than two minutes before air time, the first telecast of "100 Huntley Street" went on the air. Mainse winces when he sees reruns of that first attempt. Everything that could go wrong, did, including a stagehand backing slowly into the range of the only camera still functioning. At one point, the shooting script became such a shambles that Mainse called out to his wife, scheduled to sing later: "Wing it, Norma-Jean!"

• • •

Today, "100 Huntley Street" productions are among the smoothest and most innovative done anywhere, and its programing for young people has won numerous awards. (One thing has not changed: Every morning at five, David Mainse keeps the promise he made to God at the outset. For each minute he spends on camera, he devotes a minute beforehand to solitary prayer in his private office.)

Initially, some Canadian pastors were skeptical of this home-grown television evangelist. But few are today: The program's 56 phone-counseling centers in Canada and its nationwide center for the United States in Rockford, Illinois, have received more than a million calls. Countless lives have been renewed, marriages saved, and families restored. Indeed, almost every pastor within viewing range can point to at least one or two new families in his congregation as a result of "100 Huntley Street."

Yet Mainse still receives criticism, especially from the secular media.

The Mainse clan (above), from left to right: son-in-law Nizar Shaheen, daughter Ellen, granddaughter Sarah, son-in-law Bruce Stacey and daughter Elaine with Sheryl; David and Norma-Jean; grandson Christopher Stacey; Kathy and Reynold; and Ann and Ron. (Left) "Gampa" and Sarah pose.

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Recently, during a guest appearance on a Canadian Broadcasting Company talk show, he was accused of paying himself a huge salary and of accepting lavish corporation perquisites—a house, a fancy car, and so forth.

But his adversary had made a mistake in trying to blindside this former lineman. Mainse calmly declared that he lives in a modest apartment, drives a five-year-old car, and earns less than the cameramen who film him. And he offered to produce his most recent tax return to prove it.

CCCI is supported solely by contributions, yet few ministries in Canada (or in the States, for that matter) deliver more bang for the buck. The corporation has developed multilingual shows in 15 languages besides English. They include "Signs of the Times" for the deaf.

The most widely seen are, of course, the French "Au 100 Tuple" and the Italian "Vivere Al 100 Per Cento." The latter, meaning "100 Percent Living," was originally intended for Toronto's Italian-Canadians, whose numbers surpass the combined populations of Pisa and Venice. Today the show is broadcast to more than 60 Italian cities, including the two mentioned.

No one guessed, at first, the eventual ramifications of foreign-language programing—until Mainse became concerned about modern Europe's desperate need for a strong affirmation of moral, family-oriented values. He was stunned to learn that only 5 Europeans in 100 go to church and that even fewer have a personal relationship with God.

Television evangelism was an obvious solution, but Mainse chose not to simply buy air time and export old "100 Huntley Street" telecasts. CCCI's multilingual programing experience had taught him and his broadcasting associates that what might be suitable for English, Canadians, and Americans might be decidedly *un*suitable for other ethnic groups; indeed, it might turn viewers against religious programing in any form whatsoever.

Talent runs in the Mainse family. Sons Reynold and Ron attended Evangel College in Missouri on sports scholarships.

It would be better, they decided, to have Christian groups in each European country originate their own television programing.

And so, for the past three years, dozens of young European trainees have been coming to 100 Huntley Street to receive a six-month crash course in everything from basic production to lighting to electronic maintenance. The result: Christian production centers are now in place in Italy, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, West Germany, and Austria, and more countries are on the way.

Although the European Christian television groups are grateful for the help of "100 Huntley Street," they are most pleased that the Toronto headquarters have made no attempt to control them. When CCCI recently donated a mobile television production unit and a master control center for satellite up-link, it stipulated only that the unit be made available to the Danes, the Swedes, the Germans, or whoever else might have urgent need of it.

Being the catalyst for European Christian television is hardly the first new ground Mainse has broken. Five years ago, reacting to separatist

A "100 Huntley Street" minister, Val Dodd, and Dr. Cory SerVaas don aprons for a special feature segment about child safety in the kitchen.

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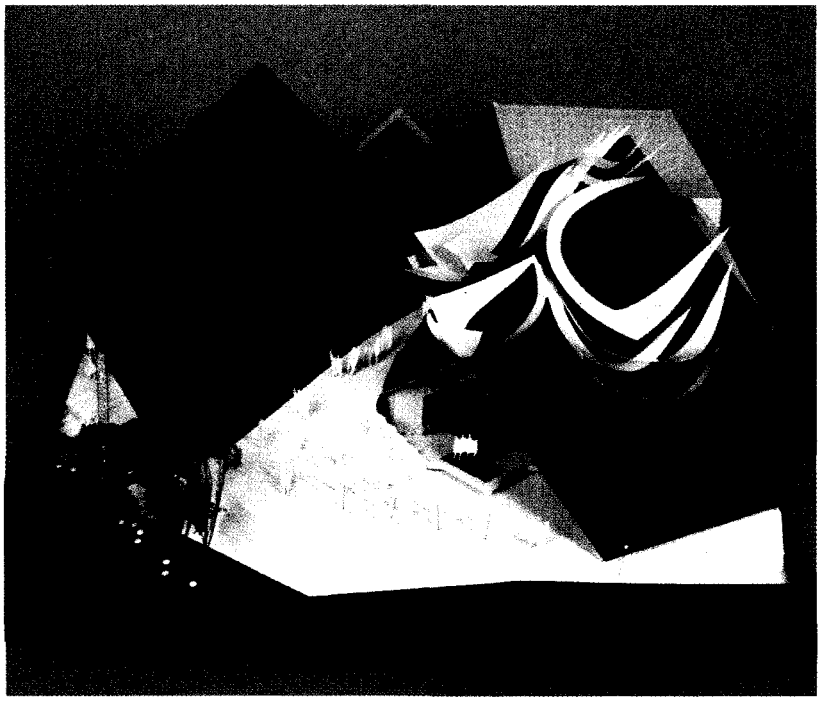
The award-winning "Circle Square" program from 100 Huntley Street provides wholesome viewing for preteens.

movements threatening to splinter Canada, he once again took a huge risk to do something experts said was impossible. He literally got his show on the road. Using a mobile stage, a control room, and an up-link system in a 23-vehicle caravan, he broadcast "100 Huntley Street" live every day (except Sundays) from 25 different Canadian cities while he traveled coast to coast all through the month of June.

His most daring endeavor by far will come this summer, at Expo '86, the world's fair in Vancouver, British Columbia. There, CCCI is erecting the "Pavilion of Promise," the first major pavilion with an evangelical theme ever built for a world's fair (see sidebar).

As those who know David Mainse confirm enthusiastically, success has not gone to his head. His demeanor after a day's broadcast is evidence. Instead of disappearing the moment the studio lights come down at the end of his daily show, he asks the audience if anyone with a particular need would like to pray with him. No matter how pressing his schedule, he always asks, and he treats those who respond not as a necessary nuisance, but as a congregation of friends. For despite all the trappings of fame, he is still a country pastor at heart.



The Pavilion of Promise

The "Pavilion of Promise" at Expo '86 in Vancouver promises to be among the most dramatic of its kind ever seen at a world's fair. John Cunningham, the designer of the award-winning British Columbia pavilion at the Osaka World's Fair in 1970, has joined his designs, laser-beam technology and mirrors, and the expertise of those whose talents produced the film *Amadeus*, the winner of 8 Academy Awards.

(David Mainse will host his "100 Huntley Street" every day, from May through Labor Day, in a 300-seat amphitheater just outside the pavilion.)

As breath-taking as the pavilion itself will be, its ultimate purpose is to serve as a showcase for Bruce W. Stacey's original musicale, *The Scroll,* which begins by telling the story of the Creation from the Garden of Eden and continues through the birth, death, and Resurrection of Christ, to His triumphant return and the eternal hereafter.

Narrated by Malcolm Muggeridge, with orchestration recorded by the London Philharmonic, *The Scroll* will take 40 minutes to see; groups of up to 150 people will enter every 13 minutes. Each visitor, supplied with a compact headset receiver, will hear the production in stereo broadcast from short-range transmitters in the center of the pavilion. Thus, a Japanese group will listen in Japanese, a French group in French, and so on.

The first room the visitor enters contains a 30-foot, one-way, mirrored cube, which gives one the impression of having stepped into a 35-story-high skyscraper. Visitors in this room will see lights, multimedia film, and live performers as they combine to depict the Creation and the fall of man.

The second room will give visitors the feeling they are gazing upon the sphere of Earth from outer space. The story of the birth, life, and death of Christ can be watched on two screens.

The third room will portray, by means of light, the Resurrection, after which—again through the use of mirrors, lasers, and multimedia —the visitor will appear to be sitting in the midst of a vast multitude, gathered before the throne of God. *The Scroll* will end with laser-style lights depicting the prophecies of the New Testament.

The past, the present, and the future—all in 40 minutes at the Pavilion of Promise at Expo '86.

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WOMEN AND GASOLINE DON'T MIX

Instead of trading the old crate in for a later model, he had it feminized for his wife to knock around in—and the car wasn't all that backfired.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

"You know that fan on the front of the engine?"

It was my wife calling from town. Two hours overdue and the highways having been given a "slick and hazardous" rating on the radio that morning, I had good reason to worry. During the first hour I took comfort in the thought that the car had slid off the road and she was keeping the wheels spinning until it ran out of gas. After the second hour I began praying, "Dear God, please bring Lois home safely—so I can kill her." Now, at last, she was on the phone.

"Yes, I know the fan in front of the engine. What about it?"

"My raincoat is twisted up in it, and the car won't start."

How does a woman manage to get her raincoat wrapped around that fan in front of the engine? Simple. She spreads her coat over the engine to protect it from moisture from the snow melting on

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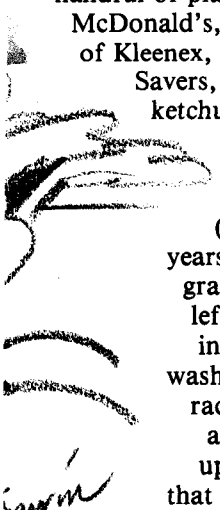
the hood and forgets to remove it when she's through shopping and has finished grinding on the starter. And the fan grinds up the raincoat. It required a Shell service-station man and his assistant and $24 to get it unground.

The automobile, obviously, was not invented with the woman in mind. From the time Henry Ford put the horse out of business, the only concession the car people have made to the off sex is to go from basic black to a choice of colors. So instead of turning in our '72 Olds Cutlass the last time I moved up to a later vintage, I kept it for Lois to knock around in.

"A car of your *very own*!" was the way I phrased my sales pitch. "And I'm having Paul [the genius at Daniel's Garage who had several times saved the machine from the compactor] make a few alterations for your driving convenience."

I'll spare you the details. But among the conveniences were hard-rubber tires, a clear-plastic fuel tank visible above the windshield, and a full-length dresser drawer in place of that enigmatic instrument panel. I even stocked the drawer with her treasures from the old glove compartment: hair curlers, a 1963 Indianapolis city map, a handful of plastic spoons from McDonald's, a yellowed packet of Kleenex, four melted Life-Savers, three Wendy's ketchups, two Victoria Holt paperbacks, and a partridge in a pear tree (finger-painted three years ago by Kris, our grandson). This still left room for Paul to install the windshield washer-wiper and the radio. Somehow he also managed to rig up an audio system that would announce emergencies such as "oil low". . ."radiator boiling". . ."muffler has fallen off."



But not even Paul could foresee every contingency. "You know that thing that's supposed to spray the windshield?" She was calling again from town.

"Yes, what about it?" I asked, stretching the phone cord over to the sink, just in case.

"Only oil comes out," she said.

Yes, the woman I had taken for better or for worse—but certainly not for this—had filled the windshield washer with good old Kendall 10W40. Paul managed to get the container flushed, but the rubber hoses all had to be replaced.

Winter is an especially bad season for the woman on the road. Worse, of course, for the woman off the road—where one woman in particular spends hours at a time. We've already been kicked out of two motor clubs, and our membership in You Go or We Tow, Inc., is hanging by a thread.

In an attempt to be helpful without flaunting my God-given male superiority, I suggested she put a few bags of sand in the trunk to hold the rear end down and give the car better traction—especially coming up our driveway, which is more like a long ramp with a bend in the middle. If she got stuck she could put the sand under the wheels to keep them from spinning.

So what did she store in the trunk? Two 80-pound bags of "sand mix."

"I thought it was sand mixed with salt," she whimpered when I came home one night and found her car solidly cemented to our ramp about halfway up.

For the next two days I had to take a by-pass through the barnyard until I could find a man with a jackhammer to come and jackhammer the wheels loose. It may be summer before the last chunk of concrete breaks off the tires and her car no longer sounds like a two-tone grocery cart with a flat wheel.

In my naïveté I had thought that winter could hold nothing more traumatic for a husband than getting an emergency call from his wife during a snowstorm. I had overlooked the theory widely held by women that the faster they can make the wheels churn, the faster the snow will melt down to solid footing, and the sooner they will be on their merry way. Given the time, sufficient fuel, and a car that wouldn't slide out of the ruts, this strategy might even work. But not in our driveway, with its 40-degree incline (or decline, depending on whether we are coming or going. And further depending on whether she knows the difference).

Worse than an emergency phone call from your wife is to get nicely settled in robe and slippers on a wintry eve and have her come stomping in, shower wet snow on your magazine—and the dog asleep at your feet—and say, "You know that fence by the barnyard gate?"

"Yes, I know that fence. Why?"

"Well, it's sort of down. And the car is sort of on the other side."

Exchanging my robe for a mackinaw, my slippers for galoshes, and the comfort of the sofa in our snug living room for the frigid blast sweeping up our driveway, I floundered down to the feeble glow of the headlights and saw that the radiator was sending up steam signals of distress.

Not only did I find the fence sort of down, but the gate was also sort of horizontal. And three fence posts were definitely not perpendicular.

A cursory survey of the battlefield revealed that Lois had kept the wheels spinning faithfully until the back bumper had come to rest against a sassafras tree—at which point she had humbled herself to come up and ask for help.

Regardless of the number of years two people have continued to unite their plights in holy wedlock, or whatever, few opportunities are made-to-order like this for the male of the species to prove his superiority. Although my glasses were already frosted to zero

continued on page 102

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REVIVING THE GRAND OLD STATIONS

Once considered terminal cases, America's decaying railroad stations instead have become first-class tickets to urban renewal.

by Marty Biemer

One day in the late 1960s, B. Allen Casey, Jr., a Chattanooga hotel and restaurant owner, was looking for a location for his new Hilton hotel. As he glanced through the newspaper one day, an item caught his eye: It was going to cost the Southern Railway $100,000 to demolish its old Terminal Station at Chattanooga.

"It was such a beautiful building," Casey says. "The Grand Dome was just right for a restaurant, and the whole complex was just right for an unusual hotel."

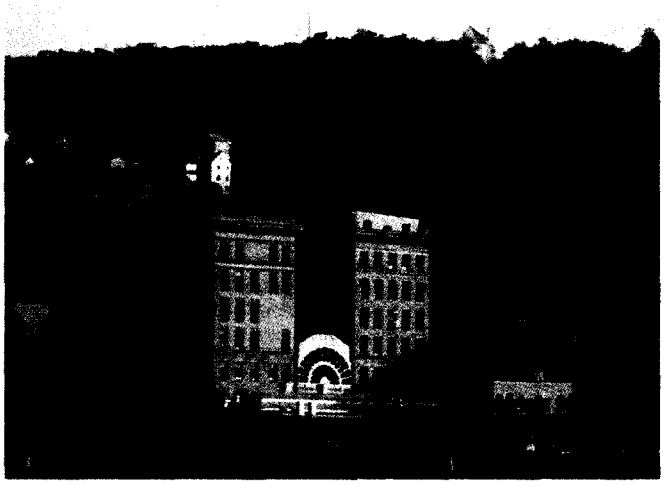
Casey called the railroad. His offer: "Give me the building, and I'll pay you the appraised value of the land. I'll save you $100,000."

Casey and his fellow investors ended up with 24 acres of ground and an award-winning building. The 1909 vintage station, built from plans that won the design contest at the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris, in 1900, featured the Grand Dome, which soared 85 feet above the 68-by-82-foot waiting room.

The dome is now fully restored; the waiting room is an elegant 1,300-seat restaurant. Elsewhere in the building are more restaurants, a variety of shops, and the world's largest HO-gauge model railroad.

Outside, where the tracks used to be, three new buildings house the 300-room Hilton and a formal garden. A few tracks remain, some lined with railroad passenger cars converted into luxury-hotel suites. On one track an antique trolley car shuttles visitors around the complex.

Chattanooga Choo Choo helped spark a renewal of its part of downtown Chattanooga. It attracts more than 1.5 million visitors a year, who are said to spend more than $10 million.



Architectural grandeur was the goal of the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railroad. Its station opened in 1901.

"We just happen to be in the right place at the right time," Casey says. "The building was available; preservation was just coming into vogue; we had tremendous community support. And a large part of our success came from our name recognition: the Chattanooga Choo Choo."

Drama in Duluth

The Chattanooga Choo Choo development marked a new beginning for America's defunct but once grand railroad stations—an era of reconstruction, for while Casey was developing his complex in Chattanooga, another project had been undertaken in Duluth. The focus there was culture, not commerce. An affiliation of museum and performing-arts groups had been working since the mid-1960s to find a common home. In 1970 the group signed an option for Duluth's Union Depot.

The Norman-style building, patterned after a chateau in the Loire Valley, had been completed in 1892. It served seven railroads and 50 trains a day at its peak, but passenger service ceased in 1969.

Renovation and construction, financed by private donations and government grants, started in 1973. Development has continued ever since: A performing-arts wing was finished in 1977, and a model of a 1910 Duluth street scene opened in 1982.

Today, the depot is home for three museums, an art institute, and four performing-arts groups. Visitors can enjoy ballet, drama, musical comedy, and symphony music; they can view displays on immigrants, Indians, and early life in Minnesota. They can visit an ice-cream parlor, see old-time movies, ride a trolley car, window-shop in 1910-era stores—and buy art objects, books, and gifts.

The Edwardian elegance of the grand concourse in the Pittsburgh station (inset) has been restored, and the 80,000 square feet of floor space converted to an equally elegant restaurant (right).

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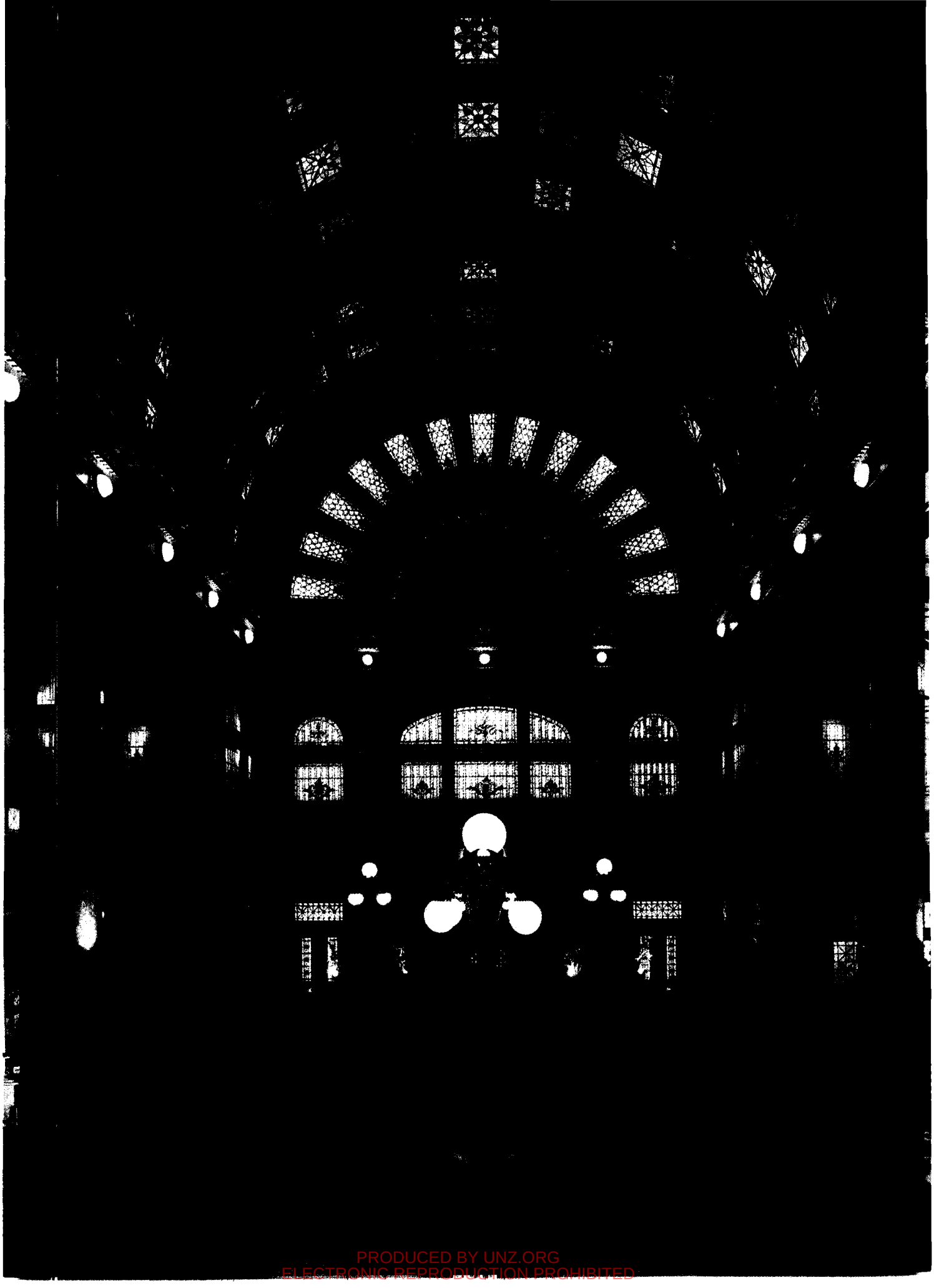

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Pittsburgh's Pains of Glass

While the Choo Choo entertained its first visitors and the Duluth group launched its first fund drive, Pittsburgh's Arthur P. Ziegler was pondering the most ambitious terminal project yet, at the 41-acre, seven-building Pittsburgh & Lake Erie Railroad complex on the banks of the Monongahela River, just across from the Golden Triangle.

In the 1960s, Ziegler and James D. Van Trump founded the Pittsburgh History and Landmarks Foundation, which restored historic homes and commercial buildings. But their goal was far more than preservation for the sake of preservation. "You have to be practical to survive in Pittsburgh," Ziegler says. "It's a business town."

The P&LE complex was "to demonstrate to a city that believed only in clearance and rebuilding that you could renew old buildings on an economic basis," Ziegler adds.

Ziegler first approached the railroad in 1974. Two years of negotiations resulted in an agreement for joint usage: The railroad would continue to use the upper floors of the terminal building, but the foundation would develop the elegant grand concourse and the rest of the site. Initial financing was assured with a $5.2 million grant from the Allegheny Foundation, a trust of Pittsburgh's influential Scaife family.

The Grand Concourse in the 1901 Beaux-Arts terminal building became the project's showpiece. Its 60-foot-long, vaulted stained-glass ceiling, 45 feet above the floor, provided a stunning setting for elegant dining. A restaurateur, C.A. Meur, spent $2.2 million converting the space. Workers used 400 cans of oven cleaner to remove grime from the stained glass.

Development continued, step by step. In 1979, the 1897 freight house became a complex of picturesque shops under the old truss-work roof; in 1982, the adjacent 1923 warehouse became a modern office complex with a central atrium. A new Sheraton hotel and a new parking garage rose on the grounds.

Around the project are historical displays of railroad equipment, antique automobiles, and a Bessemer converter. Excursion trains occasionally leave from the last of the station's tracks; excursion boats depart regularly from the docks at the riverside.

Most of the visitors are local people, Ziegler says: "We have a very stable retail base. Shoes, dresses, coats, ties. . .It's a place where people like to come to eat and shop."

Tale of Two Crossroads

Chattanooga, Duluth, and Pittsburgh had flourishing stations, but two larger and more elaborate stations were languishing: the Romanesque union stations in Indianapolis and in Saint Louis.

Both had been showplaces in cities that call themselves "The Crossroads of America"; both were virtually deserted by the late 1960s. Bought in 1974 by local groups with plans for restoration, they had remained nearly empty for the rest of the decade as restoration plans failed to develop. Then the renaissance of both cities' downtowns brought the station plans back to life in the early 1980s.

Action came first in Saint Louis, where the 1894 Union Station had been America's largest. The huge stone head house once boasted a hotel, restaurants, shops, and offices; the gigantic open train shed spanned

(Above) Chattanooga's Choo Choo station (with renovated Victorian salon, top) was saved from demolition in the 1960s. (Right) Saint Louis' Union Station, once on the auction block, is now a complex of retail stores, restaurants, offices, and parking space.

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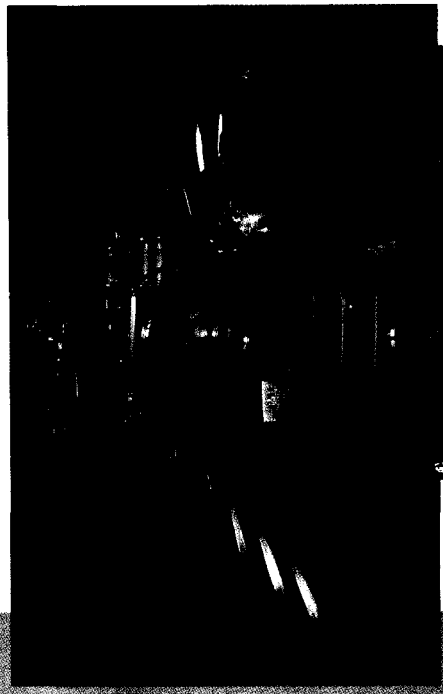
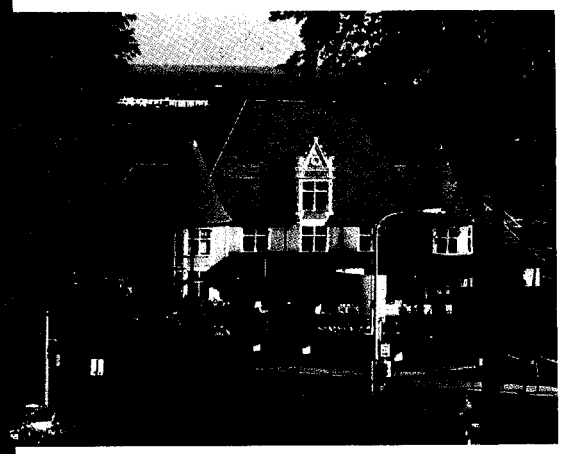
31 tracks and covered nearly 11½ acres.

The $135 million redevelopment project began in 1983. Inside the head house, artisans restored the station's original splendor. The 76-by-120-foot Grand Hall, graced by a 65-foot-high barrel-vaulted ceiling and stained-glass windows, became the lobby of the new Omni International Hotel. The station's original oak-paneled dining room became the hotel's elegant restaurant. And many of the station's original rooms became luxury hotel suites.

A miniature town came to life. Multistoried buildings now house shops, restaurants, and more hotel rooms. Gardens, fountains, and a





The Duluth landmark, completed in 1892, was patterned after a Loire Valley chateau.

Duluth's Union Depot houses a 1910 street scene and one of the nation's finest collections of antique rolling stock.

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The intricate window detail of the Indianapolis station once again radiates color.

lake add a touch of the outdoors. Sunlight plays on the scene through the glass panels in the roof.

Saint Louis Union Station was reopened last summer. Donna Laidlaw of the station's management firm calls it a place where "the entire family can come and spend a day; a festive marketplace with many terraces and gardens to explore, and a changing array of activities."

The brick-and-stone Union Station in Indianapolis was completed in 1888 on the site of America's first union station. Its centerpiece is a dramatic great room, flanked by balconies, a 20-foot stained-glass "wheel window" at each end and a stained-glass, barrel-vaulted ceiling 70 feet above the floor. The tracks behind the station, originally at ground level, were elevated in 1915; the 13-track shed opened in 1922.

In 1970, Amtrak moved its operations from the main building into the ground-level passenger concourse under the old tracks. The 1888-vintage building was deserted; its roof leaked and its plaster decorations had crumbled. A preservation group bought the building, but not the train shed. Several revival attempts failed, and the building sank into ruin.

Then, in the early 1980s, Robert Borns stepped in. Already he had worked wonders in downtown Indianapolis. In 1981, he announced plans to build 120 condominiums on 12 acres of vacant land that urban renewal had cleared more than a decade before. The condos sold out in 48 hours.

Next, he took over an aged, 100,000-square-foot warehouse near the downtown railroad tracks, and the warehouse became a trendy, modern office building called Station Place, with a successful restaurant on the first floor.

Then he cast an eye toward Union Station, only a block away. "As a developer, I saw this gigantic project there," he says. "It had a magnificent historical structure, in an incredible location.

"The problem was that there wasn't enough room in the station building itself for a good redevelopment project. But then it became possible to get the train shed, too. That made the project nearly three blocks long, with nearly a million square feet. That was the 'critical mass' we needed for success."

Borns got the contract in 1982; the $50 million project began in late 1983. Stained-glass windows have been removed, cleaned, and repaired; crumbling plasterwork inside the main building is being painstakingly restored. The grand hall will become the home of three different restaurants flanking a broad walkway down the center of the room.

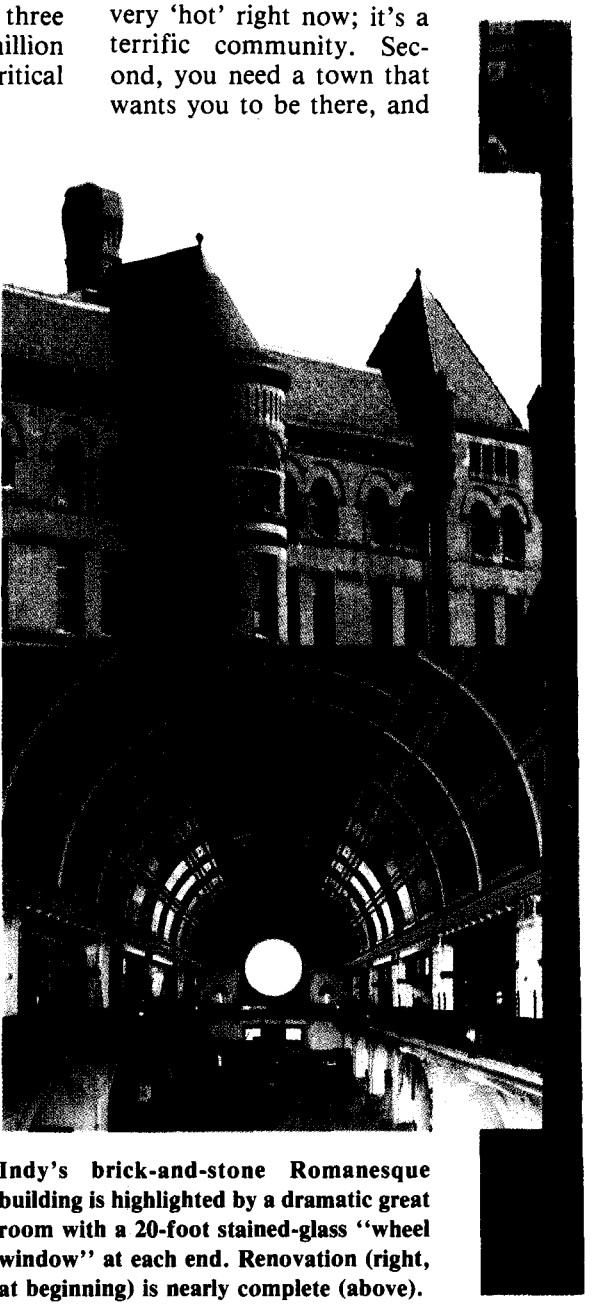
While developing the project, Borns and his wife, Sandra, visited similar attractions around the country, gathered ideas, and sought merchants who would blend quality and uniqueness. "People will come to see these grand old buildings, but we want everything about Union Station to be special, from shops and restaurants to entertainment," he says.

Most tracks in the train shed and the floor supporting them are being removed to open the space from the old passenger concourse to the roof. Skylights are being installed in the shed's old smoke slots, where exhaust from steam engines once rose to the sky. Three-story banks of hotel rooms will fill the inside of the shed, along with fountains, shops, and restaurants.

Some of the original track will remain, lined with 13 old passenger cars, restored to house 26 luxury suites. Plans call for night clubs, cinemas, and restaurants, including a dining room that will span Meridian Street and offer a view of newly renovated Monument Circle.

What does it take to redevelop a historic station? Borns says there are three main ingredients for success.

"First, it has to be in a good location. We have a wonderful location, downtown, near the convention center and the Hoosier Dome. The station belongs to all the people in the community; everyone can get there easily, and Indianapolis is very 'hot' right now; it's a terrific community. Second, you need a town that wants you to be there, and



Indy's brick-and-stone Romanesque building is highlighted by a dramatic great room with a 20-foot stained-glass "wheel window" at each end. Renovation (right, at beginning) is nearly complete (above).

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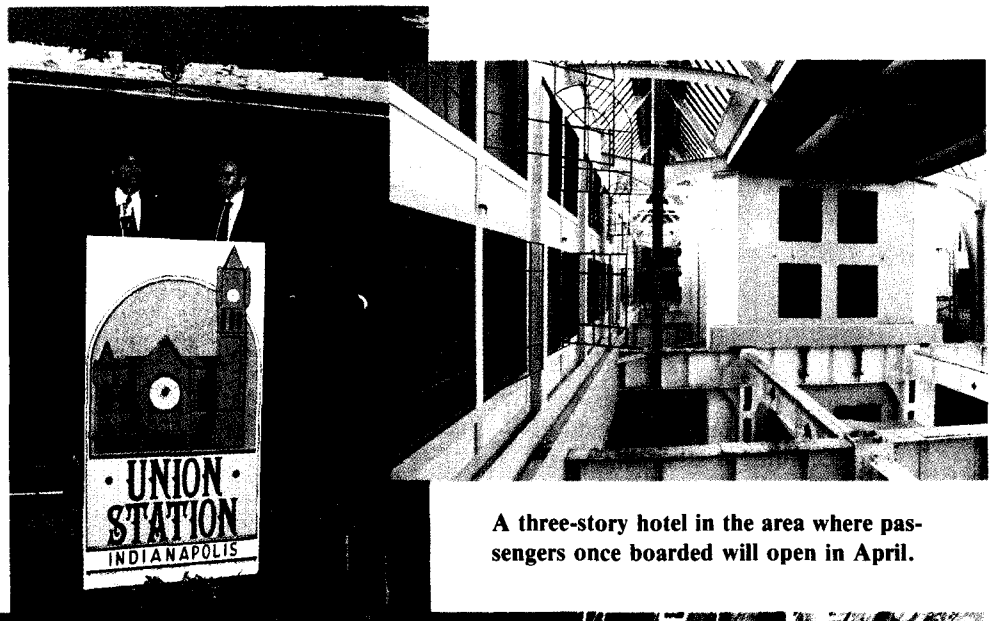
Indianapolis wanted Union Station to be revived. Many people still have fond memories of the old station. Third, you need political support. You can't do it without the backing of community leaders," Borns concludes.

"This Union Station is one of the greatest historic-restoration projects in America," Borns adds. "We have gone to great lengths to reconstruct the 19th-century craftsmanship both inside and out. When people walk into the building they will take a step back in time—we're building a time machine."

When the station reopens this April, says Borns, there won't be another place like it.



A three-story hotel in the area where passengers once boarded will open in April.

Robert Borns (left) is developing the three-block-long great room and train shed into a showcase for Indianapolis.

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SID CAESAR'S NEW GRASP ON LIFE

After 20 years, early TV comedy's "top banana" is back—and in better shape than ever.

by Todd Gold

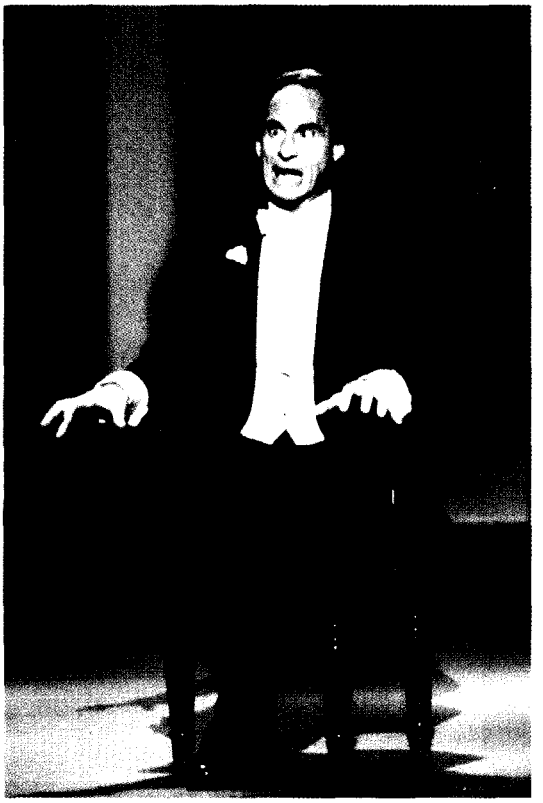
Sid Caesar never dreamed of becoming a star, and when it happened he bought the entire package: a big salary, fat cigars, fancy cars, expensive suits, thick steaks, and the best liquor.

Yet through it all he was plagued by a recurring nightmare: His older brother, pushing him in a baby carriage, would suddenly let him go flying down a hill. Caesar always woke frightened, feeling out of control. And that's just the way he once lived his life: frightened and out of control.

As one of television's original top bananas, Caesar had proved himself a genius at making people laugh. His manic comedy—skits on married life, movie satires, his classic Swiss-clock routine, and his zany-professor shtick—became a legend of 1950s television on the 90-minute "Your Show of Shows" and later on "Caesar's Hour."

However, behind the satiric comedy was a distraught man bent on self-destruction. At the height of his popularity, Caesar drank to excess and swallowed pills by the handful. Afterward, when the spotlight had faded, his problems only worsened. Not until he plotted his suicide did Caesar turn his insight into human behavior inward and find the courage to ask himself, "Do you want to live or do you want to die?"

Today, Sid Caesar is very much among the living. The spirit that made him one of television's most inventive performers burns brightly. You notice it first in the pull of his dark eyes, powerful magnets in a face surprisingly youthful after battling so many drunken nights and years of inner rage. His body in unbelievably good physical condition from exhausting daily workouts, Caesar, at 63, has dedicated himself to enjoying the richness of life. "All the fun you have in life comes only from what you put into it," he says.



The zany comedian who gave television history golden moments has become serious about good health. That "Shape Up!" shirt (opposite) is no joke.

Caesar's victory over his long addiction to alcohol and pills has all the makings of a dramatic television movie, but he instead expressed the struggle in a more personal manner—his 1982 autobiography, *Where Have I Been?*, a candid chronicle of the 20 years he lost to alcohol and drugs. And last year, he made *Sid Caesar's Shape-Up*, an exercise videocassette for people over 40. In it Caesar, who exercises every morning for an hour and a half and avoids fat, salt, and sugar in his diet, explains the benefits of a philosophy of fitness:

"I enjoy working out," he says. "It's not that I have to work out every morning. I *can* work out. That's the difference. That's something that, whatever the powers are, I was given." Caesar says he acquired a whole new lease on life when he began channeling his addictive nature from alcohol into exercise. "Now, instead of knocking life down, tearing it apart, I graciously accept life," he says.

Sitting behind a large desk in his Hollywood office, Caesar gestures toward a wall filled with row upon row of videocassettes made from his classic television shows. He has spent months editing various segments into half-hour programs for syndication to a television market clamoring for the old, live broadcasts. "This is the follow-through to what we did back then," he says.

Offers to air the old shows have been made before, but Caesar wasn't up to putting them out. "But I kept true to it," he explains. "As drunk and as crazy as I was on pills, I never deviated from that past. I always felt that its time would come. In my drunkenness, in that stupor of pills, I still had that feeling of wanting to do something. But I couldn't. I was too busy being drunk, too busy running away from me."

Caesar pops a cassette into his videotape player. A moment later, he appears in black and white on the television screen, a younger man exchanging lines in a sketch with equally youthful Carl Reiner, Imogene Coca, and Howard Morris, the team that made "Your Show of Shows"

continued on page 110

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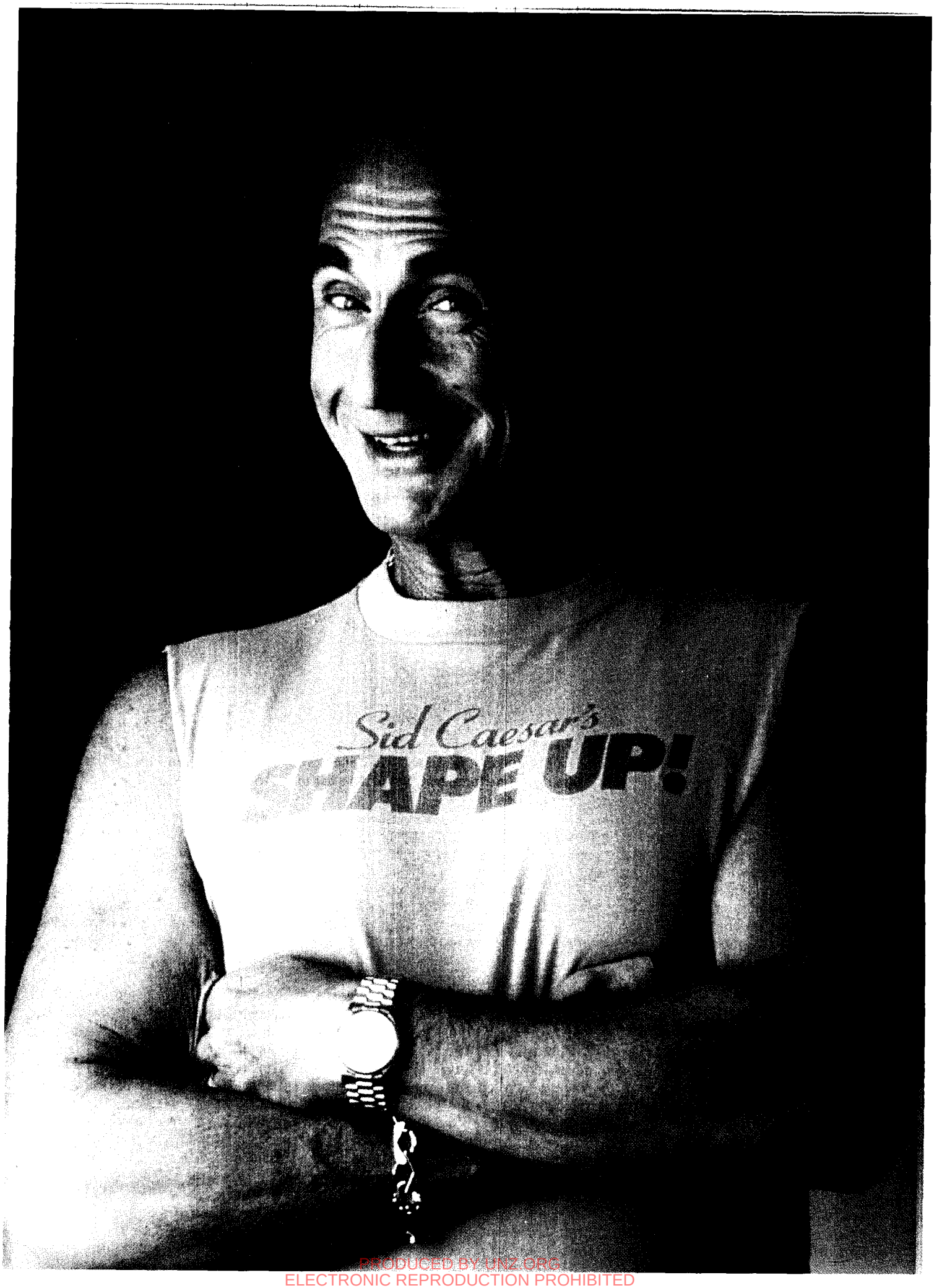

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TEE TIME WITH THE PRESIDENTS

Heroism may come in handy on the battlefield, but on the golf course it's all-important, especially if you are on a frequent foresome with former President Gerald Ford.

by Bob Hope

When people ask me how long I've been playing golf, I just say that when I started the president of the United States was a man who believed you should speak softly and carry a big stick.

I never dreamed when I took up golf that someday I'd be playing with kings and presidents, actors and singers, television stars and generals, corporate tycoons, athletes, and club owners. People like Bing Crosby, Dwight Eisenhower, Gerald Ford, Clint Eastwood, Hal Linden, Ernie Borgnine, Don Rickles, Jim Garner, Bob Newhart, Sammy Davis, Jr., Flip Wilson, Tip O'Neill, Andy Williams, and so many others. Golf is a bond that has drawn us all together and created a special fraternity among the celebrities of show business, sports, and politics.

I don't suppose anyone has ever done more to popularize golf than Ike. He was truly hooked on the game. It was no coincidence that golf enjoyed a widespread burst of growth during Ike's years as president. He brought a sort of White House sanction to the game, a conviction that it could be vastly enjoyed by middle-aged men with middle-aged handicaps.

Golf Digest magazine got a tremendous promotion when it dispensed thousands of circular badges with Ike's picture and the words DON'T ASK WHAT I SHOT. The truth was that Ike played a perfectly respectable game. And no one ever enjoyed it more. During his White House years there was a rumor going around that the new dollar bill would have Ben Hogan's picture on it.

Ike, a golfer to warm every weekender's heart, played with gusto and determination. He fumed over his bad shots, exulted over his good ones, and scrapped for every dollar on the line.

Hope gets a lot of mileage out of his Jerry Ford jokes, but Ford takes it in stride. "He'll shoot his age," says the former president, "even if he has to live to be 125 to do it."

When Ike was president I played with him at Burning Tree, near Bethesda, Maryland, against Gen. Omar Bradley and Sen. Stuart Symington. On the first tee we discussed wagers. "Well," Ike said with that infectious smile, "I just loaned Bolivia $2 million. I'll play for a dollar nassau."

I played terribly and we lost. The next day I teamed with Sen. Prescott Bush against Ike and General Bradley. I was back on my game and shot 75. I beat Ike for four dollars, and I'll never forget the sour look on his face when he pulled out his money clip and paid off. He looked me in the eye and grumbled, "Why didn't you play this well yesterday?" He wasn't laughing, either.

Another course Ike liked to play was Eldorado, near Palm Springs. During his two terms as president he often came out to the desert during the winter and never failed to get in a round or two. Eldorado has grapefruit trees in the rough, where Ike spent a lot of his time, and he was always picking up grapefruits while looking for his ball. One day he got really exasperated and said, "When I get back to the White House, if anyone serves me grapefruit they're fired!"

It was always an honor to play with Ike. Playing golf with America's presidents is a great denominator. How a president acts in a sand trap is a pretty good barometer of how he would respond if the hot line suddenly lit up—and some of his language proved it.

Of all the golf Ike played around the world, I believe many of his happiest rounds were with Freeman Gosden, the "Amos" of "Amos 'n' Andy," after he left the White House and retired to Palm Springs. Ike lived on the 11th fairway at Eldorado in those years. He and Freeman were great pals. Freeman would call Ike in the morning and say, "Can you play today, Mr. President?" and Ike would reply, "Freeman, I'll meet you on the first tee at Eldorado in half an hour." They had some wonderful times together.

The last time I saw him was at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. I visited with him for about half an hour and then talked with Mamie for a while out in the hallway. As I was about to go, Mamie said, "You'd better say good-by to Ike before you leave." As I walked back into his room I was trying to think of a joke to tell him, because I always told him every golf joke.

Ike looked tired, but he smiled when he saw me again. "Did you hear about the guy," I said, "despondent over his round, who walked into the locker room and loudly declared: 'I've got to be the worst golfer in the

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world.' There was another guy sitting there and he said, 'No, I am.'

"The first guy said, 'What did you have on the first hole?'

" 'An X.'

" 'You're one up.' "

Ike laughed so hard I thought he was going to fall out of bed.

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If I were ever backed into a corner and forced to name the people whom I've most enjoyed playing golf with it would, of course, be a difficult task—I've had so much fun on the golf course with so many persons. But very high on any list would be Gerald R. Ford, 38th president of the United States, genuine good guy, and the most dangerous 14-handicapper in the land—in more ways than one.

Jerry Ford's fame as an erratic hitter, capable of beaning anyone within a range of 260 yards, is richly deserved. He's rattled a number of shots off heads and backsides of the fearless followers in his gallery. Ford doesn't really have to keep score. He can just look back and count the walking wounded.

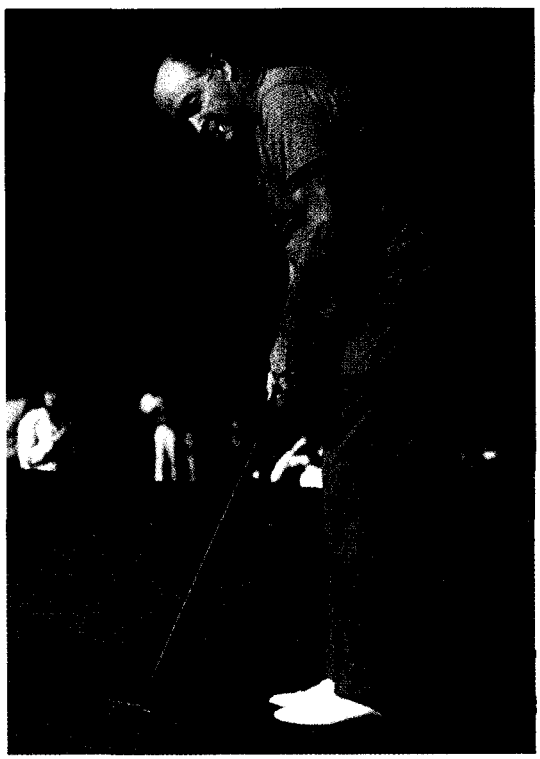
I've gotten a lot of mileage out of my Jerry Ford jokes. The public enjoys them, because they know that he does hit a bunch of wild shots, that he loves to play golf as few men do, and that he contributes so much to the game. The PGA Tour, in fact, made him an honorary member.

So it's fun to introduce him at dinners with lines like "You all know Jerry Ford—the most dangerous driver since Ben Hur." Ford is easy to spot on the course. He drives the cart with the red cross painted on top.

Whenever I play with him, I usually try to make it a foursome—Ford, me, a paramedic, and a faith healer. One of my most prized possessions is the Purple Heart I received for all the golf I've played with him.

But he can play. Ford is a considerably longer hitter than I am. I've seen him consistently drive the ball 250 to 260 yards. On the first hole of the Dinah Shore invitational in 1983, when we were paired with JoAnne Carner, the longest hitter on the women's tour, Carner busted one. She beamed at the gallery's applause and went hoofing down the fairway after her ball. I thought Ford had struck his drive pretty well, too, and when we got out there, Ford's ball was 20 yards out ahead of Carner's. JoAnne couldn't believe it. She said, "Mr. President, that's the longest shot I've ever seen an amateur hit in any pro-am." It was also the straightest he hit that day.

Whenever I play with Ford these days I carry 13 clubs and a white flag. I try to win only enough from him to pay my extra insurance premiums. In one round at Eldorado the gallery



ended up with more dimples than his golf ball had.

But I jest. He's really a fine trap player. He seldom misses one. He drives well, too. He's never lost a golf cart.

One reason the Bob Hope British Classic drew such big galleries was that Ford went over and played in the pro-am the last three years. They love him in England just as they do in America.

At the pro-am dinner the first year he was there I told the British audience I wasn't sure how to describe his golf game. He's to golf what Prince Charles is to steeplechase riding. I guaranteed them one thing: Gerald Ford would put their national-health program to the test. And then I gave them a little tip—Ford's second shot is the one to watch. It means you survived his first.

Actually Ford had been in England on several previous occasions, but never for golf. The other trips were all peacetime visits. The Americans know he's a dangerous golfer because they chipped in to send him over.

My tournament in England was the first time Ford was allowed to play golf on foreign soil. We found a loophole in the SALT agreement. He played British golf on the second hole—two spectators got stiff upper lips. On the third hole his caddie enlisted for service in Northern Ireland.

He wanted at least a fighting chance. Why not? In America his secret-service men are demanding combat pay.

We had great weather over there, but one day it got a bit British, and I wore a thermal vest, a wool shirt, three sweaters, and a windbreaker. Ford was laughing because I finished my follow-through before my clothes had started my backswing. Big deal. On the 18th tee Ford put a ball through the clubhouse window. It wasn't easy. It was behind him. That's when I remembered that the Russians used to say if we were really serious about disarmament, we'd dismantle his golf clubs.

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Reminiscing about Jerry Ford reminds me that I've had the pleasure of playing golf with six presidents—Ford, Ike, Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, and Ronald Reagan.

Kennedy could have been an outstanding player, bad back and all. He was an excellent striker of the ball. I don't think golf appealed all that much to JFK. He often appeared restless and detached on the course. I guess sailing and touch football were his games.

Another president who took his golf casually was LBJ. I played with him only once, in Acapulco. Darrell Royal, then the Texas football coach, played with us. I think LBJ enjoyed getting out that day, but he didn't seem to have much touch or feel for the game.

Nixon was a different matter. He played with a lot of gusto and enthusiasm and favored the down-the-middle approach. Nixon never had the natural athletic instincts of Kennedy or Ford, but he got his game down to a 14-handicap, and he took his

continued on page 102

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Part One

THE HOUNDS OF YOUTH

A young Ozark boy begins the journey to manhood—with two pups leading the way.

by Wilson Rawls

Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea

I suppose there's a time in practically every young boy's life when he's affected by that wonderful disease of puppy love. I don't mean the kind a boy has for the pretty little girl that lives down the road. I mean the real kind, the kind that has four small feet and a wiggly tail, and sharp little teeth that can gnaw on a boy's finger; the kind a boy can romp and play with, even eat and sleep with.

I was ten years old when I first became infected with this disease. I didn't want just one dog. I wanted two, and not just any kind of a dog. They had to be a special breed.

I went to my father and had a talk with him. "Papa," I said, "I don't want any old dog. I want hounds—coon hounds—and I want two of them."

I could tell by the look on his face that he wanted to help me but couldn't. He said, "Billy, those dogs cost money, and that's something we don't have right now. Maybe someday when we can afford it, but not right now."

I didn't give up. After my talk with papa, I went to mamma. I fared no better there. Right off she said I was too young to be hunting with hounds. So there I was, sitting right in the middle of the finest hunting country in the world and didn't even have a dog.

Our home was in a beautiful valley far back in the rugged Ozarks. The country was new and sparsely settled. The land we lived on was Cherokee land, allotted to my mother because of the Cherokee blood that flowed in her veins. It lay in a strip from the foothills of the mountains to the banks of the Illinois River in northeastern Oklahoma.

The land was rich, black, and fertile. Papa said it would grow hair on a crosscut saw. He was the first man to stick the cold, steel point of a turning plow into the virgin soil.

Mamma had picked the spot for our log house. It nestled at the edge of the foothills in the mouth of a small canyon and was surrounded by a grove of huge red oaks. Behind our house one could see miles and miles of the mighty Ozarks. In the spring the aromatic scent of wild flowers, redbuds, papaws, and dogwoods, drifting on the wind currents, spread over the valley and around our home.

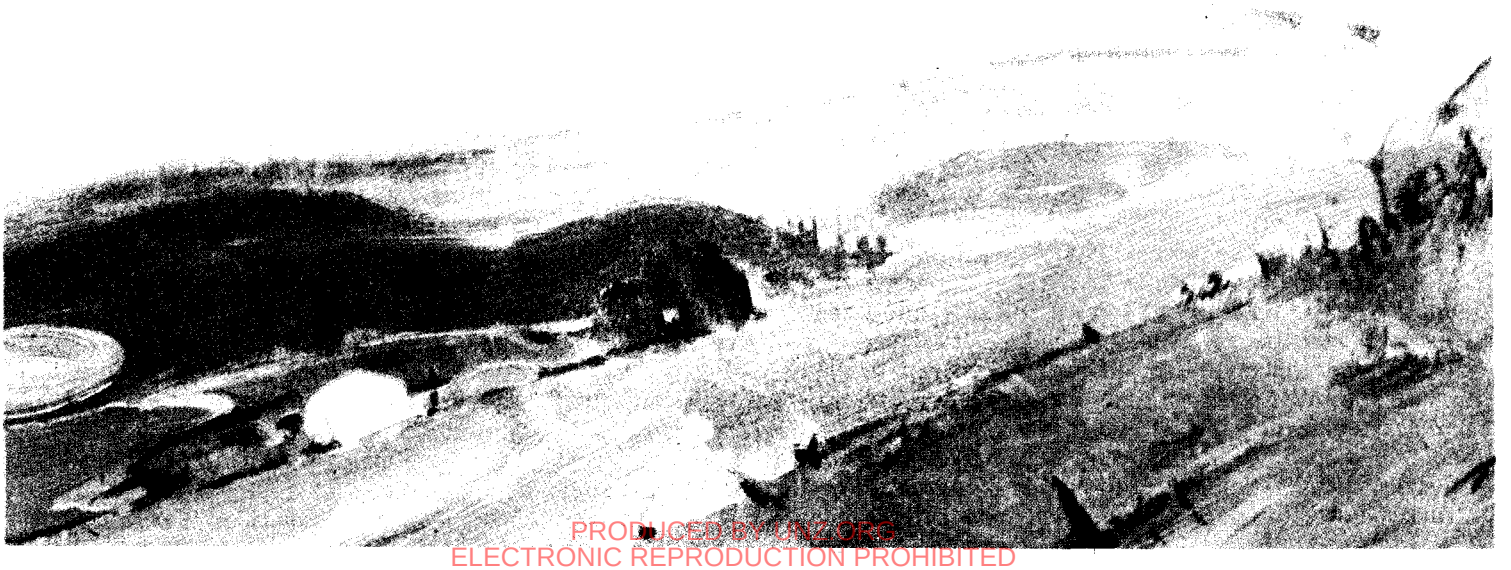
Below our fields, twisting and winding, ran the clear blue waters of the Illinois River. The banks were cool and shady. The rich bottom land near the river was studded with tall sycamores, birches, and box elders.

To a ten-year-old country boy it was the most beautiful place in the whole wide world, and I took advantage of it all. I roamed the hills and the river bottoms. I knew every game trail in the thick canebrakes, and every animal track that was pressed in the mud along the riverbanks.

The ones that fascinated me the most were the babylike tracks of a river coon. I'd lie for hours examining them. Before leaving, I'd take a switch and sweep them all away. These I called my "trail looks." The next day I'd hurry back, and sure enough, nine times out of ten, there in the clean-swept ground I would again find the tracks of a ringtail coon.

As the days passed, the dog-wanting disease grew worse. I began to see dogs in my sleep.

When the hunting season opened that fall, something happened that



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was almost more than I could stand. I was lying in bed one night—trying to figure out a way I could get some dogs—when I heard the deep baying of a coon hound. I got up and opened my window. It came again. The deep voice rang loud and clear in the frosty night. I stayed up and listened to it until the last tones of the hound's voice died away in the daylight hours.

The next night I heard the hound again. I tried to cover my head with a pillow to shut out the sound. It was no use. His voice seemed to bore its way through the pillow and ring in my ears. I had to get up and again go to the window. I'm sure if that coon hunter had known that he was slowly killing a ten-year-old boy, he would have put a muzzle on his hound.

By the time hunting season was over, I was a nervous wreck. My eyes were red and bloodshot. I had lost weight and was as thin as a bean pole. Mamma checked me over. She looked at my tongue and turned back one of my eyelids. Papa came in during this inspection. Mamma told him she was worried about my health.

"Aw," he said, "there's nothing wrong with him. It's just because he's been cooped up all winter. A boy needs sunshine and exercise. He's almost 11 now, and I'm going to let him help me in the fields this summer. That will put the muscles back on him."

I thought this was wonderful. I'd finally grown up to be a man. I was going to help papa with the farm.

However, the dog-wanting disease never did leave me altogether. With the new work I was doing, helping papa, it just kind of burned itself down and left a big sore on my heart. Every time I'd see a coon track down in our fields or along the riverbanks, the old sore would get all festered up and start hurting again.

Just when I had given up all hope of ever owning a good hound, something wonderful happened. I found the greatest of treasures, a sportsmen's magazine, discarded by some fishermen who had camped on the river.

I sat down on an old sycamore log and started thumbing through the leaves. On the back pages of the magazine, I came to the For Sale section —DOGS FOR SALE—every kind of dog. I read on and on. Far down in the right-hand corner I found an ad that took my breath away. In small letters, it read, "registered redbone coonhound pups—$25 each."

The advertisement was from a kennel in Kentucky. I read it over and over. By the time I had memorized the ad, I was seeing dogs, hearing dogs, and even feeling them. The magazine was forgotten. I was lost in thought. The brain of an 11-year-old boy can dream some fantastic dreams.

When I left the campground of the fishermen, it was late. As I walked along, I took the magazine from my pocket, and again I read the ad. Slowly a plan began to form; I'd save the money. I could sell stuff to the fishermen—crayfish, minnows, and fresh vegetables. In berry season I could sell at my grandfather's store all the berries I could pick. I could trap in the winter. The more I planned, the more real it became. There was the way to get those pups; save my money. I had 23¢—a dime I had earned running errands for my grandpa, and 13¢ a fisherman had given me for a can of worms.

"I'm afraid that's it for our hung jury."

The next morning I went to the trash pile behind the barn. I was looking for a can—my bank. I found one, long and slender, with a good, tight lid. I dropped the 23¢ in the can. The coins looked so small lying there on the bottom, but to me it was a good start.

All through that summer I worked like a beaver. In the small creek that wormed its way down through our fields I caught crayfish with my bare hands. I trapped minnows with an old screen-wire trap I made myself, baited with yellow corn bread from my mother's kitchen. These were sold to the fishermen, along with fresh vegetables and roasting ears. I tore my way through the blackberry patches until my hands and feet were scratched raw and red from the thorns. I tramped the hills, seeking out the huckleberry bushes. My grandfather, a farmer, was also the village storekeeper, and he paid me ten cents a bucket for my berries.

Once grandpa asked me what I did with the money I earned. I told him I was saving it to buy some dogs. I asked him if he would order them for me when I had saved enough. He said he would. I asked him not to say anything to my father. He promised me he wouldn't. I'm sure grandpa paid little attention to my plans.

That winter I trapped harder than ever with three little traps I owned. Grandpa sold my hides to fur buyers who came to his store all through the fur season. Prices were low—15¢ for a large possum hide, 25 for a good skunk hide. Little by little the nickels and dimes added up. The old can grew heavy. The next summer I followed the same routine.

A year had passed. I was 12. I was over the halfway mark. I had $27.46. My spirits soared. I worked harder.

Another year crawled slowly by, and then the great day came. The long, hard grind was over. I had it—my $50! I cried as I counted it over and over. Early the next morning, with the can jammed deep in a pocket of my overalls, I flew to the store. As I trotted along, I whistled and sang. I felt as big as the tallest mountain in the Ozarks.

Arriving at my destination, I saw my grandfather behind the counter. Tugging and pulling, I worked the can out of my pocket and dumped it in front of him.

Grandpa was dumfounded. In a voice much louder than he ordinarily used, he asked, "Where did you get all this?"

"I told you, grandpa," I said, "I

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was saving my money so I could buy two hound pups. You said you would order them for me. I've got the money, and now I want you to order them."

Grandpa stared at me over his glasses. "How long have you been saving this?" he asked.

I told him, "Two years."

His mouth flew open, and in a loud voice he said, "Two years!"

I nodded my head.

The way my grandfather stared at me made me uneasy. I was on needles and pins. Taking his eyes from me, he glanced back at the money. He saw the faded yellow piece of paper sticking out from the coins. He worked it out, asking as he did, "What's this?"

I told him it was the ad, telling from where to order my dogs.

He glanced down at my bare feet and asked, "How come your feet are cut and scratched like that?"

I told him it was pretty tough, picking blackberries barefoot. He nodded his head.

It was too much for my grandfather. He turned and walked away. He stood for several seconds with his back toward me. When he turned around, I noticed his eyes were moist.

In a quavering voice he said, "Well, son, it's your money. You worked for it, and you worked hard. You got it honestly, and you want some dogs. We're going to get those dogs. Be damned! Be damned!"

That was as near as I ever heard my grandfather curse, if you can call it cursing.

He walked over and picked up the ad again. "Now you go on home," he said. "I'll write to these kennels, and I'll let you know when I get an answer. If we can't get the dogs there, we can get them someplace else. And I don't think, if I were you, I'd let my pa know anything about this right now. I happen to know he wants to buy another red mule from Old Man Potter."

I told him I wouldn't and turned to leave the store.

As I reached the door, my grandfather said in a loud voice, "Say, it's been a long time since you've had any candy, hasn't it?"

I nodded my head.

"Well," he said, "we'll have to do something about that."

Walking over behind the counter, he reached and got a sack. I noticed it wasn't one of the nickel sacks. It was one of the quarter kind. My eyes never left my grandfather's hand. Time after time it dipped in and out of the candy counter; peppermint sticks, jawbreakers, horehounds, and gumdrops. The sack bulged. So did my eyes.

On my way home, with a jawbreaker in one side of my mouth and a piece of horehound in the other, I skipped and hopped; I had the finest grandpa in the world, and I was the happiest boy in the world. I wanted to share my happiness with my sisters but decided not to say anything about ordering the pups.

"...air mail, air mail...fourth class."

Arriving home, I dumped the sack of candy out on the bed. Six little hands helped themselves. I was well repaid by the love and adoration I saw in the wide, blue eyes of my three little sisters.

Day after day I flew to the store. Grandpa would shake his head. Then on a Monday, as I entered the store, grandpa told me the letter had come. The kennels were still there, and they had dogs for sale. He said he had made the mail buggy wait while he made out the order. And, another thing, the dog market had gone downhill. The price of dogs had dropped five dollars. He handed me a ten-dollar bill.

"Now, there's still one stump in the way," he said. "The mail buggy can't carry things like dogs, so they'll come as far as the depot at Tahlequah, but you'll get the notice here in a couple of weeks."

I thanked my grandfather with all my heart and asked him how I was going to get my dogs out from Tahlequah.

"Well, there's always someone going in,' he said, "and you could ride in with them."

The days dragged by. A week passed and still no word about my dogs. Terrible thoughts ran through my mind. *Maybe my dogs were lost; the train had a wreck; someone stole my money; or, perhaps the mailman lost my order.* Then at the end of the second week the notice came.

My grandfather told me that he had talked to Jim Hodges that day. He was going into town in about a week, and I could ride in with him to pick up my dogs. Again I thanked my grandfather.

I started for home. Walking along in deep thought, I decided it was time to tell my father the whole story. I fully intended to tell him that evening. I tried several times, but somehow I couldn't. I wasn't scared of him, for he never whipped me. He was always kind and gentle, but for some reason —I don't know why—I just couldn't tell him.

That night, snuggled deep in the soft folds of a feather bed, I lay thinking. I had waited so long for my dogs, and I so desperately wanted to see them and hold them, I didn't want to wait a whole week.

In a flash I made up my mind. Very quietly I got up and put on my clothes and put my money in a pocket. I sneaked into the kitchen and got one of mamma's precious flour sacks. In it I put six eggs, some leftover corn bread, a little salt, and a few matches. Next I went to the smokehouse and cut off a piece of salt pork. I stopped at the barn and picked up a gunnysack. I put the flour sack inside the gunnysack. This I rolled up and

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crammed in the bib of my overalls. Then I was on my way. I was going after my dogs.

Tahlequah was a small, country town with a population of about 800. By the road it was 32 miles away, but as the crow flies, it was only 20 miles. I went as the crow flies, straight through the hills.

I came into Tahlequah from the northeast. At the outskirts of town I hid my flour sack and provisions, and kept the gunnysack. I walked into town. I was scared of Tahlequah and the people. I had never seen such a big town and so many people. There was store after store, some of them two stories high.

Passing a large store window, I stopped and stared. There in the window was the most wonderful sight I had ever seen; everything under the sun; overalls, jackets, bolts of beautiful cloth, new harnesses, collars and bridles; and then my eyes did pop. There were several guns, and one of them had two barrels. I couldn't believe it—two barrels. I had seen many guns, but never one with two barrels.

As I turned to leave, my eyes again fell on the overalls and the bolts of cloth. I thought of my mother, father and sisters. Here was an opportunity to make amends for leaving home without telling anyone. I entered the store. I bought a pair of overalls for papa. After telling the storekeeper how big my mother and sisters were, I bought several yards of cloth. I also bought a large sack of candy.

Out on the street I picked out a friendly looking old man and asked him where the depot was. He told me to go down to the last street and turn right, go as far as I could, and I couldn't miss it. I thanked him and started on my way.

On arriving at the depot, I peeked in a window. I saw the stationmaster looking at me and smiling. He opened the door and came out on the platform. He asked me where I lived.

I told him, "Up the river a ways."

"You know," he said, "I have some puppies in there for a boy that lives up the river. His name is Billy Colman. I know his dad, but never have seen the boy. I figured he would be in after them today."

On hearing this remark, my heart jumped clear up in my throat. I looked up and tried to tell him who I was, but something went wrong. When the words finally came out, they sounded like the squeaky old pulley on our well when mamma drew up a bucket of water.

I could see a twinkle in his eyes. In a friendly voice he said, "So you're Billy Colman. How is your dad?"

I told him papa was fine and handed him the notice my grandpa had given me.

"Look at the bright side! One more part and you'll have a new car."

"They sure are fine-looking pups," he said. "Do you want box and all?"

I told him I didn't want the box. All I wanted was the dogs.

"How are you going to carry them?" he asked. "I think they are a little too young to follow."

I held out my gunnysack. He looked at me and looked at the sack. Chuckling, he said, "Well, I guess dogs can be carried that way same as anything else, but we'll have to cut a couple of holes to stick their heads through so that they won't smother."

Getting a claw hammer, he tore off the top of the box. He reached in, lifted the pups out and set them down on the floor.

"Well, there they are," he said. "What do you think of them?"

I didn't answer. I couldn't. All I could do was stare at them.

They seemed to be blinded by the light and kept blinking their eyes. One sat down on his little rear and started crying. The other one was waddling around and whimpering. One pup started my way. I held my breath. On he came until I felt a scratchy little foot on mine. The other pup followed. A warm puppy tongue caressed my sore foot.

I heard the stationmaster say, "They already know you."

I knelt down and gathered them in my arms. I buried my face between their wiggling bodies and cried. The stationmaster, sensing something more than just two dogs and a boy, waited in silence. Rising with the two pups held close to my chest, I asked if I owed anything.

He said, "There is a small feed bill, but I'll take care of it. It's not much anyway."

Taking his knife, he cut two slits in the sack. He put the pups in it and worked their heads through the holes. As he handed the sack to me, he said, "Well, there you are. Good-by and good hunting!"

On the outskirts of town I stopped and picked up a can, in which to boil my eggs, and my provisions. I hadn't gone far before I realized that I had undertaken a tough job. The sack became heavier and heavier. Deep in the heart of the Sparrow Hawk Mountains night overtook me. There, in a cave with a stream close by, I put up for the night.

After the bed was made I built a fire. In a can of water from the mountain stream, I boiled three eggs. Next I boiled half of the remaining salt pork. Cutting the meat up in small pieces, I fed it to my pups.

While they were busy playing, I dragged up several large timbers and built a fire that would last for hours. In a short time the cave grew warm and comfortable from the heat. The leaves were soft and felt good to my tired body and sore feet. As I lay stretched out, my pups crawled all over me.

I noticed the boy dog was much larger than the girl dog. He was a deeper red in color. His chest was broad and solid. His puppy muscles

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knotted and rippled under the velvety skin. He was different in every way. He would go closer to the fire. I saw right away that he was bold and aggressive.

Puppy though he was, he did something that brought a smile to my face. Getting as close as he could to the side of the cave, he turned his rear to the fire. Hopping sideways and yipping at every jump, he made it through the heat and sailed into the pile of leaves. He had had enough. Curling up in a ball close to me, he went to sleep.

The girl pup was small and timid. Her legs and body were short. Her head was small and delicate. She must have been a runt in the litter. I didn't have to look twice to see that what she lacked in power she made up in brains. She was much smarter than the boy dog, more sure of herself, more cautious. I knew that when the trail became tough, she would be the one to unravel it. I knew I had a wonderful combination. In my dogs I had not only the power but also the brains along with it. Tired but happy, I fell asleep.

The bright morning sun was a welcome sight. I fixed breakfast, and soon we were on our way. About midday I entered country I knew. I wasn't far from home. I started to think what I was going to tell my mother and father. I could think of nothing. Finally I decided I would just tell them the truth, and with the help of the new overalls, cloth and candy, I would weather the storm.

As I went on, the thought came, "I haven't named them."

Mumbling names over and over, I glanced up. There, carved in the whitish bark of a sycamore tree, was a large heart. In the center of the heart were two names, DAN and ANN. The name "Dan" was a little larger than "Ann." It was wide and bold. The scar stood out more. The name "Ann" was small, neat, and even. I stared, unbelieving, for there were my names. They were perfect.

I walked over and picked up my pups. Looking at him, I said, "Your name is Dan. I'll call you Old Dan." Looking at her, I said, "Your name, little girl, is Ann. I'll call you Little Ann."

Reaching our house, my bare feet made no noise as I crossed the porch. With my free hand I reached and pulled the leather that worked the latch. Slowly the door swung inward. My mother was directly in front of the door, sitting in her old cane-bottom rocker, knitting. She looked up. I saw all the worry and grief leave her eyes. Her head bowed down. The knitting in her hands came up to cover her face. I stepped inside the room.

The booming voice of my father startled me. He said, "Well, what have you got there?"

Laughing, he got up from his chair and came over to me. He reached and took the sack from my shoulder.

"When we started looking for you," he said, "I went to the store, and your grandpa told me all about it. It wasn't too hard to figure out what you had done, but you should have told us."

I ran to my mother and, dropping to my knees, I buried my face in her lap. Between sobs, I heard the squeals of delight from my sisters as they fondled my pups.

I heard my father say, "What's this other stuff you've got?"

Without raising my head from my mother's lap, in a choking voice I said, "One is for you, one is for mamma, and the other is for the girls."

Realizing that everything was forgiven, I stood up and dried my eyes. Papa was pleased with his new overalls. My sisters forgot the pups for the candy. The light that was shining from my mother's eyes as she fingered the cheap cotton cloth was something I will never forget.

The next morning papa asked me when I was going to start training my dogs.

"I don't know," I said. "Do you think they're too young?"

"No, I don't think so," he said. "I've heard that the younger they are, the better it is."

"Well, in that case," I said, "I'll start tomorrow."

With the help of my oldest sister, I started giving my pups their first lessons. She would hold their collars while I made trails with an old coonskin for them to follow.

It was a beautiful sight to see my pups work those trails. At first they were awkward and didn't know what to do, but they would never quit trying.

Old Dan would get so eager and excited that he would overrun a trail. Where it twisted or turned, he would run straight on, bawling up a storm.

continued on page 82

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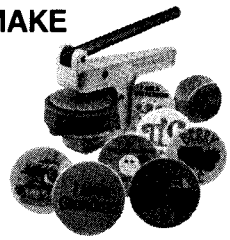

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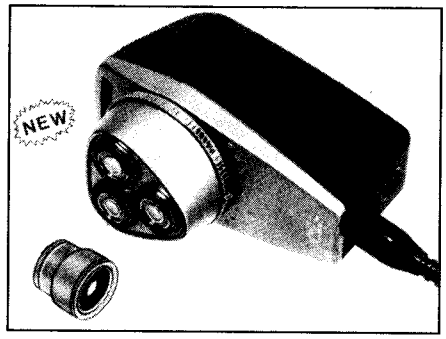

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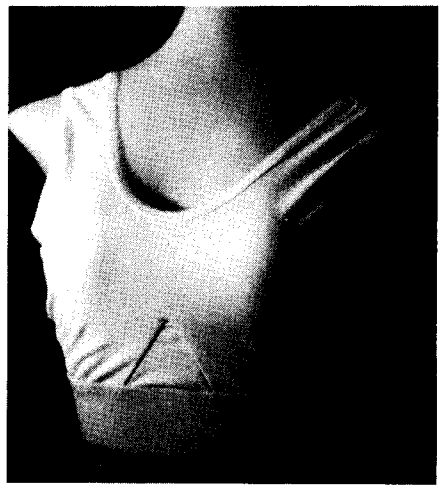

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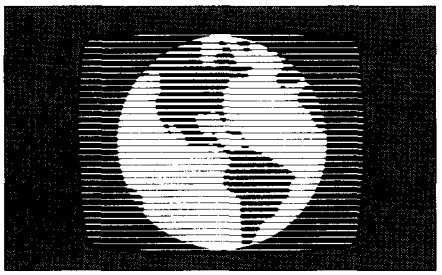

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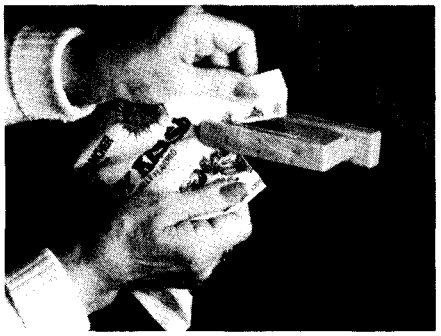

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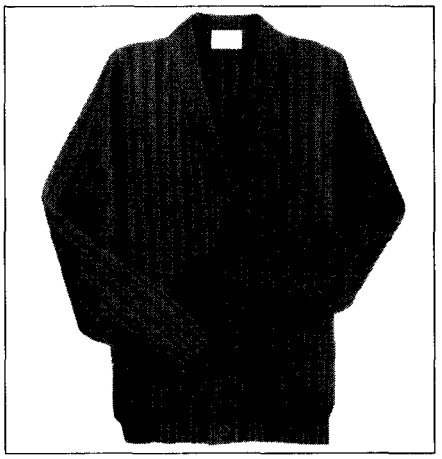

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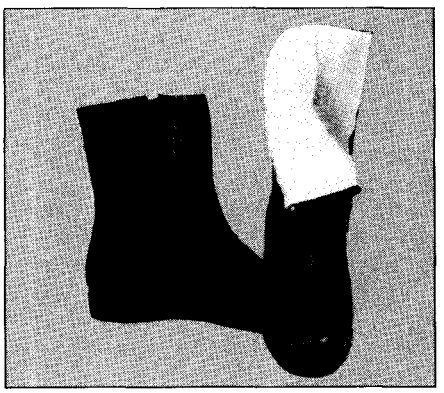

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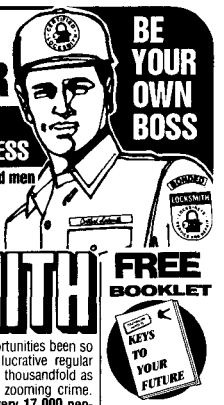

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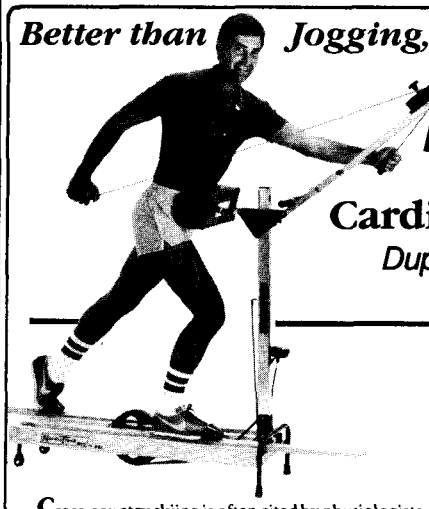

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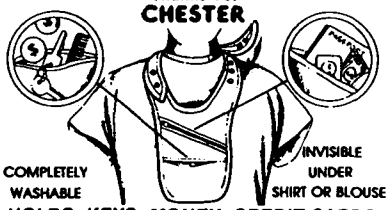

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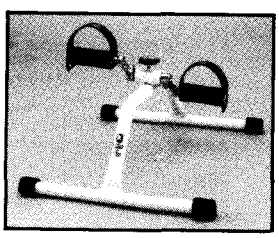

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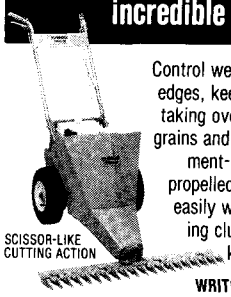

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Hounds of Youth

continued from page 73

It didn't take him long to realize that a smart old coon didn't always run in a straight line.

Little Ann never overran a trail. She would wiggle and twist, cry and whine, and pretty soon she would figure it out.

At first they were afraid of water. They would follow the trail to the stream and stop. Sitting down on their rears, they would cry and beg for help. With a pup under each arm I'd wade out into the stream and set them down in the cool water. Nine times out of ten, one pup would swim one way, and the other one would go just the opposite way. I had a time with this part of their training, but my persistence had no bounds.

It wasn't long until they loved the water. Old Dan would jump as far out as he could and practically knock the river dry. Little Ann would ease herself in and swim like a muskrat for the opposite shore.

I taught my dogs every trick I knew and any new ones I heard about. I taught them how to split up on a riverbank to search for the hidden trail, because it was impossible to tell where a coon would come out of the water. Sometimes he might swim downstream, and other times he might swim upstream. Maybe he would come back to the bank he had just left, or he would cross to the other side. Perhaps he would stop in the middle of the stream on an old drift.

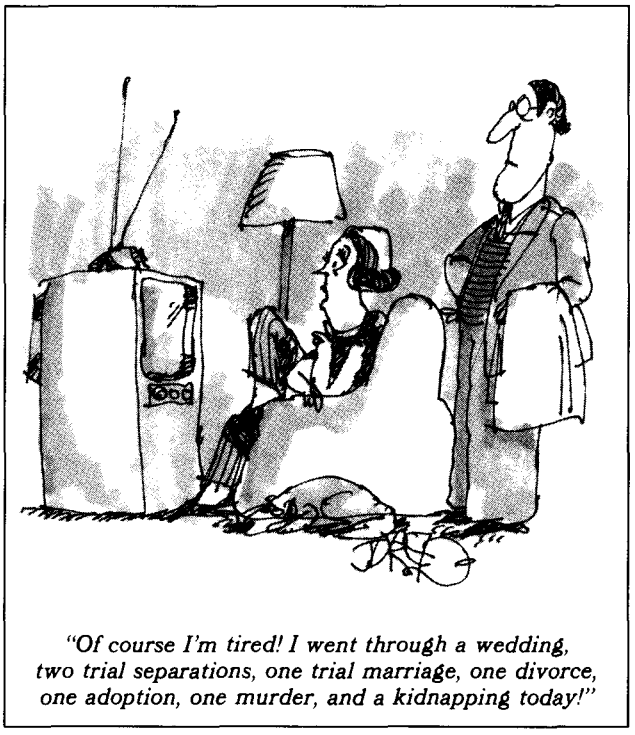
One of the favorite tricks of a smart old ringtail is the tree-barking trick. This he accomplishes by running far up on the side of a tree and, using his stout legs for leverage, springing 20 or 30 feet away before touching the ground. Dumb hounds trail up to the tree and start bawling "treed." I taught my dogs to circle for a good hundred yards to be sure he was still in the tree before bawling.

In order to learn more about coon hunting, I'd hang around my grandfather's store and listen to the stories told by the coon hunters. Some of the tales I heard were long and tall, but I believed them all.

I could always tell by the twinkle in his eyes when grandpa was kidding me. He told me how a coon could climb right up the fog and disappear in the stars, and how he could leap on a horse' back and run him over your dogs. I didn't care, for I loved to hear the tall tales. Anything that had a coon hair in it I believed completely.

All through that summer and into the late fall the training went on. Although I was worn down to a frazzle, I was a happy boy. I figured I was ready for the ringtails.

Late one evening, tired and exhausted, I sat down by a big sycamore and called my dogs to me. "It's all over," I said. "There'll be no more lessons. I've worked hard, and I've done my best. From now on it's all up to you. Hunting season is just a few days away, and I'm going to let you rest, for I want you to be in good shape the night it opens."



"Of course I'm tired! I went through a wedding, two trial separations, one trial marriage, one divorce, one adoption, one murder, and a kidnapping today!"

It was wonderful indeed how I could have heart-to-heart talks with my dogs, and they always seemed to understand. Each question I asked was answered in their own way. Sometimes I would see the answer in their eyes, and again it would be in the friendly wagging of their tails. Other times I could hear the answer in a low whine or feel it in the soft caress of a warm, flicking tongue. In some way they would always answer.

The day hunting season opened I was as nervous as Sammy, our house cat. I cleaned my lantern and filled it with oil. With hog lard I greased my boots until they were as soft as a hummingbird's nest. I was grinding my ax when papa came around.

He smiled as he said, "This is the big night, isn't it?"

"It sure is, papa," I said, "and I've waited a long time for it."

"Yes, I know," he said. "I've been thinking—there's not too much to do around here during the hunting season. I'm pretty sure I can take care of things, so you just go ahead and hunt all you want to."

"Thanks, papa," I said. "I guess I'll be out pretty late at night, and I'll probably have to do a lot of sleeping in the daytime."

Papa started frowning. "You know," he said, "although you are almost 14, your mother doesn't like this hunting of yours very much. She's worried about you being out all by yourself. Now, just to be on the safe side, I think it would be a good idea for you to tell us where you'll be hunting. Then if anything happens, we'll know where to look."

I told him I would, but I didn't think anything was going to happen.

After papa had left, I started thinking, *He doesn't even talk to me like I was a boy any more. He talks to me like I was a man.* These wonderful thoughts made me feel just about as big as our old red mule.

I had a good talk with my dogs. "I've waited almost three years for this night," I said, "and it hasn't been easy. I've taught you everything I know, and I want you to do your best."

Little Ann acted like she understood. She whined and saved me a wash job on my face. Old Dan may have, but he didn't act like it. He just lay there in the sunshine, all stretched out and limber as a rag.

During supper mamma asked me where I was going to hunt.

"I'm not going far," I said, "just down on the river."

I could tell mamma was worried,

continued on page 86

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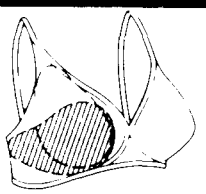

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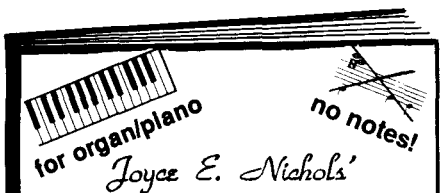

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FOOD

THE TIME IS RIPE FOR OLIVES

Eat "in" in 1986 with elegant appetizers made from fresh, crisp vegetables and olives in tangy marinades.

by Allen Simon

After the confetti has fallen and the new year is in, it's time to sort through the recipe box (or computer memory if you are a Yuppie) and weed out the tired stand-bys you've been serving family and friends. Give the old recipes a rest for a while and make a fresh beginning.

Appetizers are a good place to start. The "in" appetizers this year will be lighter and healthier as well as tastier than before—eye-catching creations of crisp vegetables, mushrooms, olives, and occasionally low-calorie meats such as turkey.

Only the best ingredients should go into the dressings. The vinegars should be mild, not acidic. The best wine vinegars come from the same places as the best wines: California and France. The best oils are the polyunsaturates or olive oil, a monounsaturate. Researchers have recently discovered that olive oil helps lower dangerous LDL cholesterol and in fact may help prevent heart disease.

Many of the following recipes include olive oil. Some also call for whole olives that add a look of elegance and that unmatchable, rich olive flavor. Olives, by the way, are high in fiber and average about five calories each.

We hope these recipes will give you a head start on a new year of enjoyable dining and entertaining, and may it be your best year yet.

After guests have savored elegant Turkey in Avocados, be prepared to dish up the recipe.

Turkey in Avocados

(Makes 6 servings)

⅓ cup plain yogurt
¼ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
1 teaspoon lemon juice
¼ teaspoon dill weed
⅛ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
1½ cups cubed, cooked turkey or chicken
1 small tomato, seeded and chopped
½ cup drained and halved Lindsay® Colossal Pitted Ripe Olives
3 tablespoons sliced green onion
3 avocados
Lemon juice

Stir together yogurt, mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, dill weed, ⅛ teaspoon salt, and dash pepper. Stir in turkey or chicken, tomato, olives, and green onion. Cover and chill thoroughly. To serve, halve and seed avocados; brush lightly with lemon juice. Spoon about ½ cup mixture into each half.

Chilled Vegetable Marinade

(Makes 8 servings)

3 medium artichokes
Lemon juice
1 medium head cauliflower, broken into florets
1 (4.5 oz.) can Lindsay® Medium Whole Ripe Olives, drained
1 cup salad oil
½ cup white wine vinegar
¼ cup sliced green onion
2 tablespoons snipped parsley
1 tablespoon sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 cloves garlic, minced
1 teaspoon dried thyme, crushed
⅛ teaspoon cayenne

Trim stems, cut 1 inch off tops, and snip sharp leaf tips from each artichoke. Cut each lengthwise into 6 wedges; remove and discard fuzzy "choke." Brush cut edges with lemon juice. Cook, covered, in boiling salted water 20-30 minutes, just until tender. Drain. Cook cauliflower, covered, in small amount of boiling salted water 10-15 minutes, just until tender. Drain. Place vegetables and olives in plastic bag. Shake together remaining ingredients in screw-top jar. Pour over mixture in bag; close bag. Chill overnight; turn occasionally. Drain to serve.

Cucumbers with Lemon Dressing

(Makes 2 pints)

This combination is at its best when marinated for at least 2 hours.

3 small cucumbers
¼ cup fine julienne strips of lemon peel
¼ cup fine julienne strips of orange peel

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⅓ cup orange juice
2 tablespoons lime juice
¼ cup olive oil

Halve cucumbers lengthwise. Cut long grooves in peel of each (use tines of fork). Scoop out hollow in center of each cucumber. Slice cucumber 1/8 inch thick; set aside. Blanch lemon and orange peels in boiling water for 2-3 minutes or until bright in color. Rinse in cool water; drain. Combine remaining ingredients in a jar with a tight-fitting lid. Shake contents until well-mixed. Marinate cucumbers and citrus peel in dressing for 2 hours. Serve chilled.

Marinated Mushrooms and Pearl Onions
(Makes 4 pints)

2½ cups olive oil
1 cup white vinegar
1 cup chopped chives
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice
4 cloves garlic, minced
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
¼ teaspoon prepared mustard
1 pound fresh mushrooms, cleaned
2 cups pearl onions

Combine all ingredients except for mushrooms and onions in a jar with tight-fitting lid. Shake until well-mixed. Pour over mushrooms and onions and let stand covered overnight in the refrigerator. Serve chilled.

Pickled Brussels Sprouts
(Makes 5 pints)

Sprigs of dill add a refreshing twist to Brussels sprouts.

1½ pounds fresh Brussels sprouts
2 onions, sliced
¾ cup black olives
2 cups cider vinegar
1 cup water
¾ cup sugar
¼ cup salt
4 cloves garlic, minced
5 sprigs fresh dill

Clean Brussels sprouts and trim stems. Blanch Brussels sprouts in boiling water just until barely tender and bright green (about 8 minutes). Plunge in cold water. Layer sprouts and onions in sterilized pint jars.

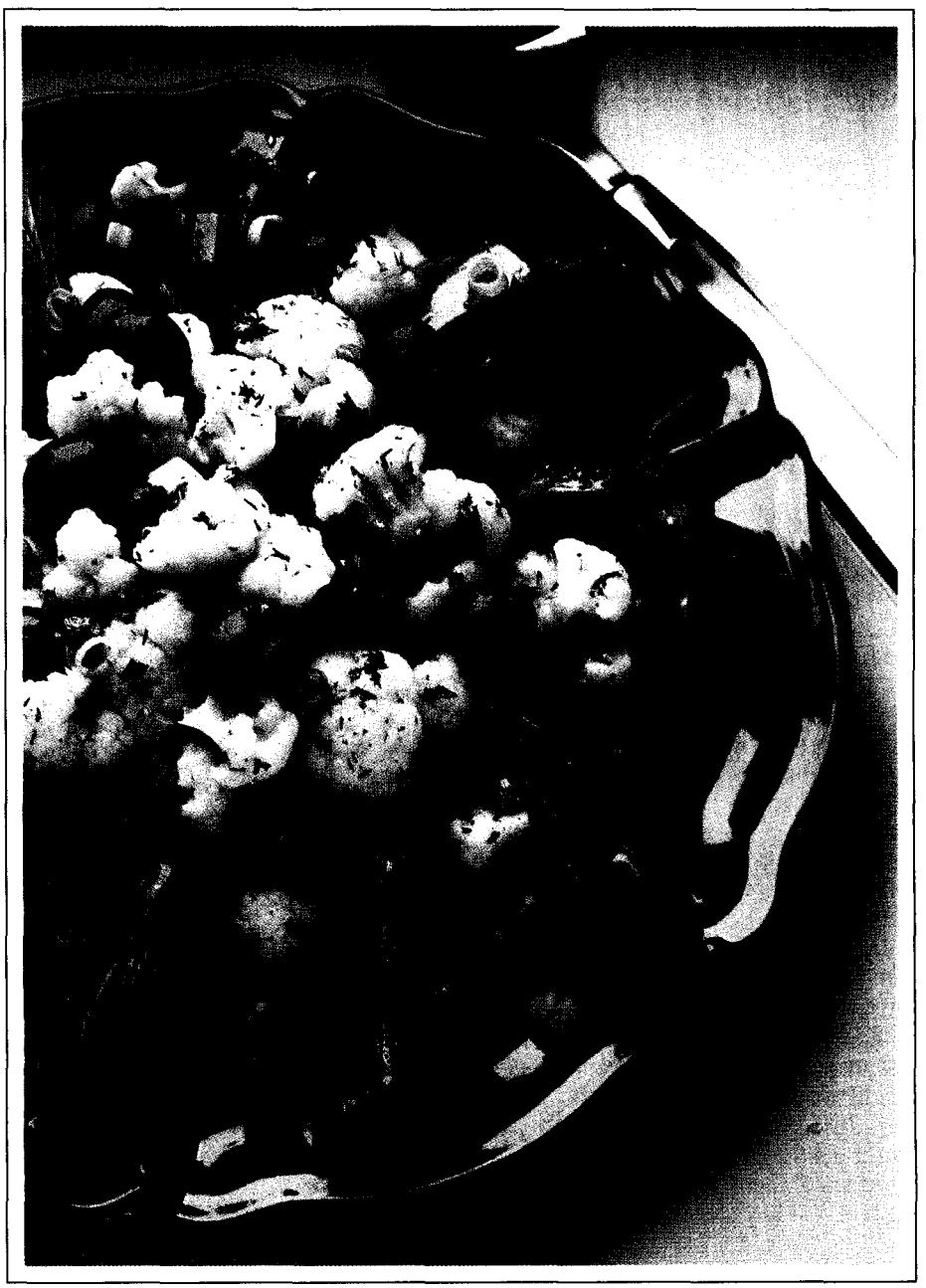
Meanwhile, combine olives, vinegar, water, sugar, salt, and garlic in a medium saucepan and bring to a boil; stir until sugar is dissolved. Pour hot mixture over vegetables and add a sprig of dill to each jar. Seal jars or refrigerate until serving. Let stand at least 3 days before serving.

Mediterranean Vegetables
(Makes about 4 pints)

Colorful vegetables combine to chase away the midwinter blahs.

4 medium tomatoes, cut into thin wedges
2 medium zucchini, sliced
1 medium red bell pepper, chopped
1 medium green bell pepper, chopped
2 small onions, chopped
¼ cup olive oil
2 cloves garlic, minced
1 teaspoon Italian seasoning
¼ cup fresh lemon juice
½ cup sliced black olives
¼ cup chopped fresh parsley

Combine tomatoes, zucchini, bell peppers, and onions in bowl; set aside. Heat olive oil in small skillet over low heat; add garlic and seasoning. Stir until garlic is tender but not browned; stir in lemon juice. Allow to cool and add to vegetables. Spoon vegetables into dish and garnish with olives and parsley. Keep refrigerated.



The Chilled Vegetable Marinade creates an irresistible first course for that sit-down dinner or a predinner buffet.

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Hounds of Youth

continued from page 82

and it didn't make me feel too good.

"Billy," she said, "I don't approve of this hunting, but it looks like I can't say no; not after all you've been through, getting your dogs and all that training. But I can't help worrying."

"There won't be anything happen," I said. "I promise I'll be careful."

While mamma was bundling me up, papa lighted my lantern. He handed it to me and said, "I'd like to see a big coonskin on the smokehouse wall in the morning."

The whole family followed me out on the porch. There we all got a surprise. My dogs were sitting on the steps waiting for me.

I heard papa laugh. "Why, they know you're going hunting," he said, "know it as well as anything."

"Well, I never," mamma said. "Do you really think they do? It does look like they do. Why, just look at them."

Little Ann started wiggling and twisting. Old Dan trotted out to the gate, stopped, turned around and looked at me.

"Sure, they know Billy's going hunting," piped the little one, "and I know why."

"How do you know so much, silly?" asked my oldest sister.

"Because I told Little Ann, that's why," she said, "and she told Old Dan. That's how they know."

We all had to laugh at her.

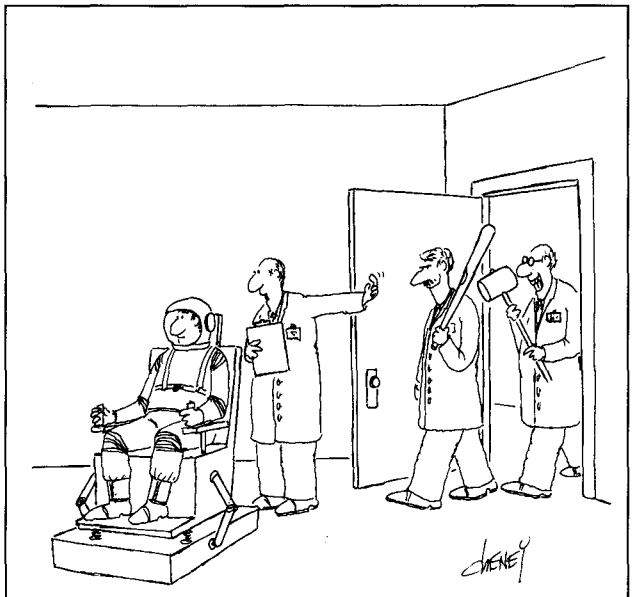
It was a beautiful night, still and frosty. A big, grinning Ozark moon had the countryside bathed in a soft, yellow glow.

Just before I reached the timber, I called my dogs to me. "Now the trail will be a little different tonight," I whispered. "It won't be a hide dragged on the ground. It'll be the real thing, so remember everything I taught you, and I'm depending on you. Just put one up a tree, and I'll do the rest."

I turned them loose, saying, "Go get 'em." They streaked for the timber.

Although my eyes were seeing the wonders of the night, my ears were ever alert, listening for the sound of my hounds telling me they had found a trail. I was expecting one of them to bawl, but when it came it startled me. The deep tones of Old Dan's voice jarred the silence around me. I dropped my ax and almost dropped my lantern. A strange feeling came over me. I took a deep breath and threw back my head to give the call of the hunter, but something went wrong. My throat felt like it had been tied in a knot. I swallowed a couple of times, and the knot disappeared.

As loud as I could, I whooped, "Who-e-e-e. Get him, Dan. Get him."



"This next simulation will give you some idea of what it's like to fly through a meteor shower."

Little Ann came in. The bell-like tones of her voice made shivers run up and down my spine. I whooped to her. "Who-e-e-e. Tell it to him, little girl. Tell it to him."

This is what I had prayed, worked, and sweated for—my own little hounds bawling on the trail of a river coon. They straightened the trail out and headed down river. I took off after them as fast as I could run.

A mile downstream the coon pulled his first trick. I could tell by my dogs' voices that they had lost the trail. When I came to them, they were out on an old drift, sniffing around. The coon had pulled a simple trick. He had run out on the drift, leaped into the water and crossed the river. To an experienced coon hound the crude trick would have been nothing at all, but my dogs were just big, awkward pups trailing their first live coon.

I stood and watched, wondering if they would remember the training I had given them.

Now and then I would whoop, urging them on. Old Dan was having a fit. He whined and he bawled. He whimpered and cried. He came to me and reared up, begging for help.

"I'm not going to help you," I scolded, "and you're not going to find him on that drift. If you would just remember some of the training I gave you, you'd find the trail. Now go find that coon."

He ran back out on the drift and started searching.

Little Ann came to me. I could see the pleading in her warm, gray eyes. "I'm ashamed of you, little girl," I said. "I thought you had more sense than this. If you let him fool you this easily, you'll never be a coon dog."

She whined, turned, and trotted downstream to search again for the lost trail.

I couldn't understand. Had all the training I had given them been useless? I knew if I waded the river they would follow me. Once on the other side, it would be easy for them to find the trail. I didn't want it that way. I wanted them to figure it out themselves. The more I thought about it, the more disgusted I became. I sat down and buried my face in my arms.

Out on the drift Old Dan started whining. It made me angry, and I got up to scold him again. I couldn't understand his actions. He was running along the edge of the drift, and whimpering and staring down river. I looked that way. I could see something swimming for the opposite shore. At first I thought it was a muskrat. In the middle of the stream, where the moonlight was the brightest, I got a good look. It was Little Ann. With a loud whoop, I told her how proud I was. My little girl had remembered her training.

She came out on a gravel bar, shook the water from her body, and

continued on page 94

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And you can fill all 50 spool holders the minute your set arrives, because it includes 50 spools of famous Clarissima thread free! It also includes 50 fine quality Clarissima needles and thimbles—also free!

With over 100 pieces, it's no wonder the Clarissima Professional Deluxe is the fastest selling (and most expensive) sewing ensemble ever sold by this multi-million-dollar New York firm.

These 100-piece Clarissima Sewing Sets will *not* be sold at this price by the company in any store. To obtain one at this special publicity price, mail this *original* publicity ad (no copies or photostats) to the company before Midnight, March 31.

There is a limit of two (2) sewing sets per address at this price, but if your order is mailed early enough (before March 25) you may request up to five. Every set is covered by the company's full one-year money-back guarantee.

To order your Clarissima 100-piece Sewing Set, mail this *original* publicity ad (no copies or photostats) together with your name and address and $5 for each set. Add $2 shipping and handling per set. (New York residents add sales tax.) Allow up to 6-8 weeks for shipment. *Make check payable to A&C Company.* Mail to: **A&C Sewing Set, Dept. 150-106, Box 1790, Hicksville, New York 11802. (A20330)**

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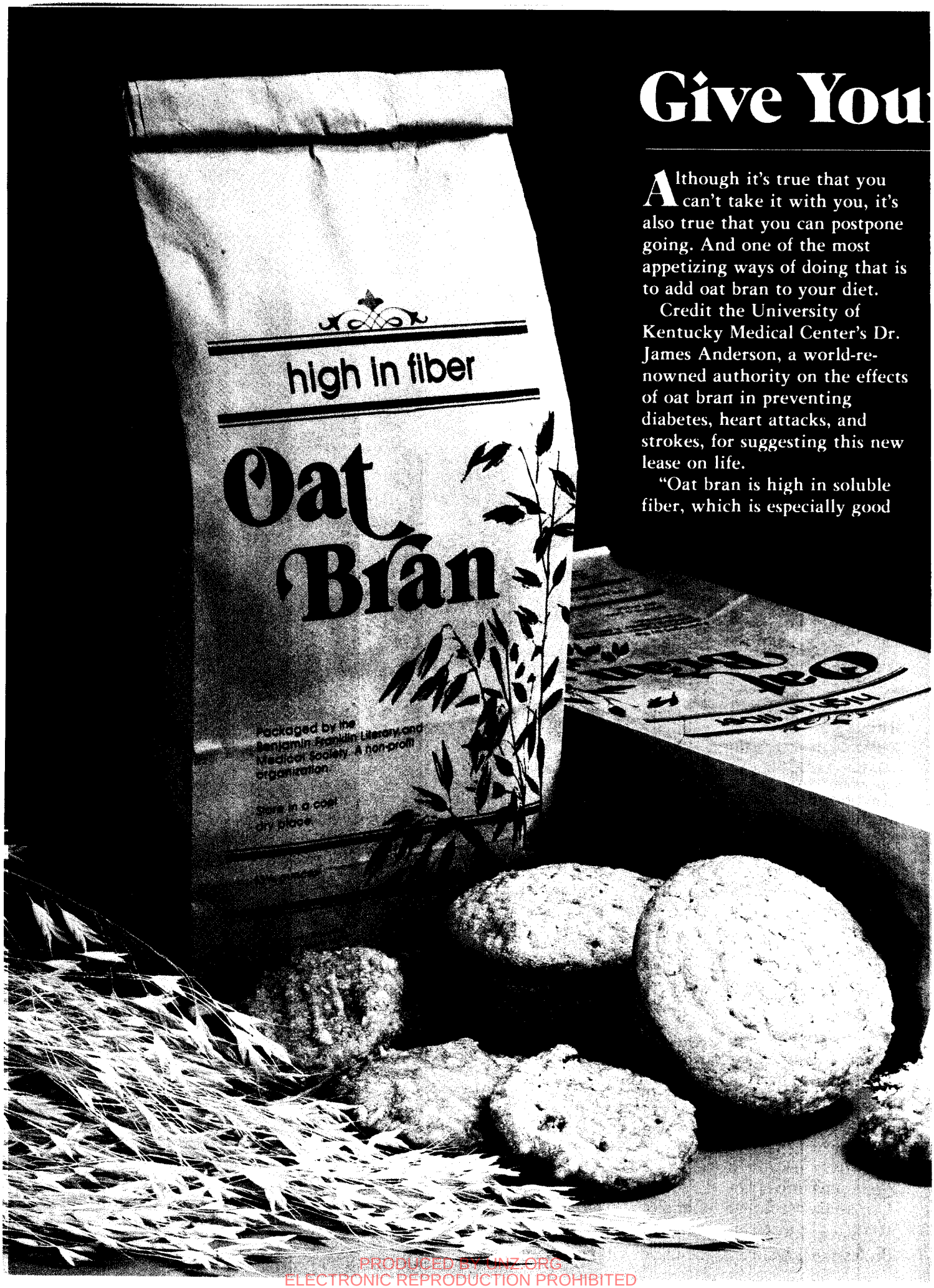
Give You


high in fiber
Oat Bran
Packaged by the Benjamin Franklin Literary and Medical Society. A non-profit organization.
Store in a cool dry place.

Although it's true that you can't take it with you, it's also true that you can postpone going. And one of the most appetizing ways of doing that is to add oat bran to your diet.

Credit the University of Kentucky Medical Center's Dr. James Anderson, a world-renowned authority on the effects of oat bran in preventing diabetes, heart attacks, and strokes, for suggesting this new lease on life.

"Oat bran is high in soluble fiber, which is especially good

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Life A Bran New Outlook

for lowering the LDL cholesterol, the villain in blood vessels," Dr. Anderson explains. (High LDL precedes heart attacks and strokes.) "Eight years ago," he says, "we began testing oat bran to lower the cholesterol of men who had high blood cholesterol. We found that when these participants ate oat bran it reduced their blood cholesterol by 20 percent. That would reduce their chances for a coronary by more than 40 percent."

Dr. Anderson further points out that this type of fiber also "smooths out" diabetics' blood-sugar levels and prevents their sharp peaks of vitality and valleys of depression, as well as those nervous feelings between meals.

And you don't have to be old or sick to benefit from oat bran. A study of healthy students at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology revealed that young men who ate bran muffins every day averaged 5 percent lower cholesterol levels than their counterparts who ate wheat-bran muffins. Said Dr. Anderson, "That's a 10 percent less chance of having a coronary." So if it is cholesterol-lowering that you're after, don't forget the oats.

Many of our readers still write that they can't find oat bran after we have been touting it on TV and in the *Post*. Until such time as it's readily available to all, we decided to bag it up for you in our sturdy, lined brown-paper sacks. To your good health!

We wish we could mail gift bags to all our members, but we must now limit them to those who send a contribution to support our cancer and heart-disease research. Please know that your contribution will be spent on practical medical research to find out how to prevent cancer and heart disease.

Our gift to you is for your good health. Your gift to us helps others as well.

The Saturday Evening Post Society

P.O. Box 567 • Indianapolis, Ind. • 46206

Yes, I want to add high-fiber oat bran to my diet. Please send me a bag, along with a free copy of high-fiber oat-bran recipes. I'm enclosing a contribution to the medical research of:

Cancer prevention ☐ Heart disease ☐

My donation $5 _____ $10 _____ Other_____

☐ My check or money order is enclosed

Charge to: ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Card no. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

Expir. date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

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Some sections on Sanibel Island's bountiful beaches are clearly for the birds.

FLORIDA'S LEE ISLAND COAST

Until you sample the golden offerings of the southwest coast, you may be missing the best the Sunshine State has to offer.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

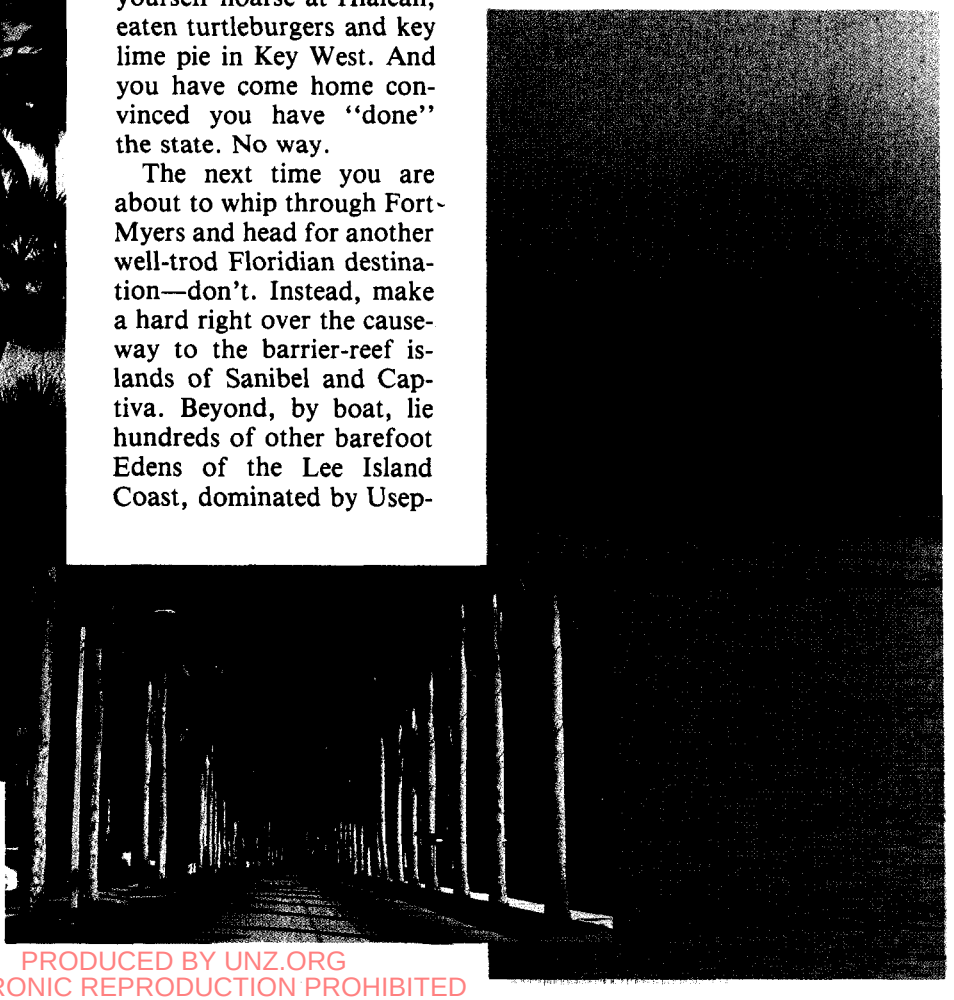
If you think you have to lie on the sun-drenched beach of some laid-back island in the Caribbean to acquire that enviable midwinter tan, I'm going to let you in on one of Florida's best-kept secrets: It's impossible to improve on the golden offerings of the Lee Island Coast's bountiful vacation spas.

Like me, you have toasted your toes on the sand of Miami Beach, marveled at Epcot Center, been baptized by Orca at Sea World. You have gaped at the Kennedy Space Center, hollered yourself hoarse at Hialeah, eaten turtleburgers and key lime pie in Key West. And you have come home convinced you have "done" the state. No way.

The next time you are about to whip through Fort Myers and head for another well-trod Floridian destination—don't. Instead, make a hard right over the causeway to the barrier-reef islands of Sanibel and Captiva. Beyond, by boat, lie hundreds of other barefoot Edens of the Lee Island Coast, dominated by Usepa Island and Cabbage Key. Until you have sampled the golden offerings of their sand, sea, and sun, not to mention seafood and shells, you've been missing the best Florida has to offer.

There *is* one hang-up: Because so many of the islands' resorts (6,510 rooms and counting) offer so much to the wan, uptight vacationer from the North, how does one decide where to hang the mackinaw, drop the boots, and slip into shorts and sandals?

After shuffling the brochures and giving them one cut, I had the good luck to come up with Casa Ybel, a



There's plenty of room for everyone on the many miles of sandy beaches in southwest Florida's gulf region (above). A stalwart guard of royal palms lines Fort Myer's McGregor Boulevard (right).

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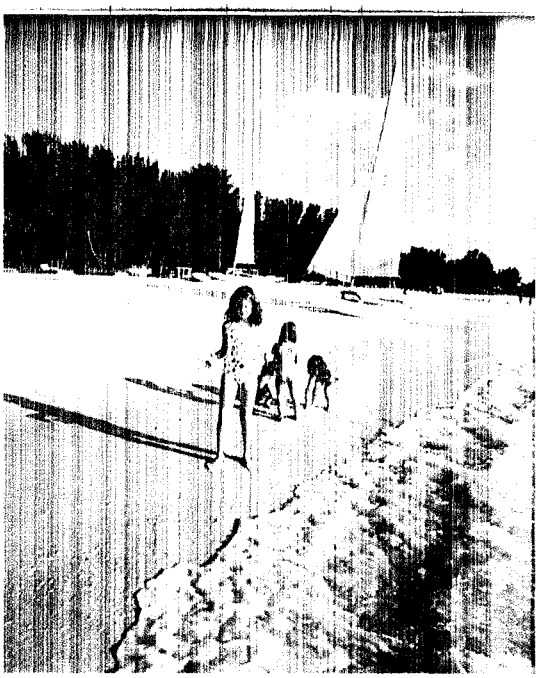


Sea-shelling on Sanibel is not just child's play. Some adult shell hounds strap on miners' head lamps to get the pick of the catch before daybreak.

sprawling complex of villas and townhouses on Sanibel, only a shell's throw from the natural-white sandy beach of the gulf. Between lies nothing but luxuriant tropical landscaping.

Rather than play tennis, sail, or even golf, I opted for the island's most famous but less demanding exercise—shelling. Sanibel, rated one of the three best shelling beaches in the world, contains some 400 species on its 20 miles of gulf-washed shoreline.

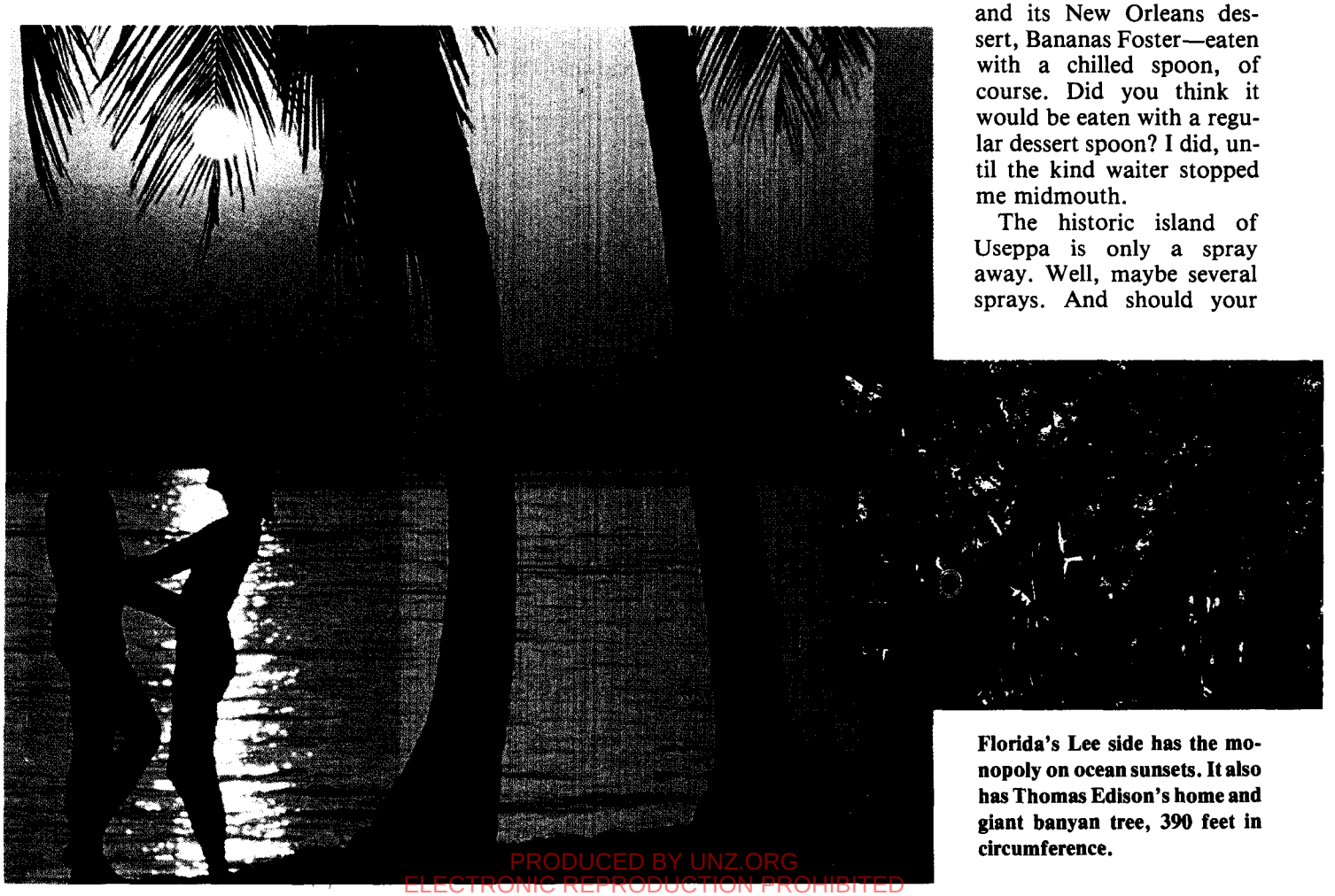
The early bird, I found, doesn't always get the pick of the beach. Would you believe some lowlifes actually strap on miners' head lamps and go out at night to beat the sunrise crowd? These are the shell hounds who often escape a sunburn only to go home with a severe case of "Sanibel Stoop."

Just up the road, or down the road, no matter, Sundial Beach and Tennis Resort beckons. This gulfside complex of efficiency suites and deluxe two-bedroom, two-bath apartments boasts five pools and 13 tennis courts. Fully equipped kitchen or no, more often than not you'll close the day at Morgan's Market and Lounge, where the hickory-smoked shrimp are "shrimply delicious" and "a tale of two lobsters" is most definitely far from fiction.

Then there is Noopie's Japanese Steakhouse. Back at Casa Ybel you won't want to miss gulf-front dining in Thistle Lodge restaurant. Its New Orleans cuisine includes Eggs Sardou, Creole gumbo, broiled redfish, jambalaya, and, woe is weak-willed me, hot buttered pecan pie. If you can still wobble, to dine under the stars at the Mucky Duck is a must for yet another night. And unique Bubble Room is a night unto itself.

Shells, sand, sun, and fun are shared equally by Sanibel's Siamese twin, Captiva Island, joined at the coccyx by Blind Pass Causeway. On Captiva, Anne Morrow Lindbergh wrote her best-selling *Gift from the Sea*, without ever identifying the island she loved so much. And here it is that you'll be awed by the size and amenities of the South Seas Plantation. I refer to its 2½ miles of private beach, its 15 pools, and its 20-court tennis complex. And with a deep sigh, I must include the belt-loosening King's Crown dining room and its New Orleans dessert, Bananas Foster—eaten with a chilled spoon, of course. Did you think it would be eaten with a regular dessert spoon? I did, until the kind waiter stopped me midmouth.

The historic island of Useppa is only a spray away. Well, maybe several sprays. And should your



Florida's Lee side has the monopoly on ocean sunsets. It also has Thomas Edison's home and giant banyan tree, 390 feet in circumference.

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boat be operated by a charming young woman who doesn't know the aft from the bow, don't plan on leaving the dock at Fort Myers Beach before running headlong into a shrimp trawler anchored innocently on the opposite side of the marina, stalling the engine, and being carried by the tide broadside into the pier. (I won't name names, but Jeanette knows who I mean.)

Useppa claims to be the most beautiful gem in this charming necklace of coastal islands. Evidence now turning up proves that the Calusa Indians had settled on these fertile 100 acres by 3,500 B.C. You won't see the three skeletons recently exhumed just off the entrance to Collier Inn—they are now in residence at the University of Florida. What you *will* see is enough to have you asking about a membership in the private Useppa Island Club.

You'll sense the mysteries of this ancient Eden just by strolling its shaded, pink walk, made of sand and shell, discovered in 1976 under ten feet of vegetative debris. The walk is thought to date back to 1912, when the publisher Baron Collier bought the island for the luxury of doing absolutely nothing at all—a custom club members or private tenants can still follow today when they're not using the many recreational facilities.

On your way back to the marina, keep an eye out for mile marker 60. A turn of the rudder will take you to Cabbage Key (accessible only by boat) and the home of the novelist Mary Roberts Rinehart. Built atop an ancient Calusa Indian shell mound, it serves today as an inn, with six guest rooms. In the picturesque dining room you might look for my autographed dollar bill pasted on the wall; then again you might not—some 20,000 other autographed dollar bills are pasted on the wall. The bills that fall down during the year are auctioned off during the muscular-dystrophy drive.

Going from the remote to the mostest, we come back to the Sanibel Harbor International Spa, home of the Jimmy Connors United States Tennis Center. When the question of "Tennis, anyone?" is raised there, 13 lighted courts beside the center-court stadium are available to play on. But tennis is only the beginning. The deluxe suites of the hotel offer sweeping views of the gulf as well as of Sanibel, Captiva, and the Caloosahachee River.

If you *must* finally head north to resume the daily grind and listen to your car wheels spinning shrilly in a snowbank by dawn's early light, make a stop in Fort Myers before you go. Your destination will be the winter homes (there are two, joined by a covered walkway) and the laboratory of the man credited with lining McGregor Boulevard with those miles of towering royal palms. To throw more light on the subject, his name is Thomas Alva Edison.

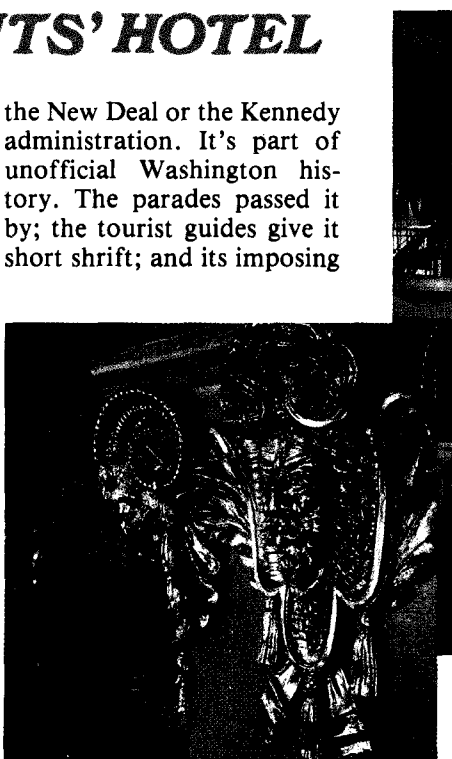
Except for the abundance of evidence inside the lab, it would be hard to believe that a diabetic man, totally deaf and with but three months formal education, could be issued 1,093 U.S. patents. The mystery is cleared up somewhat by a cot on display among the hundreds of bottles and light bulbs, the rubber tires made of goldenrod (after experiments with 17,000 other plants), the movie set, the phonograph, the stock ticker, the talking dolls, and all the rest. The second Mrs. Edison, hoping her husband would stop sleeping on his desk after his 20-hour days, had the cot brought in.

It gives me something to think about as I head home to my own 8-to-5 daily stint. As a matter of fact, there's little in the entire Lee Island Coast experience that can easily be forgotten. ✖

THE PRESIDENTS' HOTEL

You're sure to enjoy dining at "Nicholas," a new *haute cuisine* restaurant just off the bronze-doored entrance to the newly refurbished, circa 1925 Mayflower Hotel in downtown Washington, D.C. But as beautiful as the new restaurant is, Nicholas has a long way to go before it commands the kind of loyalty J. Edgar Hoover gave its predecessor: Local lore has it that the FBI director lunched on grapefruit salad every day at the same table for 20 years. In true crime-fighting style, they say, Hoover sat with his back to the wall, in a corner where he could scan both the entire restaurant and, through a nearby window, the sidewalk scene outside.

The Mayflower Hotel, a historical treasure little known in the hinterlands, is a name recognized mainly by history buffs who've seen it crop up in one of those 800-page narratives of the New Deal or the Kennedy administration. It's part of unofficial Washington history. The parades passed it by; the tourist guides give it short shrift; and its imposing



(Left) The Mayflower sparkles with 23-karat gold leaf. (Above) The Café Promenade skylight, uncovered after 40 years.

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architecture has been lost among the monumental glories of our nation's capital. It's rather been a part of everyday life in the capital, a short walk from the White House, its massive facade looming over Connecticut Avenue, its girth extending east to 17th Street. Through its full-city-block promenade (one of the first enclosed pedestrian malls in the world), a daily stream of Washingtonians—both political and downtown-business types as well as foreign dignitaries and celebrities—has made its way. In happier times, long before the White House became a compound surrounded by anti-car-bomb fortifications, Harry Truman was known to stroll up Connecticut Avenue to the Mayflower to get his shoes shined.

Once every four years the Mayflower abandoned its private-citizen role and became part of official Washington. From Calvin Coolidge to Ronald Reagan, every elected president scheduled an inaugural ball in the Grand Ballroom. (Reagan ended the string in 1985; Coolidge missed his own party in '25 because he was in mourning.) Between inaugural balls the hotel maintained its quasi-official status by receiving such midcentury superstatesmen as de Gaulle, Churchill, and Krushchev; providing a Washington residence for vice presidents (Dawes, Curtis) and members of Congress (Everett Dirksen, Emanuel Celler); hosting an Eisenhower prayer meeting that included V.P. Nixon, Cabinet and Supreme Court members, 89 senators, and 300 congressmen; and setting up a temporary embassy in 1973 for 35 officials of the People's Republic of China (mandarin cuisine and Ping-Pong table included).

In early 1933 a president-elect staying at the Mayflower turned to more serious matters than planning his inaugural ball. Seated in his Mayflower suite, Franklin Roosevelt drafted the speech that would bolster millions of Depression-weary Americans: "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself," the new president would promise.

So for six decades the lifeblood of Washington—statesmen, politicians, royalty, movie stars, artists, and writers—passed through the huge bronze doors on Connecticut Avenue. But those whose work or patronage spanned that time could hardly miss the gradual change that had taken place. One by one the grand features in the vast promenade and the four high-ceilinged ballrooms were "remodeled"; enormous skylights disappeared to maintain the WWII blackout; and later, to keep up with the times, the gold-decked columns and the wrought-iron railings in the front lobby were covered by paneling. Walls with Italianate murals were hidden; the bronze doors gave way to stainless steel and glass.

Now $65 million has made the Mayflower very nearly what it used to be. Since 1982 Stouffer Hotels has uncovered the lobby's columns and decorated their capitals with 23-karat gold leaf. It has removed the paneling and a lowered ceiling to reveal a 26-by-60-foot skylight over the lobby and a smaller, domed skylight over the Café Promenade, where Eleanor Roosevelt liked to take her tea. Chandeliers are once again dangling, carpets have unfurled, and service plates once part of Evalyn Walsh MacLean's estate have been brought up from the sub-sub-basement. (Appraisal determined the plates to be fire gold—gilded—rather than solid gold, as hoped.) The Mayflower Hotel has reclaimed its rightful place upon the National Register of Historic Places; and in an era no longer so self-conscious about magnificence for its own sake, the hotel has become a gracious, living museum linking us with the recent American past.

Where else could a visitor be so sure to hear a story like this one?—Mayflower legend has it that one day J. Edgar Hoover, having seated himself at the aforementioned corner table in the restaurant now called Nicholas, began to scrutinize the luncheon clientele with a practiced eye. Even the hard-bitten crime-fighter was amazed by who turned up at an adjoining table—a member of Hoover's own elite, ten-most-wanted list! What to do? Determined not to let the scoundrel upset his daily routine, Hoover calmly strode to a pay phone in the lobby and informed headquarters of his find. FBI agents duly arrived and took the foolish felon away while Hoover methodically polished off his grapefruit salad.

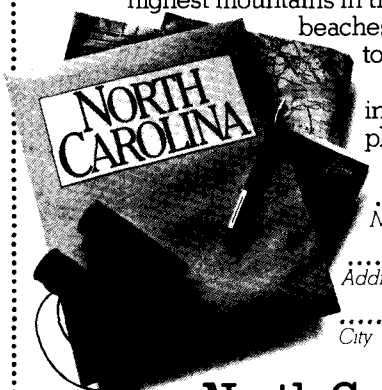
If you tip the maître d', you might get J. Edgar's spot for yourself.

—Robin Roberts

Traveler's Advisory...

Here's traveler's advice that money can't buy: Introducing our brand new, free travel package, featuring the highest mountains in the Eastern U.S., 300 miles of scenic beaches, and the thriving cities and historic towns that lie between.

So heed our advice. Just mail in this coupon today, before you start to plan your next vacation.



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Hounds

continued from page 86

disappeared in the thick timber. Minutes later she let me know she had found the trail. Before the tones of her voice had died away, Old Dan plowed into the water. He was so eager to join her I could hear him whining as he swam.

I was hurrying along, looking for a shallow riffle so I could wade across, when the voices of my dogs stopped. I waited and listened. They opened up again on my side of the stream. The coon had crossed back over. I couldn't help smiling. I knew that never again would a ringtail fool them by swimming the river.

The next trick the old fellow pulled was a dandy. He climbed a large water oak standing about ten feet from the river and simply disappeared. I got there in time to see my dogs swimming for the opposite shore. For a half-hour they worked that bank. Not finding the trail, they swam back. I stood and watched them. They practically tore the riverbank to pieces looking for the trail.

Old Dan knew the coon had climbed the water oak. He went back, reared up on it and bawled a few times.

"There's no use in doing that, boy," I said. "I know he climbed it, but he's not there now. Maybe it's like grandpa said, he just climbed right on out through the top and disappeared in the stars."

My dogs didn't know it, but I was pretty well convinced that that was what the coon had done. They wouldn't give up. Once again they crossed over to the other shore. It was no use. The coon hadn't touched that bank. They came back. Old Dan went up the river, and Little Ann worked downstream.

An hour and a half later they gave up, came to me, and begged for help. I knelt down between their wet bodies. While I scratched and petted them, I let them know that I still loved them.

"I'm not mad," I said. "I know you did your best. If that coon can fool all of us, then we're just beat. We'll go someplace else to hunt. He's not the only coon in these bottoms."

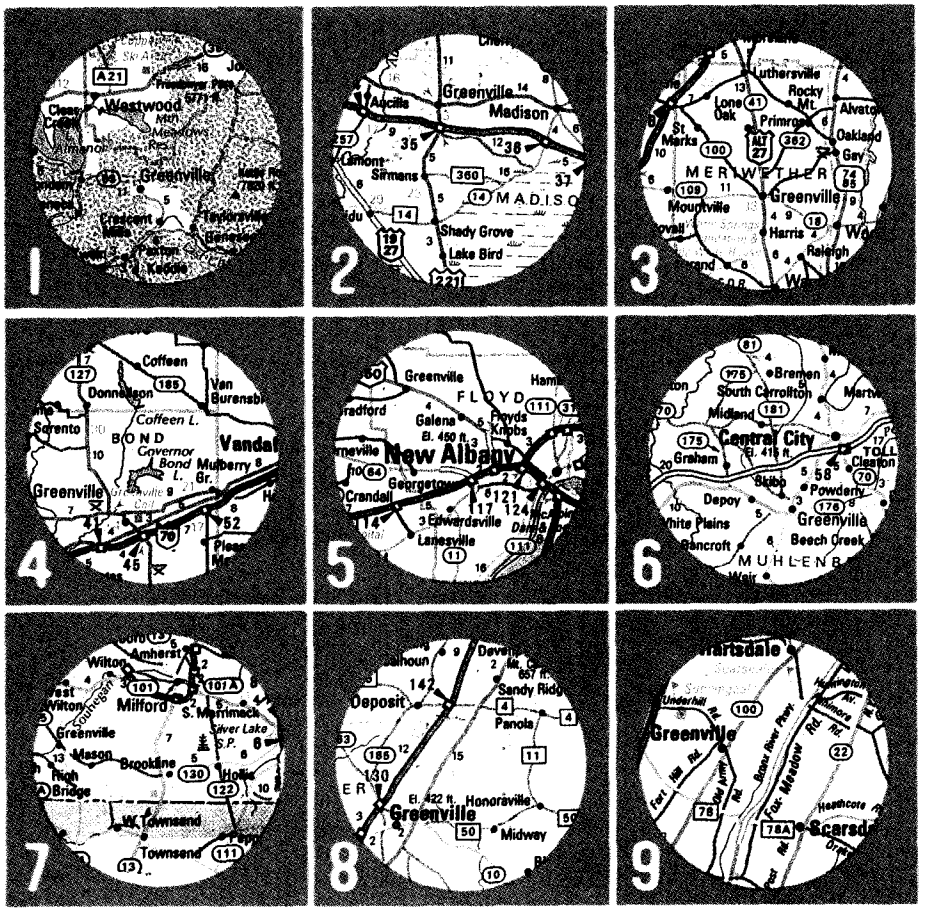
Just as I picked up my ax and lantern, Little Ann let out a bawl and tore out down the riverbank. Old Dan, with a bewildered look on his face, stood for a moment looking after her. Then, raising his head high in the air, he made my eardrums ring with his deep voice. I could hear the underbrush popping as he ran to join her.

I couldn't figure out what had taken place. Surely Little Ann had heard or seen something. I could tell by their voices that whatever it was they were after, they were close enough to see it and were probably running by sight. The animal left the bottoms and headed for the mountains. Whatever it was, it must have realized my dogs were crowding it too closely. At the edge of the foothills it turned and came back toward the river.

I was still trying to figure out what was going on when I realized that, on striking the river, the animal had again turned and was coming straight toward me. I set my lantern down and tightened my grip on the ax.

I was standing my ground quite well when visions of bears, lions, and all other kinds of animals started flashing across my mind. I jumped behind a big sycamore and was trying hard to press my body into the tree when a big coon came tearing by. Twenty-five yards behind him came my dogs, running side by side. I saw them clearly when they passed me, bawling every time their feet touched the ground.

After seeing that there was nothing to be scared of, once again I was the fearless hunter, screaming and yelling as loud as I could, "Get him, boy, get



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Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't), add the requirement that you place the area, north, south, east, west or central in the designated locale.

(Answers on page 112)

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him." Holding my breath, I stood still and waited. Then it came, the long-drawn-out bawl of the tree bark. My little hounds had done it. They had treed their first coon.

(continued next issue)

Lamb

continued from page 47

A recent survey supports Lamb. C-SPAN viewers are news junkies, 93 percent of whom voted in the last presidential election, says Michael Robinson, the director of George Washington University's Media Analysis Project, who surveyed cable audiences. The average C-SPAN viewer spends six hours each week reading newspapers and ten hours per week watching television news, 50 percent more than cable subscribers who don't watch C-SPAN, he found. Forty-seven percent of the surveyed households with incomes of $50,000 or more watch C-SPAN, and 58 percent have advanced degrees.

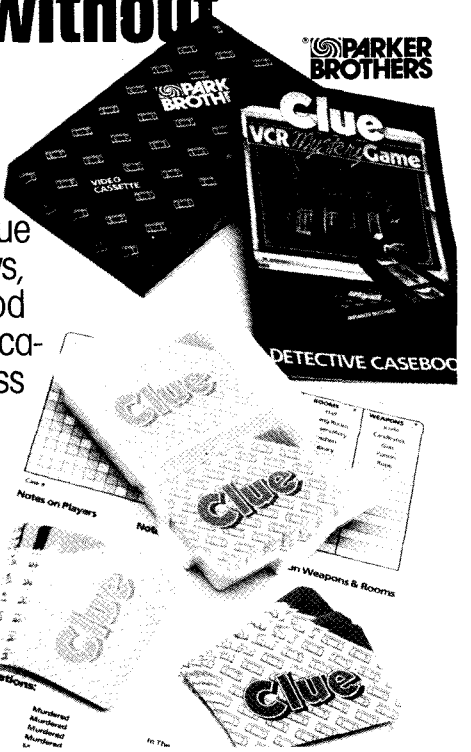
How C-SPAN Operates

Lamb, a deeply involved manager who sweated out all the details of his operation, had less time to spend on programing as C-SPAN grew.

In a typical day, he would advise a staffer about the purchase of a $300 camera, tell her where in New York to find the best bargain, and remind her to have it shipped to Washington to avoid the New York sales tax. He worried about whether to spend $1,870 to soundproof an announcer's booth and whether to pay $3,000 for a convention logo. (He did not.) When C-SPAN staffers would pass his doorway with a handful of purhase orders, he grimaced at the sight.

A bachelor and confessed workhorse, Lamb has a management style similar to his unobtrusive on-the-air personality. He tries to motivate his colleagues with his favorite adage: "You can accomplish anything as long as you don't mind who takes the credit." His praise for his staff is lavish, and on the air he thanks the cameramen and engineers by name. He also gives credit for C-SPAN's success to its board of overseers. On one call-in show, Lamb, asked about an apparently self-laudatory interview he had given *USA Today*, quickly took the opportunity to applaud the cable industry for funding the

How to find Parker Brothers Clue™ VCR Games without being a detective.



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KAY BEE TOY STORES

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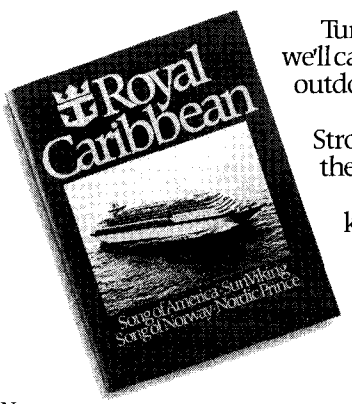

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venture in the first place. A board member in Dallas later phoned him in his office to say, "You handled that well."

Although C-SPAN employees admit their jobs give them a chance to serve their country and the opportunity for television experience that would take them decades to earn at the commercial networks, some are less than happy about the long hours and the low pay.

One technician called a magazine that covers the cable industry to persuade a reporter to expose the "slave labor" environment at C-SPAN. He quit shortly after. In an office shared by three staffers just outside the studio, the white wall bears in green ink the question, "Who allows the U.S. House of Representatives to stay until 1 a.m.? This must stop!!!" There is a photograph of the staff in a storage room, X's over the faces of those who have left C-SPAN. "Who will be next?" asks the scribbled caption.

Something had to give. Paul FitzPatrick, born in Australia and a world traveler through his State Department father, was brought in to handle cash management, budget, and day-to-day details. He and Lamb knew each other back from their days of working for former Sen. Peter Domenick. Lamb, no longer stretched as thin, is in charge of programing and policy.

The reorganization came not a moment too soon—the production staff had scheduled a vote to unionize. C-SPAN management quickly aired employee gripes and stressed that management reorganization would allow more time for staff concerns. The tactic appears to have worked: When the union came to a vote, the staff voted no.

Fortunately for viewers, in-house disgruntlement has not affected the product. Last year more than 1,000 viewers entered a 500-word "I watch C-SPAN because. . . ." contest to win a trip to Washington. Therese Green of Richmond, Virginia, waxed poetic: "Instead of just believing others/Now I get the facts first-hand/Armed with knowledge, I can argue/Form opinions, take a stand."

C-SPAN Fans

C-SPAN's coverage of the House quickly gained the respectful attention of congressmen. "You ignore C-SPAN at your own peril," says Rep. Daniel Lungren (R-CA), whose Long Beach constituents receive the network. C-SPAN, he says, "is extremely important" for the minority party, for Democrats control which issues will come up for debate, and those topics don't always reflect the Republican agenda.

"With televised debate, you have the opportunity to directly speak to your constituents, though your speech may not affect the legislation being voted on that day. It does affect the perception of people, and in the long run that can affect the members' votes," Lungren adds.

Lamb believes C-SPAN can act as a double-edged sword for incumbents. "Overexposure can bore an audience because people can get turned away as well as turned on," he says.

C-SPAN Pans

Some journalists, nevertheless, are still not eager to have C-SPAN's cameras trained on them. Lamb would like C-SPAN to show more of the inner workings of the press, but he has not managed to get its cameras inside the *Washington Post*, the Gridiron Club, or the White House correspondents' dinners. The ban, he feels, is hypocritical; he says, "These journalists are the first to protest against closed meetings."

And not all congressmen approve of his coverage of the House of Representatives. Rep. Charlie Rose (D-NC), chairman of the House Broadcasting System, which oversees televising the proceedings, does not allow C-SPAN to air on the House closed-circuit TV. "He thinks Brian has taken a signal that should be free to everyone and controls it," one industry observer says. "He's convinced Lamb is ripping everyone off."

Lamb has also had disagreements with Joan Teague Rose (Rose' wife), formerly a staff coordinator for the House Administration Committee. "We gave free reign to them and they wouldn't cooperate," Joan Rose says. "They claimed, 'You're managing the news!' Managing the news. They wouldn't even be here if it wasn't for us." Charlie Rose decided not to air C-SPAN because it is "not newsworthy" and features "political" talk shows, Joan Rose says. (Representative Rose later introduced a bill that would have required C-SPAN to give its programing free to cable systems. It never reached the House floor.)

Lamb's Next Dream

Lamb genuinely believes the student series to which Reagan responded will produce America's next generation of politicians. He figures, "If you get 5 percent of the students, that's almost 1,000 people. They are educated and go back home and grow up to be involved in the political process."

Coming up next, he wants to involve young people with international statesmen, a project still on the drawing board. With confidence Lamb says, "We're closer to London, which is 3,000 or 4,000 miles away, than Anchorage, which is 5,300 miles. The technology is there. We just need to figure out how to use it."

Stay tuned.

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"Weighty Matters"

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Today's high grocery prices weighing heavily on your mind? Give your favorite homemaker (or yourself, if that's the case) this reminder that the good old days had their problems, too. This reproduction of the popular Leslie Thrasher illustration is available only while quantities last. Adds to any kitchen's decor and to your peace of mind!

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Resettle

continued from page 40

and contagious. The whole city quivers; even inanimate objects of art in hushed museums move slowly across their shelves in the course of a year, feeling the universal vibration. I like to think of them, as I trot down the avenue at a good clip. I am a faint-hearted voyager in this world, and I require—or at any rate, I am grateful for—any assurance, however spurious, that my journey means something. The city in some intangible way gives me that assurance. Descend, if you please, into the great hall of the Grand Central Terminal at quarter to nine of an October morning; the room probably contains more persons on errands of doubtful import than any other place in the world, yet I defy anyone to miss the air of great goings on. Under the stars of its dome, among the shifting bulletins that flap the news of destinations, life becomes charged with a heavenly disturbance, and the heart fills and responds as to a blood transfusion. Luckily, I am content to accept this suggestion of meaningful existence without analyzing it; and if at length the room seems too terribly chock-full of meaning, think of the choice of exits—down a ramp to an oyster stew, up a flight to a frosted chocolate, through a door to the Yale Club, down a hatch to the shuttle, along a corridor to a taxi, down a stairway to a ten-cent private dressing room, or through some palms to the lobby of the Commodore.

New York has another guileful trick: It accents the present. When I lie by the sea at the foot of a dune, or browse in a pasture during the carnival of grasshoppers, or walk in the dreary outskirts of a suburb in midafternoon where the red salvia stands guard over the straight front paths to the white front doors, I almost always hear in the wind intimations of great times long dead and eternities ahead, the rumble of centuries, the long sigh of forever. But when I walk in Fifth Avenue, cheerful among the shops, or recline in a deck chair atop the RCA Building, I receive no news of the past or forecast of the future, but instead feel a glad, almost childish, recognition of the present. New York has many moods, but most of them deal with Now. Only occasionally, as on certain holidays such as Washington's Birthday, when the stores are closed, the trucks silent, the residents in their apartments closeted with radio, the sky and the parks forlorn, does one slip into another tense. Thus, by sticking to the present, New York panders to another weakness in our character; only the strong can remember the past and listen to the future as a steady diet. The city gives us today, and the evil thereof, as diverting and soothing as a game of Canfield.

"What happened to sis? Best skater on the rink, and suddenly she forgot how!"

"How can you live in New York?" people ask, their voices full of surprise and pity. I have had commuters ask it—men who have worked in the city every day of their lives without ever having discovered what the place is like after hours, without ever having heard it on a foggy night, lying in bed, the boat whistles full of the ominous grief of departures, liners crying good-by from the piers, freights wailing farewell on the West Side. I do not understand commuters. Imagine coming to the greatest fair in the country in the morning, spending the day, and then turning tail and running at the end of the afternoon, merely because dinner is waiting at the other end of 30 miles of railroad track.

Adventures of an Amateur Sleuth

If I am to play fair with the reader —and with Dr. Tugwell—I suppose I must admit that I also love New York because it is the best city for following people in. I am a follower. I follow men, women, and children, unbeknown to them. It is a habit I have never tried to break myself of, because I know how innocent I really am in my shadowing. I have no motive. There is nothing either dark or sinister in my curiosity, nothing predatory. I turn in behind someone on the street because he or she is queer, or beautiful, or sad, or lost, or troubled, and I skirt along furtively at a little distance in the crowd, never observed by the person followed, wholly engrossed—for the brief moment—in his life. His destiny and his destination become mine, suddenly. A hundred times I have stopped dead in my tracks on seeing a face that demanded to be followed. I have gone dozens of miles off my course, paid untold subway fares in the pursuit of my subject, quite satisfied at length to have my quest end with my man or my woman ringing a doorbell in Brooklyn, or buying a book in a Washington Heights drugstore, or keeping a rendezvous at the automat. Never have I been caught at my game. It is one of the coziest feelings a man can experience, to sit opposite someone in the BMT and keep tabs on him unobserved, like a private detective. I have often wondered whether other people are followers, too, and whether I have ever been followed.

I have been absent from New York long enough. Pure country air has anesthetized me—I am as fat and quiet as a pumpkin. I miss the stimulation New York gives; I know that when I return, the city will be as insistent as the tug of the Pullman porter's hand through the curtains in the early morning. I am afraid that it is mere pose to say that the city satisfies some special need—I am trying to hide my

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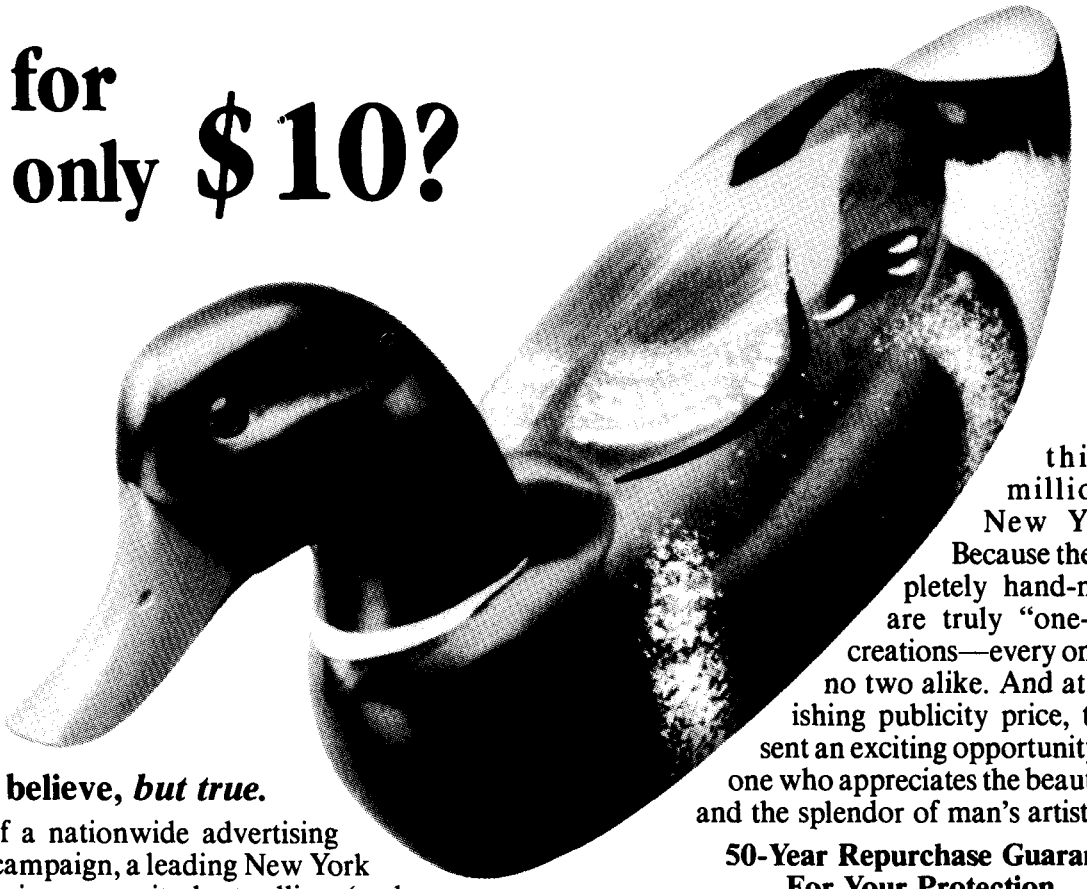
Why Are We Giving Away Hand-Carved Mallard Decoys for only $10?



this multi-million dollar New York firm. Because they are completely hand-made, they are truly "one-of-a-kind" creations—every one different, no two alike. And at this astonishing publicity price, they represent an exciting opportunity for everyone who appreciates the beauty of nature and the splendor of man's artistry.

Hard to believe, *but true.*

As part of a nationwide advertising publicity campaign, a leading New York firm will give away its best-selling (and most expensive) duck decoys—genuine hand-carved Mallards *(Anas Platyrhynchos)*—for the astonishing publicity price of only $10 each to every person who writes to the company address (below) before midnight, March 28, 1986.

This *original* publicity ad must accompany your request. Copies or photostats are *not* acceptable.

These are authentic Mallard decoys—the same magnificent specimens nationally advertised in leading media. Each one is beautifully hand-carved entirely from solid wood, then lovingly hand-painted and hand-finished to a rich, deeply glowing lustre.

Fully 14 inches long, with astonishingly alert amber eyes and the brilliant green head that unmistakably characterizes adult male Mallards of the species *Anas Platyrhynchos,* each decoy is a triumph of the wood-carver's art and a prize for both sportsman and collector alike.

Our versions of decoys nationally advertised at $135.00, they are the best-selling decoys ever sold by

50-Year Repurchase Guarantee For Your Protection

Collectors should know that each decoy is not only covered by a full one-year money-back guarantee, but also by a 50-year Repurchase Guarantee. Should you ever wish to sell or redeem your Mallard Decoy, the company pledges to repurchase it from you, any time you wish within the next 50 years, for the full cash price you paid.

These authentic hand-carved Mallard Decoys *will not be sold at this price by the company in any store.* And there is a limit of two (2) decoys per address at this price, but if your request is made early enough (before March 21), you are permitted to order up to five.

To order, mail this *original* publicity ad (no copies or photostats) together with your name and address and $10 for each decoy. Add $3 shipping and handling per decoy. (New York residents add sales tax.) Allow up to 6-8 weeks for shipment. *Make check payable to A&C Co.* Mail to: **A&C MALLARD DECOY, Dept. 150-105, Box 1113, Westbury, New York 11595. (A28930)**

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nostalgia by making it seem a more subtle and less sentimental emotion. The truth is, I miss all the places and things I know well. I miss Admiral David Farragut, who, through some hilarious idiosyncrasy of the park department, was left stranded two years ago on the roof of a shack in Madison Square, looking like an overdressed house painter who had forgotten his brushes. I miss Turkish halvahs and coconuts, and the camouflaged gas tanks of the North River, and the Vanderbilt Avenue taxi entrance, where gas fumes welcome the stranger to town and give him a taste of what's to come. I shall like to hear again the quavering sound of my neighbor's flute playing French nursery songs at midnight, shall like to see again old women wheeling baby carriages full of pretzels. I shall like the simmer and buzz of fall twilights, the cool drafts from the underground vents, the bedroom mosquitoes that hatched in the stagnant toilets of the apartment while I was gone. The seasons roll quickly in my mind's eye, in my mind's ear. It is the full of the moon and the telescope man waits sullenly by his car, his telescope sheathed, waiting for the clouds to drift away and reveal his peekaboo planet. In the rutting season I see taxis locking fenders in the great forest, as bucks lock horns in mortal combat, unable to separate after a desperate struggle for supremacy. I see Christ reborn prematurely in November in all the department stores, and ragamuffins on Thanksgiving Day on the Avenue, clutching at the gentlemen's coats, smoking the gentlemen's butts. I hear the scratching and the roar of snow-removal squads on still, cold nights when the streets are caked after an ice storm. From a seat in the Side Arena I watch red, white, and blue hockey players beating one another fiercely with sticks on the coffee-colored ice of the Garden, under the big lights, under the big Canterbury-bell amplifiers. In the empty morning hours I am getting home from someplace on the subway, and the two men across the aisle from me—one of them wears a shirt with purple-flower design and semistiff collar—study me with a too close attention, so that I get up and move into another car, knowing that they know that I suspect them. From the top of a springtime bus I look down and see a young Communist girl, in red marching pajamas, wending happily homeward after the May Day parade, arm in arm with her radical lover, flaunting sex freedom in the forthright way of young thinkers. I know where, under the green willows of the Park, the two electric launches *Artemis* and *Athena* lie, full-bodied in the spring. I turn into the public library on a dozing June afternoon, and again the old, sweet question engages my fancy: Will it take me to

continued on following page

Can you name this picture?

. . .*contest:* $100 to the author of the winning caption for this picture. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick. Please send entry on a postcard. *No* self-addressed, stamped envelope is needed. We will also award $100 to the photographer whose submitted photo is published in next month's contest. 8 x 10 photos are preferred, along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope for possible photo return. Send all entries to: Photo Contest, *SatEvePost*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. All eligible caption entries must be received by February 14, 1986.

Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to A. V. Weeles, Evansville, Indiana, for the winning entry in our September 1985 caption contest.

It's Mr. and Mrs. Knarr,
The folks with the lovely new car.
They say they've dropped in
To see how you've been
And to come down just as you are.

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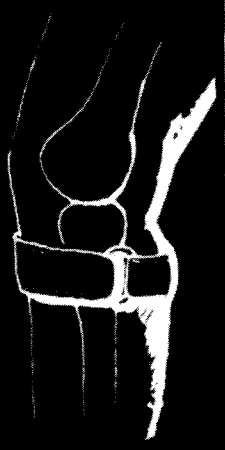
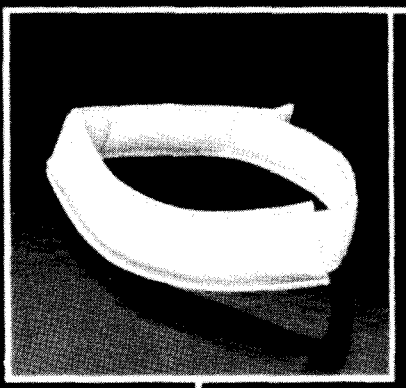
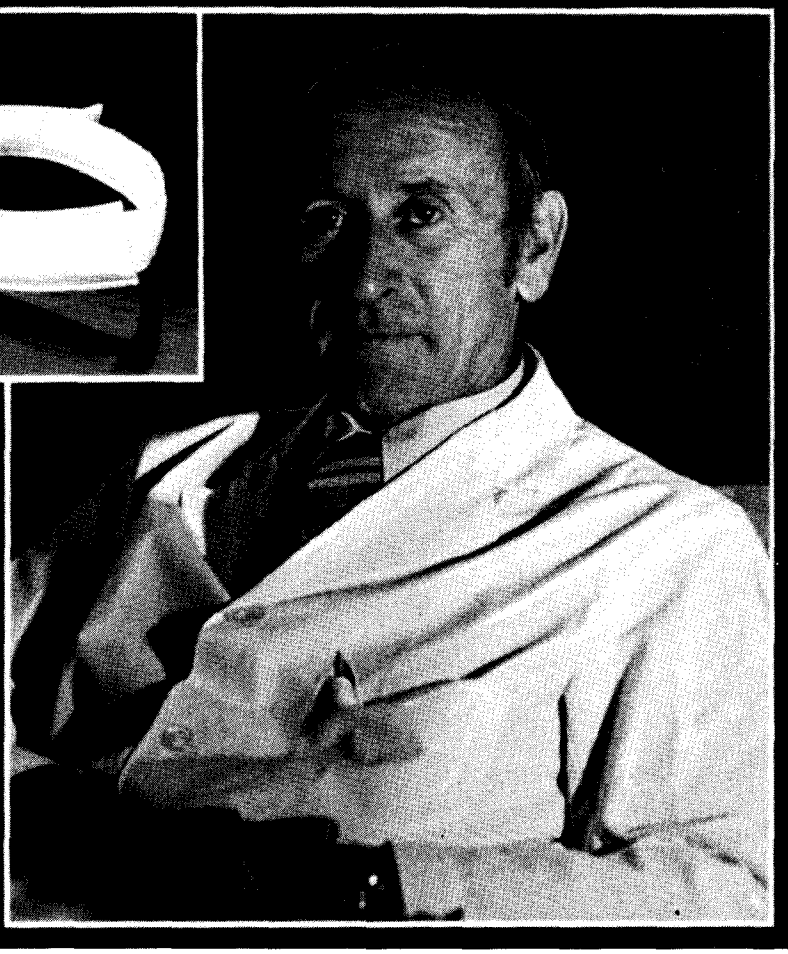
Do You Have A Sore Knee?

Free Yourself From Crippling Pain







This method really works, even where ordinary elastic supports and traditional treatments have failed. The strap fits comfortably below the knee—weighs only one ounce—and will not be visible under your clothing. We guarantee you'll be thoroughly pleased—or return it for full refund of purchase price, except shipping charges of course.

If you suffer from knee pain, we don't have to tell you how distressing it can be. Even the simplest, everyday activities such as walking or climbing stairs can cause severe discomfort.

But now a revolutionary new knee strap offers genuine relief, whether you need it for sports or for ordinary, daily use. Designed by orthopedic surgeon Dr. Jack Levine, former Director of the Department of Orthopedic Surgery, Brookdale Hospital, Brooklyn, N.Y., it has been discussed in leading medical journals. More importantly, thousands of people have actually tried it and liked it —The strap relieves pain and lets you move freely again.

Who needs the Levine Knee Strap? If your knee hurts when you climb stairs . . .

If you have pain in your knee when sitting in one position for any length of time—and even worse pain when you get up . . .

If you have pain when playing tennis, when jogging, when engaging in any form of physical exercise—and even more pain after exercise . . .

If you occasionally feel your knee buckling when you're walking or running or dancing . . .

You need the Levine Knee Strap.

National Response Group 754 Fourth Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11232

Mail handy coupon

National Response Group
Dept. KS-200, 754 Fourth Ave.
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11232

Please, kindly rush _____
Knee Strap for just $14.95 plus $1.50 shipping and handling on full satisfaction guaranteed.

SAVE! send two Knee Straps for just $28.00 plus $2.00 P.&H. on same guarantee.

Charge my order ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa

Card # _____

Exp. date _____

Enclosed is $ _____

N.Y. residents add sales tax.

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the north hall, where I will sit facing south, among the oaken tables and the beetling brows and the whispered love? Or will it take me to the south hall, where I will sit facing north, among the oaken tables and the dreaming faces, under the long shafts of golden light?

I am sure Dr. Tugwell, for all his high hopes of a better world, will not begrudge me these small necessities. ✖

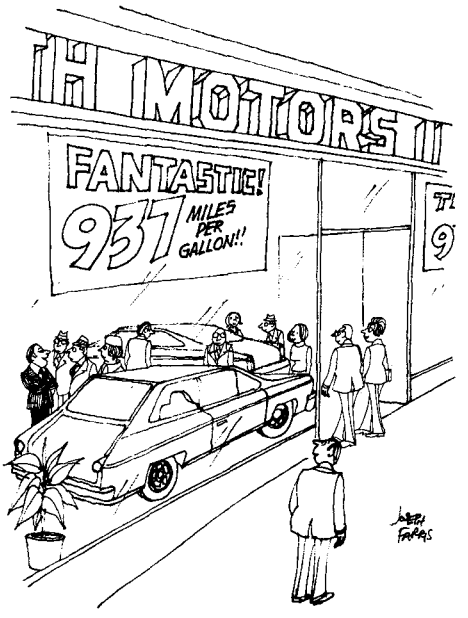
Watermelon

continued from page 49

the clerk took his knife and sliced up the melon for sale. What then? It was easy enough to find out. All we needed was a watermelon.

"I picked one up on the way to the office on Thursday. We lugged it into the laboratory, and Mrs. Holmes prepared a dilute suspension of *S. miami* from one of the positive cultures. She swabbed some of the material on the skin of the melon. Then, using a clean knife, she cut a slice out of the melon at that point. The next step was to demonstrate the result. We made two sets of cultures from the meat where it had come in contact with the knife. The first was made immediately after the melon was cut, and the second a few hours later—when the organism would have had time to establish itself better. We then tried a different approach. We deliberately contaminated the knife with our *S. miami* suspension and cut off another slice of melon and made a culture from that. The idea, of course, was to see if a knife could spread the infection from one melon to another. At that point, we called it a day. For good measure, however, we left the original slice of melon overnight on the laboratory table. Fifteen hours or so at room temperature would give the remaining *S. miami* a really good chance to grow. The following day, we made a culture from that exposed slice.

"We got the first results on Saturday. They weren't exactly discouraging. I went down to the laboratory and read them myself. On the other hand, they fell a bit short of convincing. The first set, made right after the first slice was cut, was practically nothing—just a hint of *S. miami*. There was a little more life in the two other Thursday cultures. They each produced a colony or two. That left the overnight culture. I won't pretend that we waited for Sunday with bated breath. The results of the other cultures were an indication that we might expect something fairly conclusive. So I was fully prepared for the best. But I wasn't prepared for what we actually got. It wasn't just a good solid cluster of colonies. It was any number of colonies—innumerable colonies. It was an *S. miami* metropolis." ✖



"We're just kidding but as long as you're here..."

Women and Gasoline

continued from page 57

visibility and snow from the sassafras packed the neck of my mackinaw as I shoveled out the wheels and spread sand in the tracks, I welcomed the challenge.

Finally, with everything "go" except for firing up the old bus and easing it out of there, I went back to the house and had Lois rewinterize herself and come down to watch. It was time she learned the proper technique for getting a car out of a seemingly hopeless. . . .

"You should have signaled before I went sliding through Miller's fence," I said, as we floundered back to the house to call for a wrecker. "Flapped your arms or something. A man just naturally would have known that."

"I yelled for you to stop," she said. "I guess you couldn't hear me with the tires making so much noise. [Did I detect a note of sarcasm?] I thought maybe you were trying to show me how to go through a fence without leveling the posts. But you took out four to my three. Congratulations."

Just between us men, I'd forgotten about the lousy fence. And you know that driveway of Miller's? If I could only have kept the car sliding, I'd have hit it just right to be headed for the road.

But try explaining that to a woman—especially to one crass enough to count fence posts. ✖

Tee Time

continued from page 67

rounds seriously.

I'll never forget the time Nixon came out to play Lakeside, and I don't suppose George Gobel or his wife, Alice, will either. Nixon was in the White House at the time. I was talking to him one day and he said he was coming out to California. I asked him to play with me at Lakeside. I suggested a foursome. He said, "Good, get Jimmy Stewart and Fred MacMurray to round it out." So I did.

The President's security people arrived at my home at 10 a.m. in a helicopter and buzzed in over the hedge surrounding the house. The neighbors thought it was a delivery from Chicken Delight. Nixon came two hours later, with Bebe Rebozo. We took them over to Lakeside. Nixon acted as if he were campaigning, hugging and kissing everyone in sight. I told him, "Mr. President, you're already elected." I thought it was pretty funny, but I didn't notice him laughing.

After the round we adjourned to the locker room. Gobel was there and so was Norm Blackburn, the Lakeside historian. Gobel passed by my locker and I said, "George, come

continued on page 110

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Why Are We Giving Away These Famous Nationally Advertised™ *SWIFT 660/F™ Telescoping Spin Rods* for only $5?

Hard to believe, *but true.*

As part of its Anniversary Publicity Campaign, a leading New York firm will distribute one million (1,000,000) of its most expensive spin rods—the Famous Nationally Advertised™ SWIFT-660/F™ Telescoping WhisperCast™ WhamRod™—for the astonishing "Anniversary Price" of only $5 each to the first one million persons who write to the company address (below) before midnight, March 31, 1986.

This *original* Anniversary Ad must accompany your request. Copies or photostats are *not* acceptable.

These are the same famous SWIFT-660/F Telescoping WhisperCast WhamRods nationally advertised in leading media. A full standard 66 inches from base to tip, they spring to complete length in an eye-blinking *6/10ths of a second!*...then telescope down to a mere 16 inches for easy storage in kit bag, glove compartment or attache case.

Crafted of aluminum, stainless steel and space-age fiberglass for extra strength and flexibility, they provide full response along the entire length of the rod, without "flat spots". And allow precise placement of small flies with a minimum of surface displacement.

Weighing a featherlight 3.75 ounces, they are the perfect ultralight rods for today's "compleat angler". Designed for casting powerfully over long distances, they're at home on virtually every lake, stream or waterway in America, and ideal for land-casting, general wading, and boat-fishing. Small wonder they are the fastest selling (and most expensive) spin rods ever offered by this giant multi-million-dollar New York firm.

Each rod is covered by the company's full one-year money-back guarantee. There is a limit of two (2) rods per address at this price. But if your order is mailed early enough (before March 25) you may request up to five. These Famous Nationally Advertised SWIFT-660/F Telescoping WhisperCast WhamRods will *not* be sold at this price by the company in any store.

To order, mail this *original* printed ad (no copies or photostats) together with your name and address and $5 for each rod. Add only $2 shipping and handling no matter how many rods you are requesting. (New York residents add sales tax.) Allow up to 6-8 weeks for shipment. *Make check payable to: A&C Company.* Mail to: **A&C FISHING ROD OFFER, Dept. 150-104, Box 1736, Hicksville, N.Y. 11802.** **(A29380)**

EXTRA BONUS

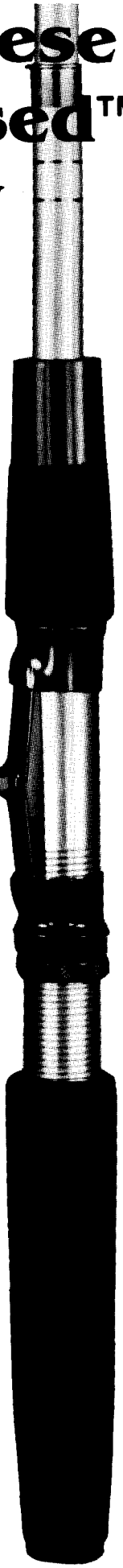
If you respond promptly

If you are able to reply before Mar. 25, we'll give away the famous top-of-the-line SWIFT-660/F ZoomCast Spinning Reel with every every rod you order...*for the astonishing price of just $2 a reel.* (And we'll even wind 250 feet of our best 6-lb-test monofilament line onto each reel!)

These nationally advertised reels perfectly match your rod in weight and balance, and give you fast "thumbs-off" (one-handed) casting over longer distances than you ever dreamed possible. You can cast even the lightest baits without backlash.

Compatible with virtually every plug or lure, the new high-speed gear ratio gives you fast "pop"-action, yet is powerful enough to reel in fish without "pumping". The new open-face design (and desirable skirted spool) eliminates friction and prevents tangles. The anti-reverse is "whisper" silent, and the Microdisc Surge-Free Drag System won't let your fish run away.

The most expensive reel sold by this huge firm, it is yours for only $2 if you act before March 25. (A25166)



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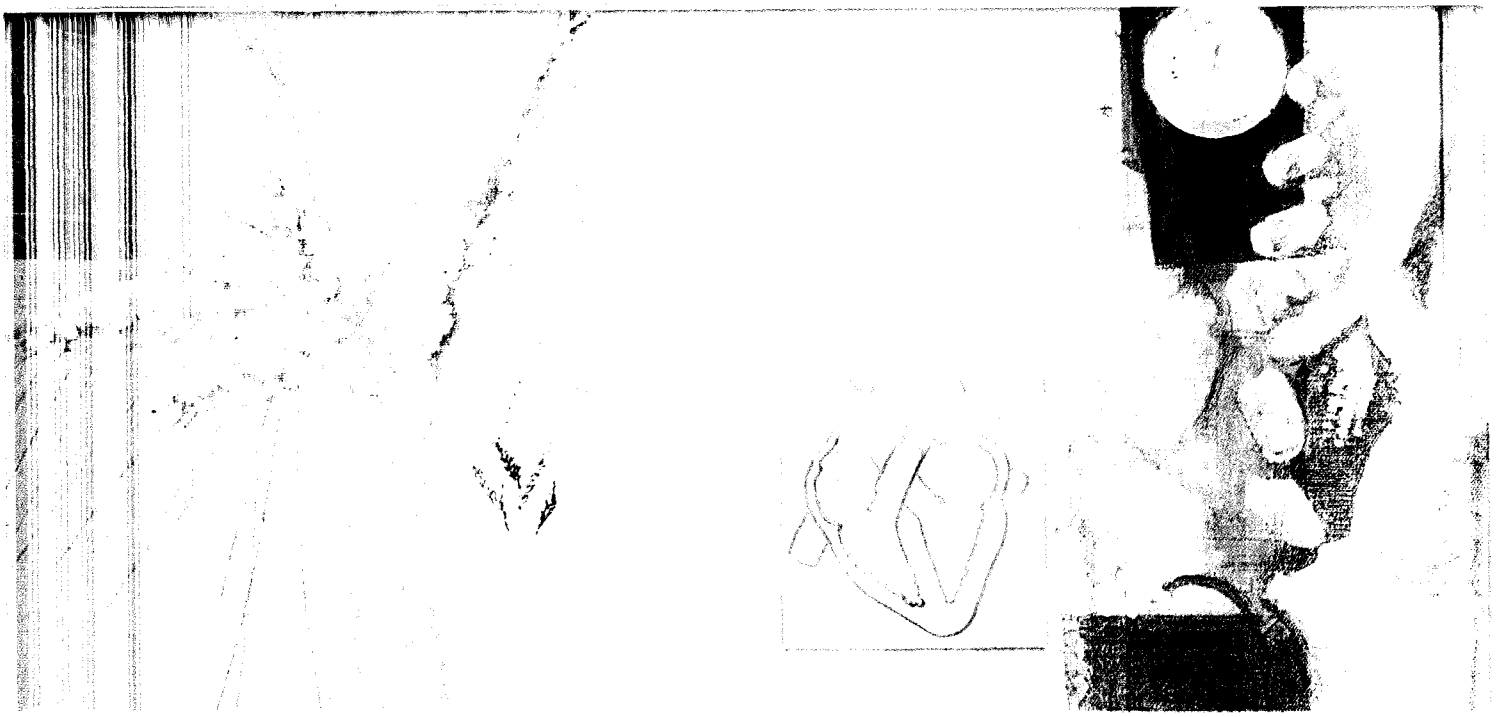

EVERY FRIDAY THE 700 CLUB PRESENTS LIFECARE DIGEST

Each Friday, LIFECARE DIGEST is featured on CBN's THE 700 CLUB with host Pat Robertson. **The Saturday Evening Post** editor Cory SerVaas, M.D., brings you the latest, in-depth health information and the most recent medical breakthroughs to enhance your health and possibly save your life, or that of a loved one.

Join us each week, and learn to monitor your body's warning signals and better care for your family's health by preventing problems before they occur.

January 3
On Cold Sores

Unlike the cold season, the cold sore season never ends. More lysine and less arginine in a diet may be the answer. Learn why and learn how to join our research team.

January 31
In Thin Blood

If someone told you that iron poor blood was all there was to anemia, you were poorly informed. Vitamin B12 and Vitamin C

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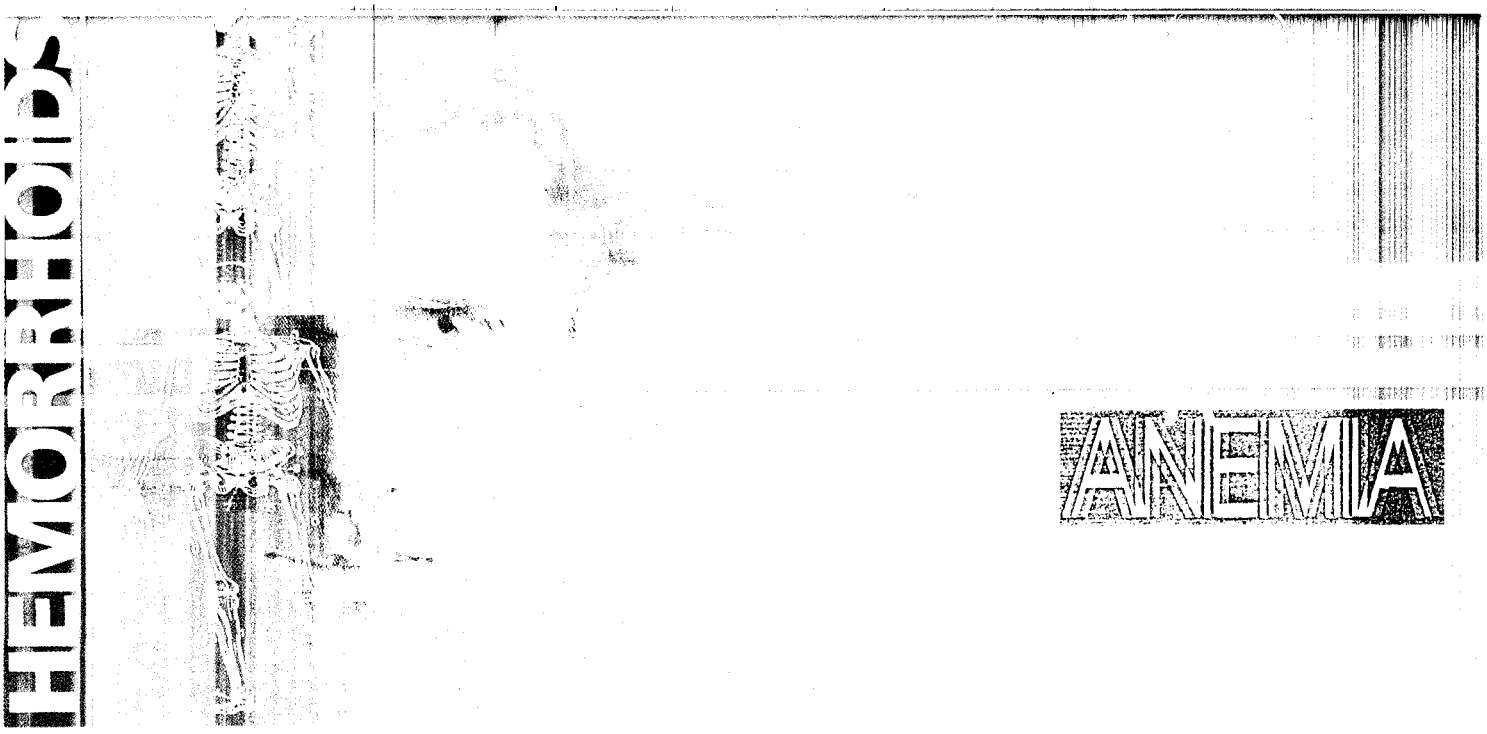

also may be important weapons in the war against certain anemias.

February 7
Incontinence

Do you stifle sneezes or laughter to spare yourself embarrassing episodes of stress incontinence? Relax. Good news is coming on LIFECARE DIGEST.

February 14
Ouch! Hemorrhoids

Maybe you've heard how high-fiber fare can be helpful in preventing hemorrhoidal pain and discomfort. No preparation necessary for this lesson from Dr. SerVaas on how to fight hemorrhoids with fiber, and how one contracts the distressing problem in the first place.

February 21
Save Your Bones

Not your steak bones for Fido—save your own bones by getting enough calcium. Too little in adults can cause osteoporosis, a state in which bones become porous and fragile. It strikes one woman in four, and bone loss can begin as early as age 20.

February 28
The Hidden Killer

Call it abnormally high blood pressure, the hidden killer, or hypertension, it's bad news by any name. Your diet may help keep it from eating away at your life expectancy via strokes, heart attacks or kidney failure. Learn how to take your own blood pressure at home.

The 700 Club

TV JOURNALISM WITH A DIFFERENT SPIRIT

Check your local listings for time and station

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

Men's lives are chains of chances, but chance fights ever on the side of the prudent.—Euripides

Help Prevent the Spread of AIDS

There is a great deal of controversy in the scientific community concerning what should be done about the spread of AIDS.

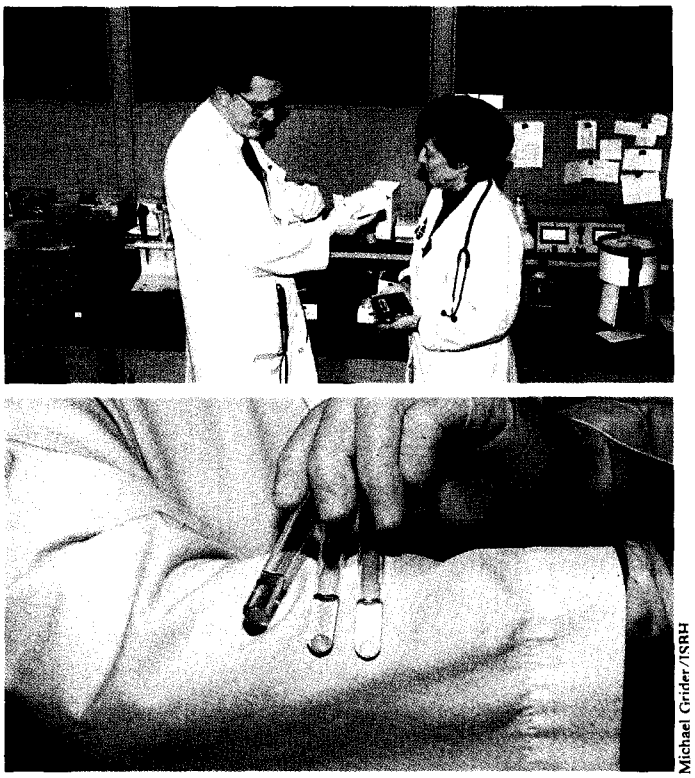
Since it is a fatal and communicable disease, we believe it is only fair to let you know exactly your options in lessening your risk.

Naturally you won't indulge in promiscuous or deviant sexual practices. You won't use illegal drugs with or without needles. To help prevent the spread of AIDS you might caution all young people that there are an estimated 1 million in the U.S. who have been infected with the virus and are contagious. It is believed that they will be carriers for life. We can only guesstimate how many will die from AIDS. An estimated 100,000 females have become carriers. All of the AIDS specialists I interviewed were in agreement that AIDS carriers should not become pregnant because the risk of bearing an AIDS baby is too great.

Dr. Myron Essex, a Harvard School of Public Health professor, speaks out about the safety of our blood supply. He reports that if he needed elective surgery, he would predonate his blood so that he wouldn't take the chance of acquiring AIDS from a blood transfusion. He believes the public should not be told that our blood supply is safe when, in his opinion, even though it is a great deal more safe than before the antibody screening test was developed, it is still a risk.

"The test results show you have what's known as 'the furniture disease.' Your chest has slipped into your drawers!"

All donated blood is screened for the AIDS antibody. But it takes anywhere from two weeks to eight weeks for the antibody to appear in the blood after an AIDS infection. This means that a virus-infected person selling blood plasma twice weekly could have sold blood 1 to 16 times before the antibody could have been discovered in his blood. The person selling blood plasma is asked to sign an affidavit that he is not a homosexual or an IV drug abuser. He is paid ten dollars, and he may sell his blood plasma as



Michael Grider/ISRH

We visited the Indiana State Board of Health to observe the test for AIDS antibodies. It is so simple, no one should wonder whether or not he or she has AIDS-positive blood.

Microbiologist Ronald Sanderson explains that the clear solution in the tube on the right indicates no AIDS antibody present, while the yellow color of the tubes on the left means AIDS antibodies were present in the blood serum being tested. The test is done free. Blood can be drawn anywhere in the state, centrifuged, and the serum mailed in to the State Board of Health. The serum can arrive with only a code number so that there is complete confidentiality. The result is reported by number only to the party mailing in the serum.

It is important that those at high risk know that they need not present themselves to blood plasma centers as donors to find out whether or not they are AIDS positive. About 15 to 20 percent of the blood tested here has been running positive—a large percentage of those being tested are from the high-risk categories.

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often as twice a week because his packed blood cells are returned to his body.

Then his blood plasma will be screened for hepatitis, venereal diseases, and the AIDS antibody. His blood will *not* be screened for the AIDS virus itself because there are only a few labs in the country where the AIDS virus is cultured. Names and social-security numbers of persons who have given blood infected with AIDS, hepatitis or venereal diseases are available to the plasma centers that accept new blood plasma donors.

The bottom line is, if you can, go to a hospital that will permit you to pre-donate your own blood or obtain blood from a relative before you go in for surgery. A pregnant woman debating about whether or not she wants a C-section or where to have it might consider the possible risk of a blood transfusion.

A boy scout in Arizona prompted an innovative blood-donor program when he compiled a list of blood donors for his eagle scout project. His church has since taken steps to compile a computerized list of members who might be blood donors in case another member needs blood during surgery.

In investigating AIDS we learned that 85 percent of home-care hemophiliacs are now infected with the AIDS virus. These unfortunate persons are at great risk because they are so dependent on donors.

Many hemophiliacs were infected before the test for AIDS antibody screening became available at blood banks. This test was put into practice soon after FDA approval on March 4, 1985.

Married hemophiliacs have a particular problem. A mother wrote to us about her hemophilic son, who had recently married. We asked the Centers for Disease Control how to advise a young, newly married hemophiliac who wished to have a family. In these cases, said the CDC, the wife should be tested for AIDS. If she isn't AIDS positive, the couple should be taught about "safe sex," i.e., use of a condom during sexual intercourse. Then after four months, she should be tested again. If at that time the AIDS antibody is still not present, and if they are determined to chance having a child, they should limit intercourse without use of the condom to the period when she is ovulating (about 12 to 13 days after the last menstrual period begins), which is the time she is most likely to conceive. They should use protection at other times.

It is known that semen does carry the AIDS virus, so there is a "Russian roulette" chance that she could get AIDS. The chances are great (it is estimated that it could be as high as 60 to 70 percent) that the baby will have AIDS if the mother has the antibodies. She should not nurse the baby, for AIDS can be passed in the mother's milk.

You might ask, "Why not have artificial insemination?" There have been four babies in Australia born with AIDS because the sperm donor had AIDS. Artificial insemination is not a safe alternative.

Dr. William Haseltine of Harvard Medical School testified before a Senate subcommittee that more than 10 million natives in Central Africa were infected with the AIDS virus. Because in Africa AIDS is as prevalent in women as it is in men, even experts disagree about how it is spread. Some believe insects carry it in Africa. If you are going to Central Africa or the habitats of gays and drug abusers during the mosquito season, take plenty of insect repellent just in case. In Florida the Institute of Tropical Medicine workers feel strongly that mosquitoes can transmit AIDS because in Belle Glade, Florida, numerous cases are being reported that are not in the high-risk category.

In researching AIDS, we listened to those who say, "Don't panic," but we heard many reputable scientists say, "Complacency is the worst possible reaction to this potential world plague."

Good News about Oat Bran

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

Thank you for the information on oat bran as it affects diabetes. My eight-year-old son, Rob, got juvenile diabetes at age 5½. He presently takes 25 units of Humulin® N (NPH) and 9 units of regular Humulin® insulin each day—divided into a morning shot and an evening shot. Though Rob is big for his age (size-12 jeans and size-14 shirt), we were dismayed when his morning blood-sugar count was regularly running between 250 and 350, meaning he would need his insulin dosage increased again, of course.

Juvenile diabetic Rob Vaughan's blood sugar count went down after eating oat bran.

The day I heard your broadcast, I went out and bought Quaker Oat Bran at the grocery store. (Thank you for encouraging Quaker to make it so readily available!)

The next morning after Rob ate his first oat bran, his count was 100! The second day—90. Today—100. (He confessed on the way to school that he was so excited about the good blood-sugar readings that he sneaked three pieces of candy last night after he was supposed to be asleep.)

Ginny Vaughan
Memphis, Tennessee

"Send the paranoids in first—the ones with inferiority complexes don't mind waiting."

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An Udder Reason

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

In reply to "Anonymous" from Hulbert, Oklahoma, whose son has a problem with body odor, the answer may be an allergy. We had a similar problem with our son. Each morning when we opened his bedroom door to awaken him, the odor would be overpowering. The problem was completely eliminated when he stopped drinking milk.

If the person with this problem is a milk drinker, I suggest he eliminate this from his diet and see what happens.

Hal Hawley
Bella Vista, Arizona

Wanted: Back Issues

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

Enjoy your health-information advice and also it is a real pleasure to see you sometimes on the "700 Club."

I have just discovered a month ago that I had post-traumatic osteoarthritis. I fell in December and tore a leg muscle. Then an old injury in my knee flared up, and now I want information about this type of arthritis.

Do I send for back copies if I missed articles on the subject, or do you have a list of medical articles that I could send for? Thank you so much.

Catherine Leacu
Newton Center, Massachusetts

The Society is sending you "If It Is Arthritis, Know What Kind" from the May '83 Post.

Join Colitis Club

The first person to report to us about the ulcerative colitis/irritable-bowel disease diet we offered in the December issue writes:

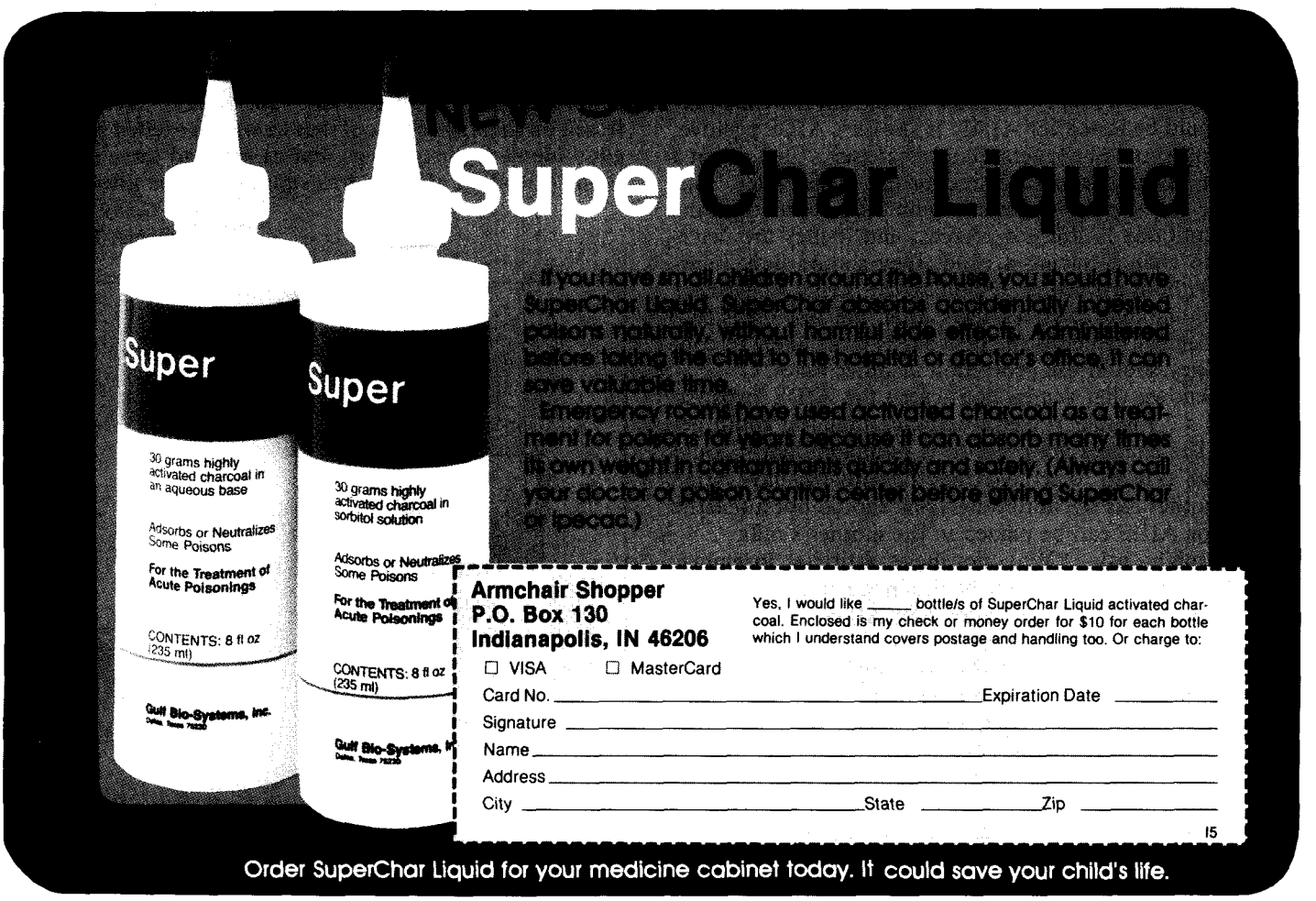
I just can't thank you enough. I now have no pain most of the time, no extreme pressure in the lower colon, and a lot more control. I feel like a new person and I am terribly grateful. It was getting to the point where it appeared more a social problem than just a health problem.

I have a friend who has had barium enemas, GI series, and has suffered terribly. She has had diarrhea, gas, and terrible stomach pains. She is also very active and chairs many organizations. She and her husband have access to the best medical treatment, but still she has not gotten better. She, like me, gets tired of hearing, because we're older, "It's a degenerative disease of some kind." Do you think the research diet would help her?

Joy Henggeler
Stanberry, Missouri

Dear Mrs. Henggeler:

We are glad that the Post *research diet has helped your colon condition. As for your friend, we'd like to know if it might help her too. Since it is a harmless diet, we'll be happy to send it to her. Tell her to write to: Colitis Club, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. In the next issue we'll write about the relationship of irritable-bowel disease/ulcerative colitis and arthritis.*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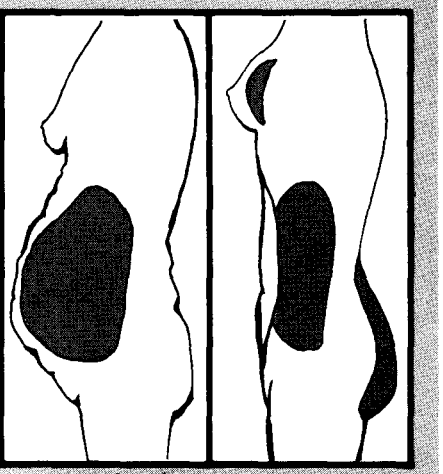

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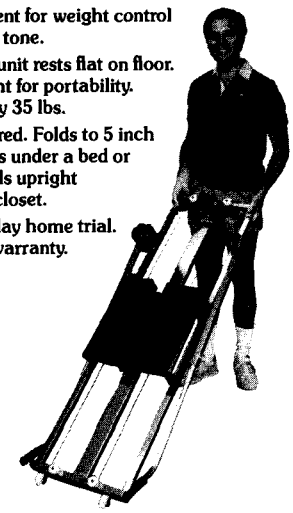

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Tee Time

continued from page 102

here and meet the President." Nixon said, "Sit down and have a drink with us." Gobel replied, "I'd like to, but I'm supposed to meet Alice pretty soon. She'll never believe I was having a drink with the President of the United States."

Knowing Alice and her freewheeling personality, we all held our breath. But they appeared to be having a nice conversation. Then the President said, "You know, Alice, George will probably be a little late tonight." She said, "Oh, that's all right, I'm used to that."

Then Nixon told her, "I almost had a hole in one today. It was a brand-new ball and it's got my name on it. I'm going to wrap it up and have George take it home to you."

It was a nice thing for the President to do, and with that we all sat down and had another round of drinks.

I've always enjoyed playing golf with a president. The only problem is that there are so many Secret Service men around there's not much chance to cheat.

Caesar

continued from page 65

top rated for four seasons. "Live television is an altogether different animal than television is today," Caesar explains. "What you saw was what you got. There was no laugh track, no editing, no sweetening.

"I didn't come in and have a script handed to me. Never happened. The show took six long days to write, and I was there on Monday morning, working with the writers, putting in the blank sheet of paper. See, the show had to be written by Wednesday. Thursday we put it up on its feet. Friday we went over it with the technicians and Saturday was the show—live."

NBC eventually decided that two hits were better than one—so the network gave both Caesar and Coca their own shows. A line-up of hall-of-fame comedy writers, including Woody Allen, Mel Brooks, Neil Simon, and Larry Gelbart, made the new "Caesar's Hour" a huge success. However, the star of the show was moving in the opposite direction. Away from the camera, Caesar would drink—never before work but always after—and soon, he was mixing tranquilizers with a nightly fifth of scotch. "I couldn't stand me," he says. "That's why I drank and took pills. I couldn't stand to be around me."

Caesar always enjoyed the audience response and the laughs; at the same time, hamstrung by a lack of confidence in his work, he was unable to appreciate the success he had achieved. "There was always doubt and insecurity there," Florence, his wife of 42 years, recalls. "He became a star immediately. He was very young and it happened very fast. It was hard on him. There was always the feeling that it would go away or that he didn't deserve it."

Inevitably, the habitual drinking began to affect Caesar's work. His performances lacked their old quality, and the criticism of them fit neatly into his pattern of self-hatred. "I'd just drink more," he says. "I was sick, burned out. I'd had too much booze and too many pills." Finally, his ratings began to slip; "Caesar's Hour" was canceled after four seasons. Caesar had been making $25,000 a week, or nearly $1 million a year. The 35-year-old's star would never again climb so high. "I blame no one but myself," he says.

Caesar had blazed a path in the 1940s through New York's top nightclubs—first the Copacabana, the top spot in the country, then the Roxy. "I went right to the top," he recalls. "I didn't know what was going on. It was that fast." Caesar was already taking in $3,500 a week when he landed a part in *Make Mine Manhattan*, a show in which he later starred for a year on Broadway. He was only 26.

Three decades later, Caesar, unable to leave his bedroom for months, had become a prisoner of alcohol and pills. Leaving the house for a haircut would prove a harrowing experience. In Saskatchewan to appear in the opening night of *Last of the Red Hot Lovers,* Caesar couldn't remember his lines or even where to stand; he never made it out for the second act. "Finally I had to make a decision," he says. "Did I want to live or did I want to die?" And then he said out loud: "I want to live!"

It was the first step of a tough climb. In September 1978 Caesar

continued on following page

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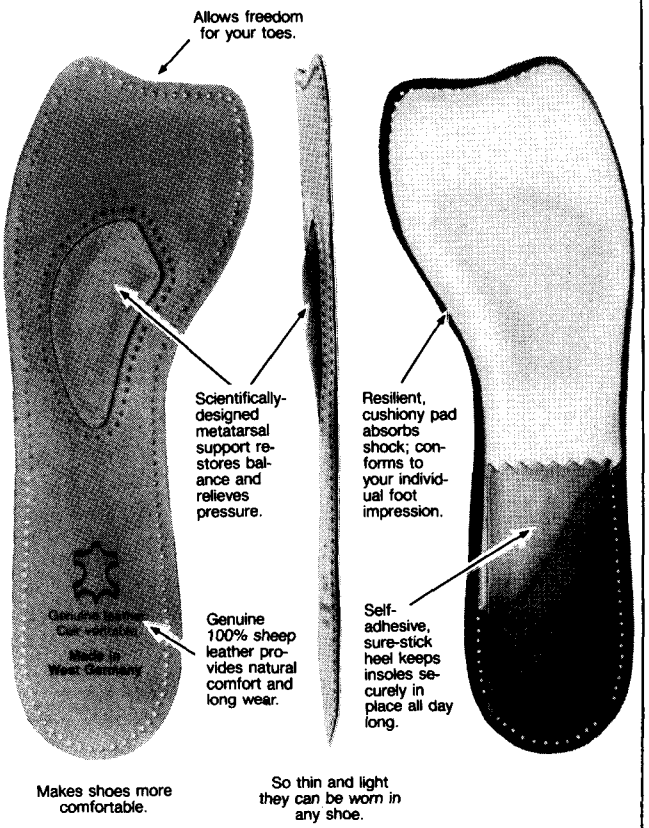
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(Answers from page 94)

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2. Florida
3. Georgia
4. Illinois
5. Indiana
6. Kentucky
7. New Hampshire
8. Alabama
9. New York

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PS Form 3526, June 1985

Caesar

continued from page 110

went to Paris for five months to make *The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu* with Peter Sellers. Unable to speak French, he had only himself to talk to; soon he began speaking into a tiny Sanyo tape recorder at least twice a day. It proved strangely therapeutic. "I was two people," he explains, "Sid the wayward child and Sidney the father. One part wants to be the kid and drink and take pills, and the other part comes in and says, 'Wait a minute.' "

The self-therapy seemed to work. "I actually said, 'Let's make friends. Let's enjoy it. You're an idiot if you don't. Let's help each other.' And that's how it got started," Caesar recalls. "It slowly dawns upon you that what you're doing is not right. You're not going to last too long if you keep doing this. And if you don't alter your whole way of life, you better say good-by."

Although he's already assured of a place in entertainment history, the idea of fading into the past hasn't even entered Caesar's mind. "I've only recently learned how to appreciate life, to appreciate what I've done," he says.

The irony, of course, is that today's television audience will have an opportunity to appreciate the work Caesar did years ago. But then Sid Caesar knows the secret to life is how well you follow through. ▲

Working Dogs

continued from page 26

Dear Helen:

If you have recently changed litter brands, your cat may have developed an aversion to its litter box. Some cats find chlorophyll or other additives unpleasant. And make sure the litter is changed once daily. Clean the soiled area well, because some cats find the smell attractive. Do not use ammonia, because of its similarity to urine. If the cat is allowed outdoors, you might let her out following meals, naps, etc.

H.E.W.

Send your questions for the vet to: Vets on Pets, *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. Because of the volume of response, the editors regret we cannot reply personally to all letters.

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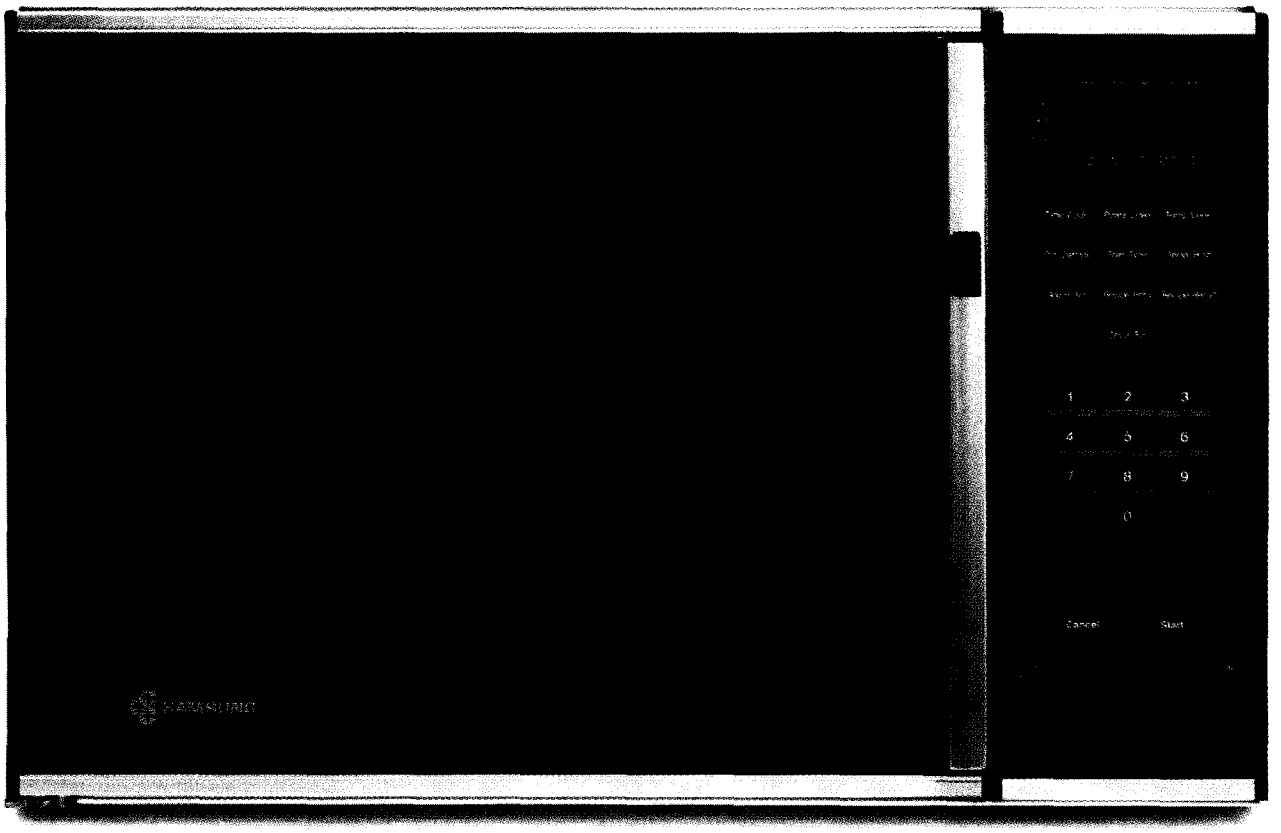

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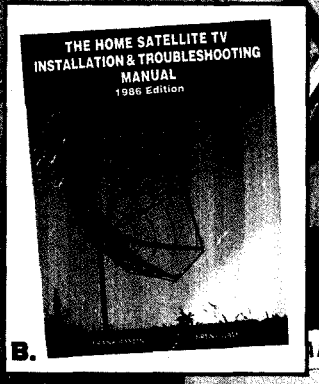

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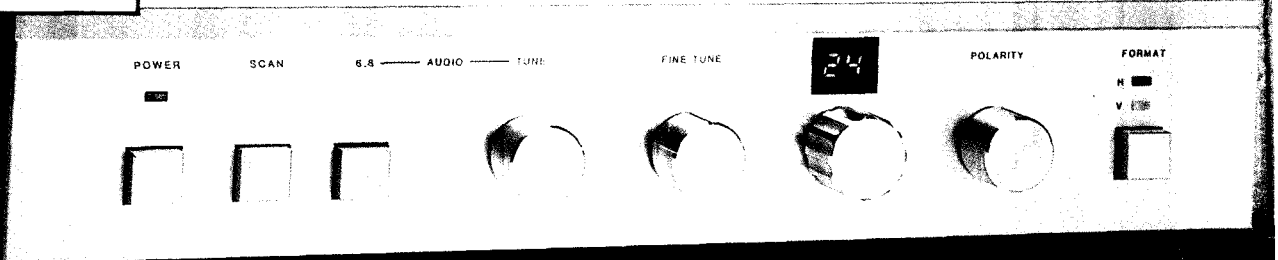

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